Now It Can Be Told! Why EDDIE and DEBBIE Almost Didn't Wed

# PHOTOPLAY

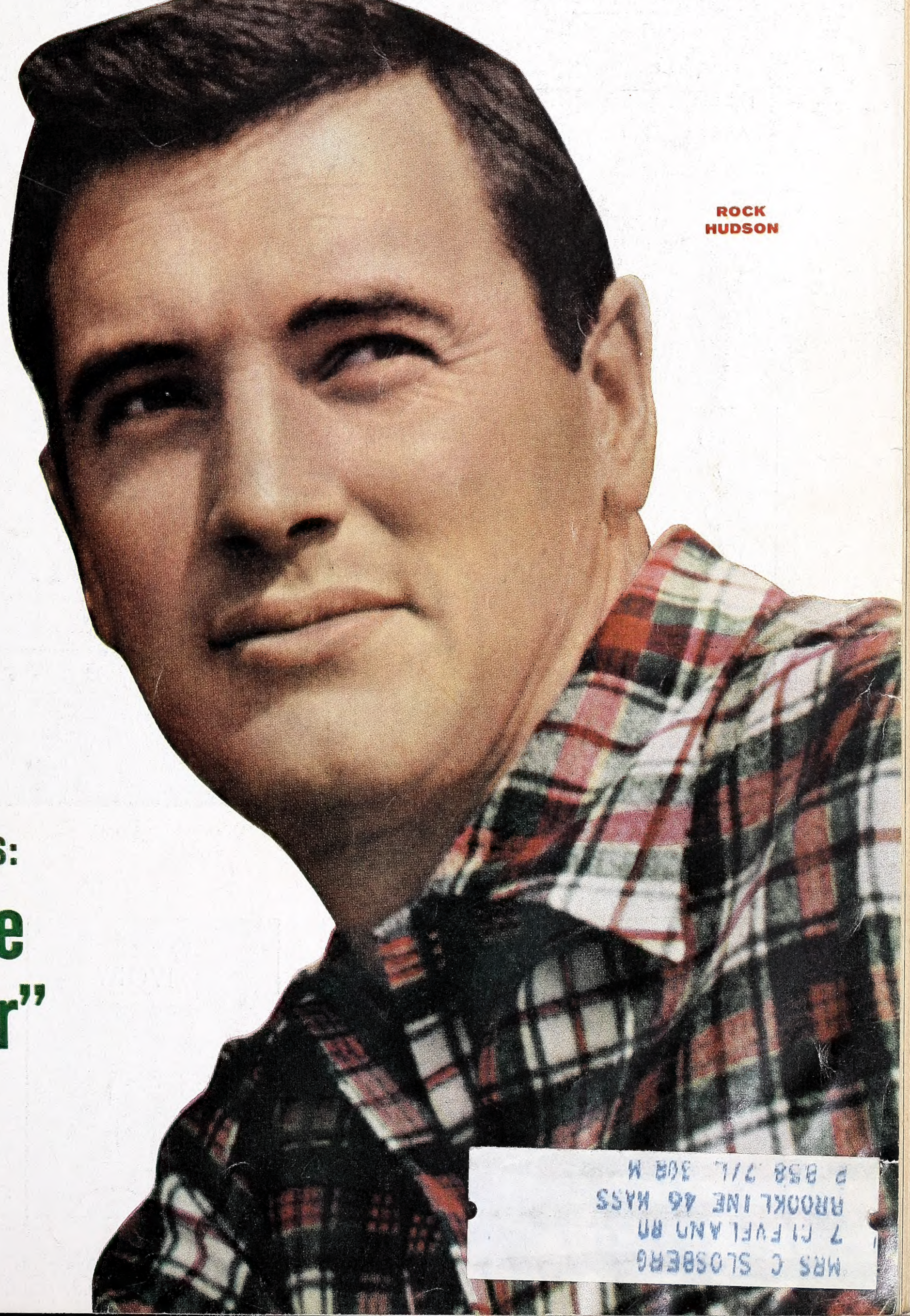
3.

Book-Length
Bonus Feature

## ROCK HUDSON'S Life Story

ANITA EKBERG:
## Red Hot Iceberg

ROSSANO BRAZZI TELLS:
## "How to have a love affair"



ROCK HUDSON

MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS
P 858 7/L 30R M

# That Ivory Look

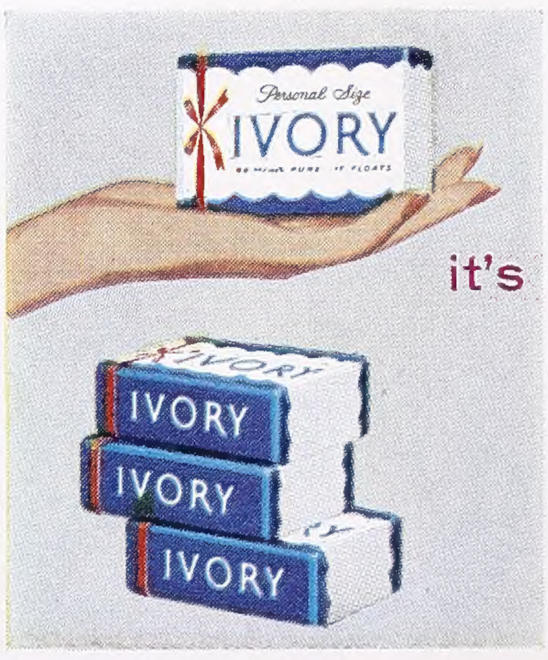
## so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Snow cutie—this adorable tot is all a-sparkle with That Ivory Look. Your complexion can have it, too. Remember—the milder your soap, the prettier your skin. And Ivory has a mildness all its own. More doctors advise it for a baby's skin, and yours, than any other soap.





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You add such a lovely sparkle to every day when you have That Ivory Look!




it's like getting one free

4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps.

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## More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

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ANTISEPTIC . . . stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

*Expecting?*

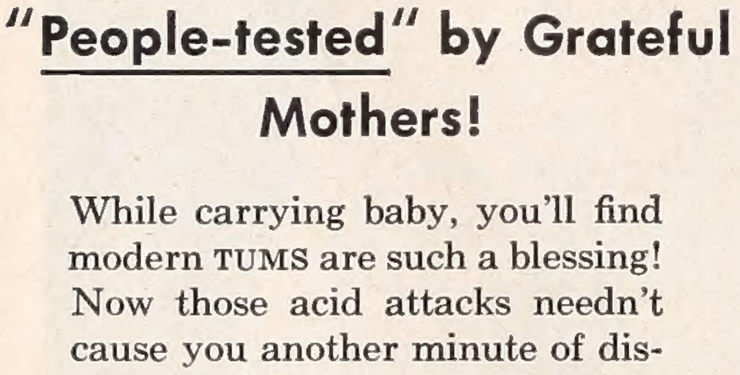
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# PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

**FEBRUARY, 1957** **VOL. 51, NO. 2**



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***Your March issue will be on sale at your newsstand on February 5***


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# A GREAT LOVE STORY

The "Many Splendored" star more beautiful and romantic than ever!



*Oh, Robert do you know what you've done for me? I wanted to live eagerly desperately, passionately— but only because life meant you... you! The sight of your face, the sound of your voice and the touch of your hand Oh and so much more than that*

*Elizabeth*



M-G-M presents

**JENNIFER JONES**
**JOHN GIELGUD**
**BILL TRAVERS · VIRGINIA McKENNA**
IN
# THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

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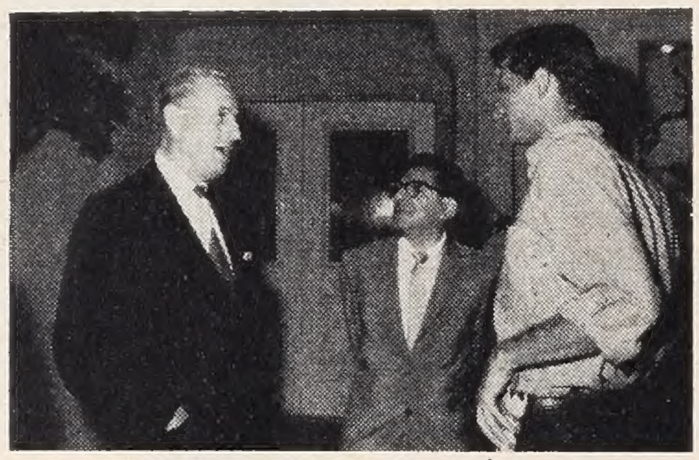
Screen Play by JOHN DIGHTON · From the Play by Rudolf Besier · Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN · Produced by SAM ZIMBALIST

AN M-G-M PICTURE

# over the Editor's shoulder...

***The stars can escape Hollywood but they can't escape our roving reporters, as you'll see***





*How Photoplay gets its scoops: Our West Coast Editor, Norman Siegel, talks to Elvis Presley about his plans, then joins our columnist, Sidney Skolsky, in a quick chat with Tony Perkins*

## Exclusively Yours

. . . And exclusively ours—is not only a new gossip column (see page 60) but a new *kind* of gossip column. And because you'll be hearing from its author, Radie Harris, regularly in the months to come, we would like to tell you a little about her. Miss Harris is a small, blonde and vibrant young woman who, any day in the week, can be seen hurrying off to Sardi's or the Colony or some equally smart restaurant in New York for a luncheon interview with a star. In her charming apartment overlooking Central Park she can be heard, at almost any hour of the day or night, talking to Tyrone Power in London or Ingrid Bergman in France or Elizabeth Taylor in Hollywood. Radie not only knows all these people professionally, she knows them personally, so that when a story is breaking she can get the facts at first hand.

Nothing upsets Radie Harris so much as the flood of misinformation contained in many gossip columns. In fact, she was expounding on this very theme over a luncheon at Michael's Pub one day. We said, "You're absolutely right. We've often thought that if we could find someone who could give us not only the gossip items, but the real story *behind* the gossip—" And then we stopped. A special kind of look had come over Radie's face, and our own brightened considerably as we said, "You will? Great! Let's start it with the February issue!" And that, gentle reader, is how "Exclusively Yours" came to be born. We think it will live to a ripe old age. What do you think? Do write and tell us how you like it.

## Our Roving Reporters

Readers often write in to ask whether our writers and editors really know the people they're writing about. Well, one answer is these snapshots of our West Coast Editor, Norman Siegel, chatting with Elvis Presley on the Twentieth lot and with Tony Perkins (along with Sidney Skolsky) at Paramount. The second was taken right after writer Joe Hyams had seen Tony for a PHOTOPLAY story (coming soon!). Another answer is a glimpse of the travel expense vouchers submitted by our writers for just one month. Patty de Roulf hurried from Rome to London to talk to Rossano Brazzi about "How to Have a Love Affair." The author of "Red Hot Iceberg" chased her subject from Paris to London, while perennial favorite Alan Ladd and newcomer Sophia Loren were interviewed aboard Alan's hired yacht, *The Dolphin*, off the coast of Greece. This is Sue and Alan's present home. Then we had Howard Eisenberg on a plane for California to talk to his good friends, Eddie and Debbie, about their wonderfully happy marriage, as another of our writers, Richard



*Australia's gift to movies, Rod Taylor found us waiting at M-G-M*

Gehman, was winging East with the first part of one of the most exciting, and most tragic, tales ever to come out of Hollywood. This is the life story of Montgomery Clift, told in its entirety. It begins in the March issue, and we predict it will be one of the most talked-about stories of the year. So you see, we really don't spare any pains or expense to get the best stories.

## Something New Added

As of the March issue, you'll find we have more pages of color. Since we already carry more up-to-the-minute reading matter than any other fan magazine, this means that PHOTOPLAY is really the best and biggest buy on the newsstands today!

## Undercover Stuff

That's what our March "Living with Young Ideas" section is specializing in, beginning with an article by Hollywood beauty expert Terry Hunt, who tells you how to have the bustline you want. Terry is responsible for those perfect bust measurements of many a Hollywood star, and he has some valuable tips on exercises for teenagers to improve your bustline. Also, while you're working on your exercises,



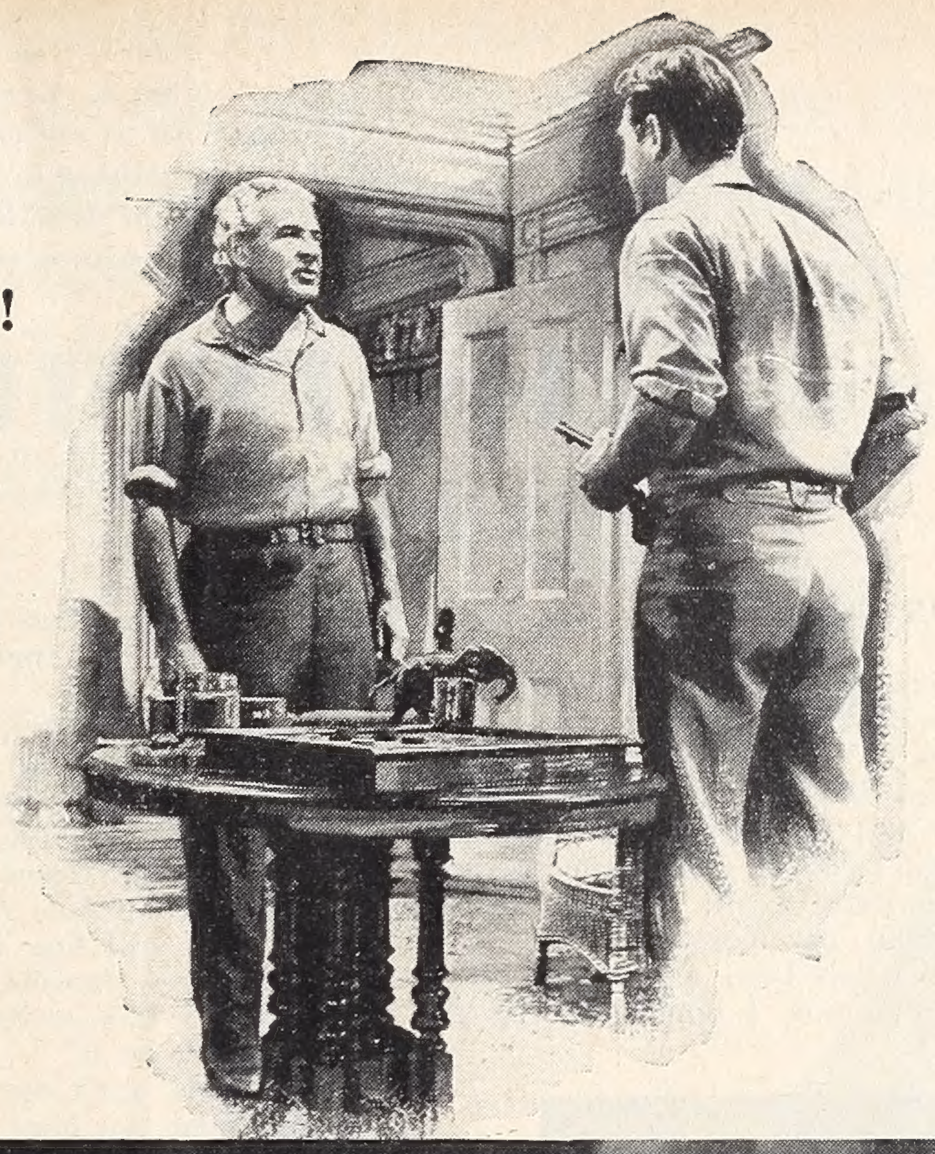
*We sought out Alan Ladd in Greece, making friends with Sophia Loren*

we'll have pages and pages of bright young ideas in girdles and bras that are specially designed for a lithe young figure.

## Up-and-Coming Thrills

Our readers write us that one of the many nice things about PHOTOPLAY is our interest in the new, up-and-coming young stars. One reader says, "First, I read about Don Murray in your November issue. Then I began to talk about him to my friends. When his picture, 'Bus Stop,' arrived in town, we all felt as though, in a way, we'd helped discover him. So please do go on giving lots of space to the young stars." That we will, ma'am, and to prove we're as good as our word, we bring you another young player, Rod Taylor, in our March issue. You'll see Rod in M-G-M's "Raintree County," and you'll see us right here again next month.—I.M.

**"LEAVE THEM ALONE, SON!**
*Your sister's got to have her minute*
*of happiness—with him*
*talkin' quiet and his hand*
*touchin' her face! And if you*
*go out there and shorten the*
*time they have together—I swear I'll*
*come after you with a whip!"*



# BURT LANCASTER · KATHARINE HEPBURN

Suddenly... happiness
flooded through her!



*...Introducing Earl Holliman—*
*new star sensation!*

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Directed by Joseph Anthony · Screenplay by N. Richard Nash Based on his play produced on the New York stage · Music Score by Alex North · A Paramount Picture

*Address your letters to Readers Inc.,* PHOTOPLAY, *205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios. For list of studio addresses, see page 92.—*ED.

# READERS INC...

**SOAP BOX:**

I have just seen that wonderful movie, "The Opposite Sex," and liked it so much I went back to see it again. I adored June Allyson, Ann Sheridan, Ann Miller, Agnes Moorehead and Charlotte Greenwood. But I really went back the second time because of that wonderful Leslie Nielsen. He not only has talent, but looks, too.

PHOTOPLAY has been my favorite for a long time, and now I hope you will give



*Leslie brings them back again*

us some stories on this wonderful actor, and some full-page colored pictures. I will be a fan of his for life!

DOROTHY A. HARBAUGH
Arlington, Virginia

I want to thank you for the article on Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, "Once Upon a Time," in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY. It touched me deeply. I know how they must feel about their daughter Kelly because I have a son who was born in July, and feel exactly the way Janet does. My husband and I are so much closer since our baby arrived. I think a baby is the most wonderful gift God ever presented to a woman.

May Janet and Tony be blessed with the family they deserve.

MRS. DICK WOOLUMS
Hillsboro, Ohio

I think "Giant" is the most remarkable screen achievement since "Gone with the Wind"! I believe that Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor emerge as the top artists in Hollywood because of their parts in this picture. Liz certainly deserves an award. I also believe that James Dean's performance as *Jett Rink* is his most sensitive.

Fifteen or twenty years from now, critics are bound to compare other outstanding screen accomplishments with "Giant."

MRS. L. HERBERT
Pasadena, Texas

I'm in love with Tab Hunter! I know there are about 2,000 other girls who say the same thing, so I'm speaking for them as well as myself. I have never met Tab, but hope to someday. He is my favorite movie actor and I've read so many stories about him that I feel as if I've known him for quite a long time, and that he's my real friend.

I'm a senior in high school, and I'd like to study dramatics at a good school. I suppose every girl or boy, sometime in his or her life, has hoped to be an actor or actress. I think I know every movie actress and actor from A to Z, including Liberace, but Tab is still tops on my list. If you've seen as many movies as I have in which Tab Hunter has starred, you'll realize what a fine actor he is.

And girls, don't you agree he's the handsomest man you have ever seen?

MARY DEAN KEITH
Oconto Falls, Wisconsin

I just bought the December issue of PHOTOPLAY and the picture of Jayne Mansfield on page 8 was the most disgusting picture I have ever seen. All the magazines have been criticizing Elvis Presley, but they should start criticizing these girls who have their pictures taken while half-nude. The majority of the writers who criticize Elvis are men, but they never seem to have anything to say about these women. I am thirteen years of age, and I'd like to know how other teenagers feel about this type of picture.

HARRIET HORODECK
Jersey City, New Jersey

When will someone produce more motion pictures which include the casting of a Chinese girl? The pictures, "Three Stripes in the Sun," "Japanese War Bride," "The Purple Plain" and now "The Teahouse of the August Moon" all starred a Japanese girl. Oh, I must give credit to "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" which had a *portrayal* of a Chinese or Eurasian girl.

SANDY LEE
Victoria, British Columbia

I have an issue of PHOTOPLAY published in 1953 in which Kathleen Crowley was an award winner for most promising newcomer. I have seen her on many TV shows since your prediction, and I really think you picked a winner. As you know, Walt Disney picked her to star in his first Western, "Westward Ho the Wagons!" Now that this picture has been released, the whole country should join me in congratulations to PHOTOPLAY for selecting her as a promising young actress.

MOLLIE MOORE
San Diego, California

Dear Elvis Presley:

I am writing this letter to let you know that I admire your great courage and tenacity in a world that has shown such hostility toward you. I have heard quite a few records that you've sung, and have found them to be quite unique—your style of singing really has a rare quality that few singers in your field can boast. I think that the part of the public that has condemned you has done so without really knowing you. I find nothing about your singing or actions that should elicit such fury. This is America, and if that is the way you want to express a song, by golly you should be allowed to do so! So I say, keep up your singing, and remember that you alone must decide whether a thing is right, according to the dictates of your heart.

PHILIP L. QUINTYNE
Washington, D. C.

Every month when I pick up my copy of PHOTOPLAY, I look forward to many hours of reading enjoyment. I think your magazine is tops, and in order to keep it that way, I think that every month you should have an article and color picture of an established star as well as the younger stars. Among these, you might include Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, James Stewart, etc. I'm all for the younger set, since I'm one myself, but I think the addition of an older star each month would be most pleasing.

MOLLE MUURISEPP
Uniondale, New York

*Your wish is our command—and we* will *cover "older" stars in future issues.*—ED.

Who says actors and actresses are cold? I recently had the extreme pleasure of



*Susan is warm and friendly*

meeting Susan Strasberg, and she was anything but cold. I found her to be a warm and friendly person with an engaging personality. The movie world can use more people like her. She's not only a wonderful person, but a fine actress, and I hope in the very near future to read many articles on her.

JILL LEVY
Brooklyn, New York

I recently read in your column that a girl was thrilled upon receiving a letter from a star. Well, I also received a letter from a star—Kim Novak. Wasn't it thoughtful of Kim to take time out to write me? I met her when she was on a personal appearance tour in Dallas, and found her to be one of the sweetest people I've ever met. Incidentally, I think she is much prettier off the screen than on.

L. M.
Houston, Texas

***Continued***

**For the first time Alfred Hitchcock goes to real life for his thrills! It's all true and all suspense--the all-'round biggest Hitchcock hit ever to hit the screen! Warner Bros. present**

# HENRY FONDA, VERA MILES and the exciting city of New York in ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

# The Wrong Man




**Somewhere... somewhere... there must be the right man!**



**CHALLENGE!** If you don't believe that this weird and unusual story actually happened, see the records of Queens County Court, N.Y., Apr. 21, 1953 Indictment #271/53, "The Balestrero Case"

also starring ANTHONY QUAYLE • Screen Play by Maxwell Anderson and Angus MacPhail
MUSIC BY BERNARD HERRMANN • Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

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tense...





rushed?...

That's when most deodorants fail...
but new Mum cream keeps working




REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
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IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

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KIND TO SKIN AND CLOTHES

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*You've probably noticed...*

...when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. *Mum keeps on working actively* to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

*More people depend on Mum than on any other deodorant ...it works when others fail*


## READERS INC. *Continued*

### LOOK ALIKE:

I'm a photographer, and recently photographed this beautiful girl who looks like Ava Gardner's twin sister. Don't you agree?

HENRY W. FREDERICKS
National City, California



*Just like Ava Gardner?*

### QUESTION BOX:

I am writing about a very handsome actor named John Smith. I saw him in three movies: "High and Mighty," "We're No Angels" and "Hot Rod Girls." I think he's a wonderful actor, but why doesn't he get any credit for it? I haven't one picture of him, although I've looked through plenty of books. Can you give me some information on him? And why not do a story on him, and give him a chance?

NANCY LEE FARTHING
Peterborough, Ont., Canada

*John Smith's real name is Robert Van Orden. He changed it because his agent wanted to handle just one client with "a good old American name." He was born in Los Angeles, March 6, 1931, attended Dorsey High School, and then UCLA and El Camino JC. He didn't take part in school dramatics, but sang with a student dance band, and also played football and basketball and was expert in gymnastics. He keeps his 6'2½" in shape through constant exercise and workouts, as well as playing tennis. He has blue eyes, blond hair, and weighs 185 pounds.*—ED.

A friend of mine insists that Dennis Hopper is the son of Hedda Hopper. I say that he is George Burns' and Gracie Allen's son. Who is correct?

MARY LINDA JETER
Honolulu, Hawaii

*Neither one of you is right. Dennis is the son of Jay M. Hopper and the former Margerie Davis, and was born May 17, 1936 in Dodge City, Kansas.*—ED.

I have recently seen "Unguarded Moment," co-starring John Saxon. I would appreciate it very much if you could give me some information about him.

MARIA ELISA PINA
Hermosa Beach, California

*John Saxon worked his way into Hollywood via a magazine modeling job. In order to help pay his way through a drama class in his native New York City, the nineteen-year-old youth worked in his spare time as a photographer's model. One of his assignments was to pose for an illustration for* True Story *magazine. Shortly after the magazine went on sale, fan letters began descending on the publisher. Who was the boy in the picture? What was his name?*

**Continued on page 12**

N E W




# *Breck Hair Set Mist*

## A GENTLE, FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS



Breck Hair Set Mist is a fragrant spray which delicately holds your hair softly in place for hours. After combing, a few brief sprays keep the hair beautifully arranged.

When freshening, a damp comb renews your waves – no respraying is necessary.

Breck Hair Set Mist also provides a quick, easy way to make lasting pin curls.

Fragrant as a bouquet, Breck Hair Set Mist contains lanolin, which leaves the hair soft to touch and brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

*Beautiful Hair*

B R E C K

*Available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold. 4½ oz. $1.25; 11 oz. $2.00. Plus tax.*

# Give your complexion



# this flawless, radiant look!

## Look lovely *all day long* with 'Love-Pat' ...never cakes, never turns orange-y!

'Love-Pat' is pressed powder plus foundation, with Revlon's own skin-softening Lanolite. And its lovely, natural-looking bloom *lasts . . . never* changes color.

***Here's the reason!*** 'Love-Pat' contains up to *3* times as much beautifying oil as other compact makeups.

You'll love 'Love-Pat'! It can't spill as loose powder does. Get some today! It comes in *nine* skin-matching shades.

---

***Test it yourself . . . as seen on "The $64,000 Question."***




Let cold cream act the part of oils in your skin. Smooth two streaks of cream on your hand. *On one*, puff your present powder or compact makeup. See how it turns orange-y! *On other streak*, puff 'Love-Pat'. No changing color here!



***New Jeweler's Compact . . .***
*Gold and tortoise-shell tone compact. $1.35 plus tax.*

# Revlon

# 'LOVE-PAT'

Compact Makeup with Lanolite

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# Hair with the fresh young HALO look

*is softer, brighter*

# Whistle Clean

—for clear, liquid Halo
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greasy oils or soap. Nothing to
interfere with cleaning action or dull your
hair with heavy, dirt-catching film.
Mild, gentle Halo leaves
hair softer, brighter . . . whistle clean!







## READERS INC.

*Continued*

*The publisher was so impressed that he sent duplicates of the photographs to a Hollywood agent and, sight unseen, the agent forwarded John a contract to sign. A few months later, John was in filmland. He made his screen debut in U-I's "Running Wild." He has dark brown hair and eyes to match, is 5' 10½" tall, and weighs 165 pounds. Born August 5, 1935. He is interested in sports, and is an expert archer. He's also done a lot of horseback riding and swimming. As an indoor hobby, he practices on bongo drums, likes Calypso rhythms and classical music. His taste in literature leans toward the serious.*—ED.

Can you give me the name of the studio responsible for the production of a movie which was released about 1951, entitled "A Place in the Sun." I am part of a research group and information regarding this movie can be of valuable assistance in a project which we are currently working on.

JANET DE CLAIRE
Detroit, Michigan

*Paramount produced "A Place in the Sun."*—ED.

I just saw "The Opposite Sex", and we would like to know the leading man dancer and singer who appeared in the "The Banana Tree" number. He is a very good dancer and singer, and is he neat! My girlfriend and I thought he would also be splendid in a non-dancing role. We recommend him very highly for some other dancing pictures or singing.

RITA EMERY
La Crosse, Wisconsin

*His name is Jerry Antes and his studio is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*—ED.

**CASTING:**

Since Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter seem to be the most promising new team in Hollywood, I am convinced that they would be perfect for the roles of *Josui Sakai* and *Allen Kennedy* respectively, in a film version of Pearl Buck's *The Hidden Flower.* I hope that Warner Brothers will think of this when teaming these two in the future.

ANN FULLAGAR
Catasauqua, Pennsylvania

I just finished reading Pierre La Mure's wonderful novel based on the life of Felix and Cecile Mendelssohn, *Beyond Desire.* I think it would make a terrific movie with Tyrone Power as Felix Mendelssohn, Elizabeth Taylor as Cecile Jeanrenaund, his wife, Gina Lollobrigida as the Italian *prima donna,* Maria Salla, Jean Pierre Aumont as Frederic Chopin, and Cliff Robertson as Robert Schumann.

DEAN MANUEL
Jersey City, New Jersey

I have just finished reading the most marvelous book, *A Thing of Beauty,* by Dr. A. J. Cronin. It was a novel about a young artist who believed in "art for art's sake," and all the things he did to defend his belief. I, as well as many of my friends, think it would make a wonderful motion picture, with a cast like the following: *Stephen Desmonde,* Laurence Harvey; *Jenny Dill,* Jean Simmons or Debbie Reynolds; *Emmy Berthelot,* Joan Collins; *Richard Glyn,* Bill Travers; *Harry Chester,* Kenneth More; *Papa Peyrat,* Peter Ustinov; *Claire,* Dinah Washington; and *Bertram Desmonde,* James Robertson Justice.

ANONYMOUS
Lawton, Oklahoma

# The way to a man's heart

***Norma Moore believes a girl should have one good dress and a meal one good dish***

The first time we met pert and pretty Norma Moore was in Hollywood, where she was making "Fear Strikes Out" with Tony Perkins. Over a commissary luncheon, we found out that Norma, a so-so cook, would like to be able to serve up at least one "good dish." So when we heard Norma was in New York, we made a date to have her meet Bruno, who owns the "Pen and Pencil," a favorite restaurant of visiting Hollywood stars. We explained Norma's problem and Bruno promised a quick solution. Norma came over with Jimmy Sisco, young dancer in Broadway's "New Faces," and in less time than it took to eat it, Norma had her specialty, Bruno's own Caesar Salad: Romaine, broken, not cut; one-minute eggs; croutons; grated parmesan cheese; and anchovies. Toss well!



*It's a good cook who can eat her own cooking, but Norma finds no trouble at all in sampling her Caesar Salad*

*Photos by Peter Perri*



*Norma decides her own "good dish" will be the Hollywood favorite, a Caesar Salad; Bruno is her teacher*



*After white of egg is skillfully added, Norma drops in the anchovies. Jimmy Sisco stands by with croutons*



*The genial owner of New York's "Pen and Pencil" restaurant oversees final touch of adding dressing*

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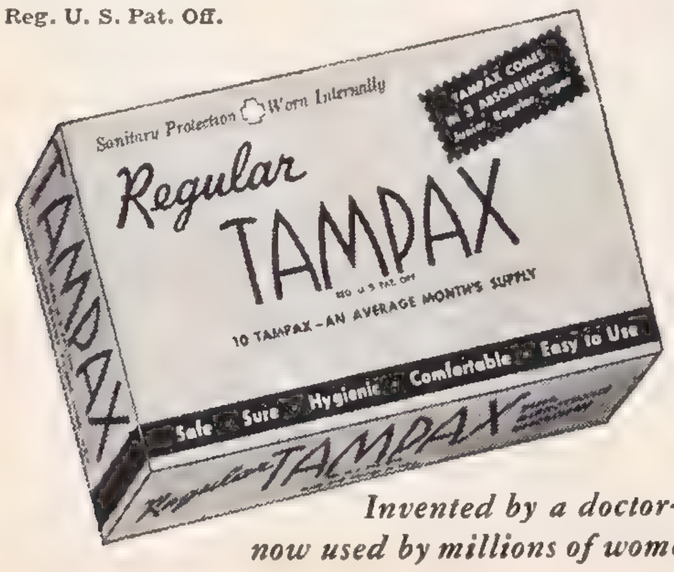
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*Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women*




*Rock Hudson took time to teach Dennis the hard facts of an actor's life*

# No Margin For ERROR

***Dennis Hopper learned, in Hollywood you grow up fast—or else***

"In this business," Dennis Hopper says seriously, "there's no margin for error. You have to grow up all of a sudden." Even at the rate Dennis has moved, he has. Only twenty, the blond newcomer is being cheered for his work as Rock Hudson's son in "Giant." Yet Dennis once seemed a kid with his head in the clouds. He was the eager movie fan, haunting Saturday matinees back home in Dodge City, Kansas. Hardly into his teens, he began acting in school plays, won contests by declaiming scenes from Shakespeare and O'Neill. "My parents thought I was going to grow up to be a bum," he grins, "writing poetry and stuff like that." They accused him of a tendency to laziness.

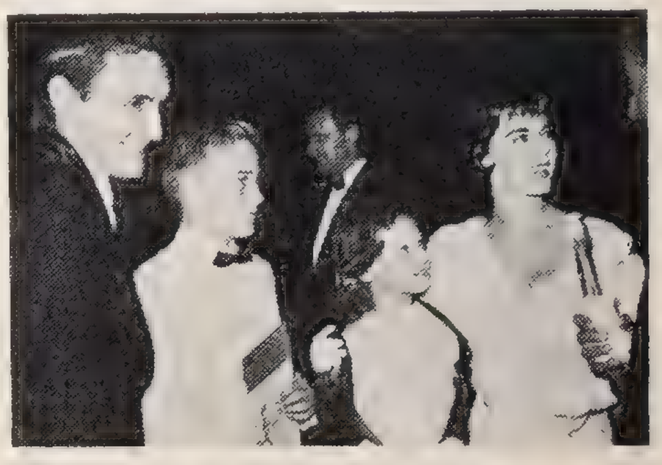
But it wasn't a lazy life that Dennis had in mind. The summer he was seventeen, he proved that by slaving as a twenty-five-dollar-a-week apprentice at La Jolla Playhouse in California, sometimes going sleepless for forty-eight hours at a stretch. The next year, La Jolla's John Swope suggested that Dennis try his luck with movies or TV. The boy was game, if not exactly bursting with self-confidence. "When I arrived in Hollywood," he says, "I had the bad luck to see Bel Air first. I looked at all those big houses, and I thought, 'I'll never make it!' "

He made it—and in short order. Inside two months, he scored a dramatic hit on TV that brought him a Warners' contract. He did a small role in "I Died a Thousand Times," a better one in "Rebel Without Cause," then "Giant." Next are Paramount's big "Gunfight at the OK Corral" and Warners' "The Story of Mankind."

Dennis hasn't built up to a Bel Air mansion yet; he's perfectly content with a one-room apartment. "I go on kicks," he says. "I'll shut myself up there for a while, reading or painting." But he's no solitary; he has formed friendships with other young players, as earnest and career-conscious as he is. There's Susan Kohner, fellow apprentice of La Jolla days. He met Nick Adams while making "Rebel," Natalie Wood before that, while testing for the picture. Dennis and Nat dated for a time, are now just friends.

Nat, too, has grown up in a rush, as Dennis says teenagers must in show business. "When I went back to Kansas for my grandparents' fiftieth wedding anniversary," he recalls, "I was shocked to learn that all the friends I had gone to school with were married and had children. I was so occupied with movie work that this part of life had passed me by.

"I sometimes wonder if I'll ever be ready to get married. I'm so intensely involved with my career that I'm irresponsible where everything else is concerned."



*Socially, too, the pace is fast, the demands great, as Dennis, his brother, and Nat and Lisa Wood learned*



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*Jeff Chandler's a hard man to get along with, but Marge is winning the fight*

*If Dani Crayne thinks George Nader is marriage-minded, we have news for her*

# INSIDE STUFF

*Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood*



*Ann Vickers helped Ben Cooper get over the shock of receiving his "greetings"*



*Nick Adams doesn't like what they're saying but Lili Gentle likes Nick*

**The George Nader Story:** We stand ready to post a small reward for anyone who can write this story—or even explain it. Here is a genial, handsome, apparently completely uncomplicated guy who is actually so complicated that no one, including George Nader, can figure him out. While Brando, Montgomery Clift and Johnny-come-latelys to the rebel clan like Scott Marlowe do what the head-shrinkers call "acting out their hostilities," Nader goes breezing along, calm and unruffled, stuffing all his emotional problems away inside himself. As a result, girls like Dani Crayne, Barbara Rush and Martha Hyer find that attentions from Nader build up to an awful let-down. Dani, especially, was all tagged as the future Mrs. George Nader. As the marriage rumors began, the romance ended. When the rumors ended, the romance resumed. Career-wise, George is equally contradictory. Perfectly willing to admit he'll probably never win an Academy Award, he writhes inwardly when an interviewer says something like, "After all, you're fairly typical of the actor who's pretty much made by the studio, wouldn't you say?" Nader is one of the most likeable guys in town. He's getting better and better roles. But, we think, he still likes his cats better than he likes most people. On the other hand, maybe he's got a point there. Cats, after all, can't talk back the way too many people can.



*Cliff Robertson got a late start but, like Felicia Farr, he's picking up*

something new when the letter came. So he tucked his best girl's hand under his arm and, again, did what any other young boy would do—had one last fling, complete with black tie and steak for dinner, before packing his bag and heading for the barracks and reveille of an Army training camp. But he'll be back!

**Don't Count on It:** When you see Jeff and Marge Chandler looking so in love that you almost feel embarrassed at being a witness to it, take it with a grain of salt. Maybe their remarriage will last forever, and everyone hopes it does. But Jeff's moods are so unpredictable and his temper so swift and stormy that anything can happen. It's true that Jeff was pretty miserable during their separation, and that he missed his children even more, perhaps, than most fathers, being a singularly solitary soul. But that Jeff is a hard man to get along with can be attested to by countless interviewers and would-be interviewers, and the fact that the resultant loss of publicity hasn't helped his career does not faze him in the least. Well, we're all for independent characters and God bless them. But, like elephants, they're usually nicer to look at than to live with. The success of "Durango," which Jeff just made for United Artists, may give him a happier outlook.



*Two nice people, Milly and John Ericson, found their own brand of happiness*



*It's the "Heston Code of Conduct" that keeps his marriage to Lydia happy*



*The tide has turned for Anne Baxter, but Cesar Romero is happy as he is*

**Greetings from the President:** Ben Cooper read his draft notice with the same reaction any boy would have. Sure, he wants to go and sure, he wants to do his duty, but gee whiz, did it have to happen *now?* Ben's latest picture for United Artists was "His Father's Gun" and he was all set to start

**Tag Along:** That's what they've been calling Nick Adams lately, pointing to his constant attendance upon Elvis Presley and remembering a similar devotion that sparked his friendships with Natalie Wood, the late James Dean and Kim Novak. As Nick himself has said, he's too good an actor and has much too much potential in his own right to exist merely as a celebrity's shadow. But methinks Nick protests too much about his friendship with Elvis. Instead of denying that he's riding on Presley's coattails, the best thing for Nick to do would be to settle down and make another picture, one in which he can do as competent a job as he did in "The Last Wagon." *(Continued on page 26)*

# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

### *Written on the Wind* U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Though Rock Hudson and Lauren Bacall lend balance as two likably normal people, it is Robert Stack's performance that gives conviction to this flamboyant drama. As the irresponsible son of oil millionaire Robert Keith, he meets secretary Lauren on a trip to New York, wins her in a quick courtship. In Texas as his bride, she's plunged into a hopelessly involved situation. Jealousy is mingled with Bob's friendly devotion to Rock, for his father relies on the steadier man in running the firm. As Bob's sister, Dorothy Malone is addicted to drinking and man-chasing. And Rock has trouble concealing his love for Lauren. In the violence that inevitably explodes, Bob remains a believable person. ADULT

BEST ACTING: ROBERT STACK



**One look at Bob shows Lauren and Rock that he's fallen off the wagon and that disaster lies ahead for all three of them**



**Loyal to America in his heart, Ernest tells wife Virginia Christine that he is accused**

### *Three Brave Men* 20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Ernest Borgnine, Ray Milland and other able players add warmth and humanity to a near-documentary treatment of the "security risk" problem. Suggested by a real-life case, the suspenseful story casts Borgnine as a long-time civilian employee of the Navy. Suddenly, he is called a security risk and suspended from his job. His plight also brings tragedy to his wife (Virginia Christine), his teen-age children (Diane Jergens, Warren Berlinger) and even to little Sandy Descher. Lawyer Milland takes on the touchy assignment of defending Borgnine; Navy officers Frank Lovejoy and Nina Foch are thoughtful investigators; Dean Jagger is the third "brave man" of the title. FAMILY

*Continued on page 23*



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Michyl Veach's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

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As Anne and Rudy listen, Tom fumbles with "the facts of life"

### *The Great American Pastime* M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ Never mind what you *think* the title means! The pastime in question is baseball, especially as played by the Little Leaguers of the country. Here's a bright, sprightly family comedy, with wonderful Tom Ewell as the suburbanite husband and father, persuaded by wife Anne Francis to cozy up to their rather aggressive male child, ingratiating Rudy Lee. But Anne isn't too happy when Tom gives way to his baseball mania by agreeing to take on the managership of a local (and losing) Little League team. It's a noble gesture on Tom's part, but it backfires right in his innocent face. For one thing, little Rudy is on the opposing (and offensively winning) team. For another, comely widow Ann Miller has a son on Tom's side, and Tom misunderstands her motherly maneuverings. FAMILY

BEST ACTING: CARROLL BAKER



Karl senses that Carroll and Eli are conspiring against him

### *Baby Doll* WARNERS

✓✓✓ A dazzling title-role job by newcomer Carroll Baker speeds up the leisurely study of an eccentric lot of Southerners. Luscious in limb and feature, Carroll portrays a rather retarded lass, a nineteen-year-old who refuses to be a wife to her husband until her twentieth birthday. Apparently a child in mind, she is both shrewd and shrewish with the impatient Karl Malden. Like the falling-down old mansion they share with her maiden aunt (Mildred Dunnock), they're lost in a vague succession of days—until a wily alien barges into their midst. Eli Wallach, a Texan of Sicilian descent (formidable combination!), has a vendetta with Karl, who sets fire to Eli's too-profitable cotton gin. Sex is tossed into the moviegoer's face with about as much subtlety as a Mack Sennett custard pie. ADULT



With John as leader, Sal on traps, a new band aims for fame

### *Rock, Pretty Baby* U-I

✓✓✓ Lively rock 'n' roll music and the gay antics of some attractive young players give interest to a teenager-parent tale. At ease in his secondary role in "The Unguarded Moment," the very handsome John Saxon has more difficulty with this lead. He's expected to follow in the footsteps of his doctor father (Edward Platt), but his mother (Fay Wray) and his sweetheart (Luana Patten) sympathize with his musical ambitions. The tension builds as John and his youthful bandsmen compete in a disk jockey's contest and pitch for a summer-camp job. George "Foghorn" Winslow is appealing as John's kid brother. But Sal Mineo's following won't be pleased with the minor chores assigned to him. However, Sal beats the traps and wrestles with his girlfriend enthusiastically. FAMILY



A deadly triangle is formed when Elvis sees Dick greet Debra

### *Love Me Tender* 20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Elvis Presley's first picture shapes up as an agreeable Southern-type Western, sturdy in content but apparently slapped together in too much haste. As his older brothers, Richard Egan, William Campbell and James Drury have fought the losing battle of the Confederacy. The trio made off with a Union Army payroll, and they have the loot with them when they return to mother Mildred Dunnock. For Egan, who was believed dead, the homecoming is marred by the discovery that his ex-fiancée, Debra Paget, is now Elvis' wife. The emotional conflict between the brothers is brought to a climax when Union officials seek the missing payroll. Presley's song numbers fit into the proceedings pretty smoothly, and he's commendably relaxed in quiet scenes, but the dramatics at the end throw him. FAMILY P

*Continued*



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**Badgered beyond endurance, Dick is ready to strike Mary, who seems meekly resigned**

### *Finger of Guilt* RKO

✓✓✓✓ Here's an ingenious mystery that puts the moviegoer right into hero Richard Basehart's situation, to feel with him growing bewilderment and desperation. Dick expertly plays a talented movie producer, exiled from Hollywood because of a scandal involving a woman. A reformed character, he is now the right-hand man of British producer Roger Livesey and is happily married to the boss's daughter (Faith Brook). But a series of letters threatens his future. They're from a girl begging for his love and claiming that she has been his mistress. Blackmail? No. This Dick realizes when he meets the writer—sweet-faced, straightforward Mary Murphy, doing her best work so far, as an American actress in England. Though Dick is sure he's never seen her before, her story and her manner are so convincing that he begins to doubt his own sanity. It's a neat puzzle. ADULT

### *Marcelino* UMPO

✓✓✓ A beautiful Spanish film (with titles in English) quietly captures the atmosphere of Spain's countryside and the religious feeling of its people. Told as a sort of legend, the story centers on a small boy (enchantingly portrayed by Pablito Calvo) brought up by a group of Franciscan friars. As a baby, he is left outside their monastery. Since his parents cannot be found, the brothers decide to adopt him. Surrounded by love and understanding, he grows into a delightfully normal, mischievous boy. Each of the friars is presented as a distinctive personality, so the movie is rich in character. FAMILY

### *The Magnificent Seven* COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ Like most of the important Japanese films brought to this country, this sturdy tale of action pictures the Japan of centuries ago in one exquisite shot after another. The seven men of the title are all *samurai*, but they aren't the splendidly attired, mighty warriors that the term suggests. They are simply tired, tough professional soldiers. Like Kipling's *Tommy Atkins* or the peacetime GIs of "From Here to Eternity," they are neglected or distrusted by the civilians—until their fighting strength is needed. These seven are brought together through a frightened appeal from a village threatened by bandits. ADULT

### *Two Loves Had I* JACON, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Opera-lovers will find moments of interest in this Italian-made music-film (dialogue in English) based on the life of Puccini. Portrayed by Gabriele Ferzetti, the composer of "La Boheme" and "Madame Butterfly" is seen first as a brash unknown storming the musical citadel of Milan. Success comes quickly, overshadowing his personal affairs. Marta Toren is lovely and wistful as the sweetheart who bears him a child before he's gotten around to marrying her. Hers is a life of lonely waiting, but Puccini's heart remains with her, in spite of his brief fling with prima donna Nadia Gray. While artists from La Scala are heard in excerpts from the operas, the picture could have used more music. ADULT

### *Rumble on the Docks* COLUMBIA

✓✓ The junior version of "On the Waterfront" is notable chiefly as the debut of James Darren, a good-looking youth who shows some acting promise. As leader of a teen-age gang that's constantly attacked by rougher rivals, he has traits of decency and responsibility. But a feud with his crippled, crusading father (Edgar Barrier) makes young Jim easy prey for the persuasions of union racketeer Michael Granger. Even his gentle girlfriend (Laurie Carroll) can't make the boy see that he's lined up on the wrong side. There's plenty of action and tension, and a vigorous rock 'n' roll number is contributed by Freddie Bell and his Bellboys. FAMILY



**On crime-ravaged Brooklyn docks, Laurie Carroll and James Darren long for peace**

# EDDIE AND DEBBIE

## IN THEIR FIRST MOVIE TOGETHER!



Eddie sings 6 wonderful NEW SONGS ...and wait 'til you see them DANCE!

RKO Radio Pictures presents

# EDDIE FISHER · DEBBIE REYNOLDS
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Co-starring

## ADOLPHE MENJOU
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with NITA TALBOT • UNA MERKEL • MELVILLE COOPER
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Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER • Screen Play by NORMAN KRASNA
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### HEAR EDDIE SING

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"Worry About Tomorrow, Tomorrow"
"All About Love"
"Some Day Soon"
"I Never Felt This Way Before"
"Bundle Of Joy"

TECHNICOLOR®

RKO RADIO PICTURES





# INSIDE STUFF

*Continued from page 19*

**If at First:** Cliff Robertson and Felicia Farr are two young people who would seem to have had much too much of the wrong thing, picture-wise. Felicia is a very good actress whose career somehow never got off the ground, and Cliff Robertson started his Hollywood career with a bang in "Picnic," then seemed to have ended it with a whimper in "Autumn Leaves." Cliff is now making "The Girl Most Likely" with Jane Powell, and Columbia is giving Felicia a big build-up for "Three-Ten to Yuma."



*Dana Wynter changed her career plans after marrying Greg Bautzer*

We think in Cliff's case he has tried too hard to pretend that success didn't matter. He's given everyone else the same idea. Wanting success is nothing for which to apologize, and neither is Cliff Robertson, who has the makings of a very fine performer. Lately, he relented enough to be willing to be seen here and there with the proper date, at the proper places, though he's still a confirmed bachelor and a confirmed commuter to New York and his tiny Greenwich Village apartment. But maybe he and Felicia will both disprove the old Hollywood adage that "If at first you don't succeed, you don't succeed, period."

**Thou Shalt Not:** Charlton Heston long ago chalked up the most important "thou shalt not" in his own life when he made up his mind that a man who cheats on his marriage, even lightly and unimportantly, is headed for trouble. "It's just not worth it," said Heston, shaking his handsome head for emphasis. "You lose your wife, lose your home and, sometimes, even your career." Lydia was Chuck's first girl and it looks as though she'll also be his last and best. Chuck's performance in "The Ten Commandments" made us glad that he's as sensible as he is talented. Because he's right: A good many careers have been washed down the drain when personal lives got out of control. This is the value of Heston's private "Code of Conduct."

**Local Doings:** The newest feud is the one between Eddie Fisher and his longtime friend and manager, Milton Blackstone. Since Eddie's Coca Cola hour was cancelled, he seems to be getting the career jitters. Good reviews on his RKO movie "Bundle of Joy" may put the light back in his eyes, but things are a bit tense. Of course, during the Debbie and Eddie romance Blackstone was charged with being the heavy who didn't want the lovers to wed. This was not true, but it is true that Milton felt it would be a mistake for Eddie to marry at that time. The fact that the young singer's popularity has waned so sharply seems to prove Blackstone might have had a point. . . . Cesar Romero keeps going 'round and 'round. Now he's dating Anne Baxter, who's making a career comeback thanks to her performance in "Ten Commandments." . . . Elizabeth Taylor is here today, gone tomorrow, and no one, including Liz, seems really sure what she's going to do next. Incidentally, Miss Taylor is reported as being less than flattered at hearing Natalie Wood described as a

*Continued*



*Man-about-town Jeff Hunter seems to be quite recovered from his divorce*

*No Other Leading Toothpaste*

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# WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

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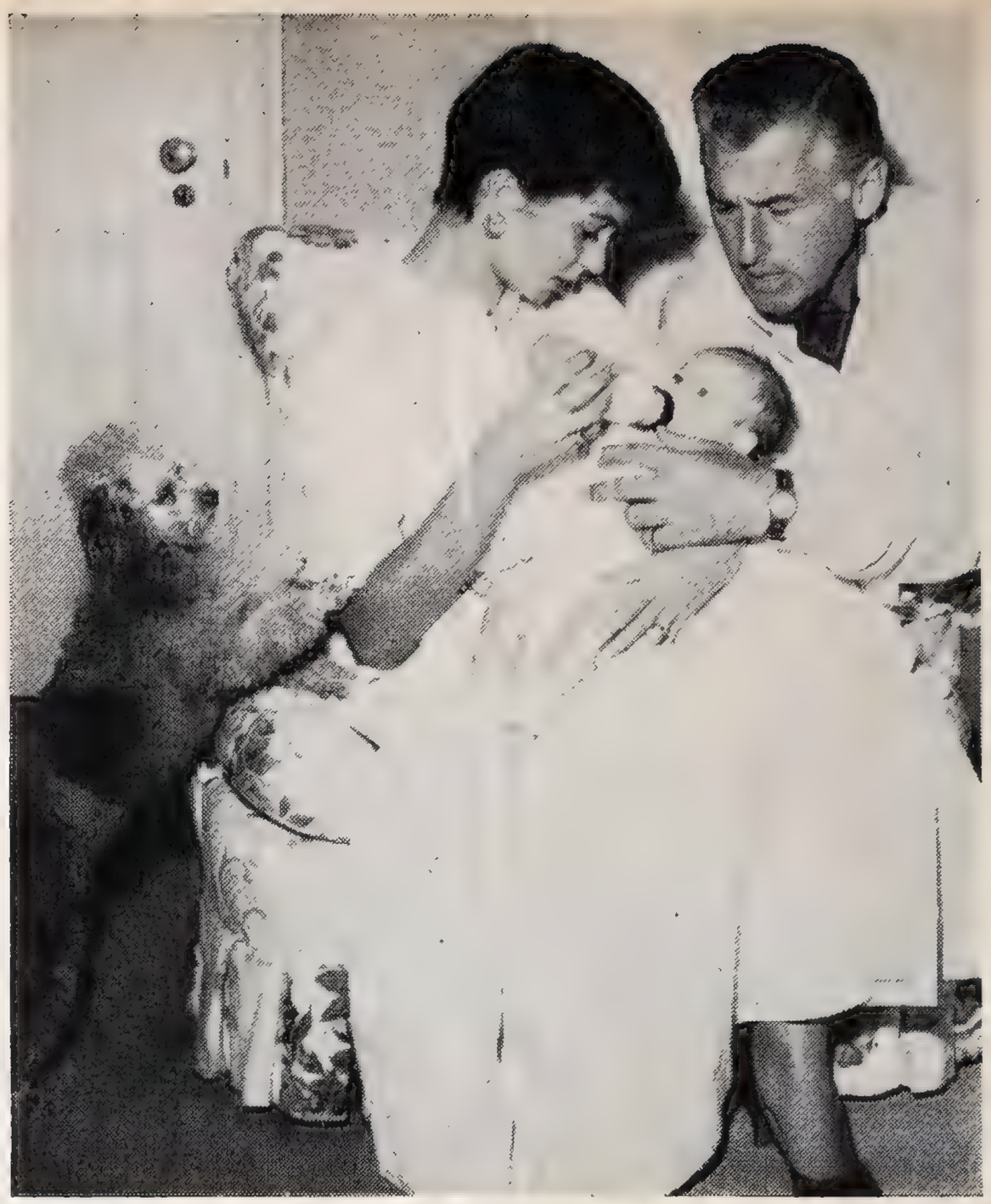

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

## Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth



*Tab Hunter seems to be telling Jan Chaney off as Fess Parker bends an ear*



*Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger have much to celebrate besides new daughter*



*A birthday party brings Lauren Bacall, Frank Sinatra and Kim Novak together*

## INSIDE STUFF

*Continued*

"young Liz Taylor." . . . The whole town is pleased that the Jimmy Dean hysteria has finally died down and that his fans are at last willing to let the lad rest in peace. . . . The people charged with translating the Elvis Presley rage into box-office receipts at the movie houses have a special problem. Hooky-playing teens crowd the theatres at first. So what happens when they go back to school on a non-holiday?

**The Happiness Boys:** John Ericson may not have fulfilled the early hopes M-G-M had for him, but his marriage to Milly is so happy it's enough to make up for almost any disappointment. The happy-though-marrieds in the film colony include the Bill Campbells. Rock Hudsons. the newlywed Greg Bautzers, Don Murrays (Oooh! so happy, these two!) and the back-together-again Jeff Richards. The success that brings some unhappiness seems to have acted in reverse with Jeff. He and his bride of less than a year broke up when his career was limping, got back together when success showed its face.

**"Character" Actor:** We're happy to hear that Marlon Brando hasn't really settled down to being as polite and neatly dressed as was reported. Latest Brando story to come our way tells of Marlon having dinner with the Mel Ferrers and the King of Belgium. While Mel and the King conversed loftily in French, Brando chattered happily away in jive talk (which he never uses). When Audrey refused to be amused or to take her eyes off her husband, who sat across the table, Marlon spotted a slight rip in her dress, yelled happily down the table, "Hey, Audrey, your dress is torn." Ruined the whole effect.

**Happy Hunters:** Tab Hunter's spirits are slightly on the rise since they've inked him in for "Lafayette Escadrille" and Jeff Hunter seems to have settled down nicely into bachelorhood, with fewer and fewer people thinking he and Barbara Rush will re-wed, despite their mutual devotion for their son. Tab's another young man who seems to think the best things in life are more easily had if pursued all alone.

**Baby Daze:** That's what Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger have been in ever since the arrival of daughter Tracy. The name confused newsmen, who wired their editors that the Grangers had just acquired a son! Neither Jean nor Stewart cared which they got as long as it was healthy. Happily she's also pretty.

**News Item:** All his hundreds of friends were saddened to read that Humphrey Bogart had to check back into the hospital. But maybe it isn't as serious as people fear. . . . Kim Novak still can't seem to stay very far away from Frank Sinatra. while Ava Gardner, staying far, far away, lets it be known she still isn't thinking of getting a divorce. . . . Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman are now looking very lover-like, so friends expect they'll reconcile. Marriages end in Hollywood, but sometimes they're made there. too—or remade.

# HOW MANY FEATHERS ON THE ROBIN?



**Add up the figures and find out. Most anybody can add, but can you add correctly? The reason people like number puzzles is because they are fascinating. Fun right in your own home, and CASH REWARDS for the WINNERS. Try it yourself.**

# $6360.00 IN CASH PRIZES

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**FIRST PRIZE $2,000 including $500 bonus for promptness (see rule 2)**

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| **Second Prize** | **$1000.00** | **9th to 13th Prize, each** | **$100.00** |
| **Third Prize** | **$500.00** | **14th to 18th Prize, each** | **$50.00** |
| **Fourth Prize** | **$350.00** | **19th to 44th Prize, each** | **$25.00** |
| **5th to 8th Prize, each** | **$200.00** | **45th to 75th Prize, each** | **$10.00** |

## — HERE ARE THE RULES —

1. This is entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a Game of Skill. Add together the numbers that make up the drawing of the Robin and get the SUM TOTAL of the figures. The picture is made up of single digits: 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 9. There are no sixes, no ones, no zeros. There are no double numbers like "23", etc. Just add 2 plus 3 plus 5, etc., and get the SUM TOTAL. There are no tricks to this puzzle, just a problem in addition. It is not so easy but if you are careful you may get it exactly right. Only persons sending a $5.00 contribution to our Scholarships Program are eligible for these Cash Prizes. No additional donation will be required at any time during the contest. **Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to 'SCHOLARSHIPS, INC.' Send cash if you prefer. Write us for additional puzzle sheets if you need them.**

2. First prize is $1,500. If you send your contribution before the date printed on the entry blank you will qualify for the $500 Promptness Bonus, making the total First Prize $2000. The Promptness Bonus will be added to the first prize only.

3. You should check and recheck your solution carefully before mailing. **Once it has been sent it may not be changed or withdrawn.** A contestant may submit an additional entry in this contest with an improved score provided each such entry is accompanied by the required $5.00 contribution. We will acknowledge receipt of your entry and contribution promptly.

4. This contest is confined to persons living in the United States, its territories and possessions including Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Canal Zone, Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands. Persons directly connected with Scholarships, Inc., their advertising agency and members of their immediate families are ineligible.

5. Entries will be accepted from January 1 to April 10, 1957. Entries postmarked April 10 will be accepted.

6. In case of ties on this Robin Puzzle the winners will be decided by a tiebreaker number puzzle consisting of drawing a path across a chart of numbers to arrive at a high total. The contestant's position in the winning list will be determined by the best scores submitted; the best answer will receive First Prize, the second best answer will receive Second Prize, etc. In case of ties on the tiebreaker puzzle, prizes will be reserved for the positions of tied contestants and their final order of finish determined by additional tiebreaker puzzles until a definite winner for each prize is chosen. Seven days will be allowed for working the first tiebreaker puzzle and three days for each subsequent tiebreaker. If ties remain after seven tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be paid.

7. It is permissible for any contestant to receive help from their relatives or friends but ONLY ONE SOLUTION may be submitted to the tiebreaker puzzle by any group working together, and any solution known to have been submitted in violation of this rule will be rejected.

8. A complete report of this contest including the names of all winners will be mailed to every contestant just as soon as the winners have been decided. The sponsors of this contest reserve the right to decide any questions that may arise during the contest and persons who enter agree to accept these decisions as final.

**C. L. KITTLE, Manager**

**Here is a contest soon over and soon paid off. The rules are simple and complete. It's entirely a contest of numbers, strictly a game of skill. We print the winning answer with the name and address of the winner, in fact we print the names and scores of all of the winners. A pencil is the only tool required and you start on an equal basis with everyone else. No pictures to identify, no statements to write. If you have never taken part in a number puzzle contest why not give it a try. Give yourself a fair chance to succeed. This may be the hobby you have been looking for. Operated by a non-profit corporation required by its charter to devote receipts in excess of prizes, advertising and legitimate expenses to nurses training, child welfare and other tax exempt charitable purposes.**



**Miss Sally Seymour is one of 29 nurses in training at nearby hospitals under our scholarships, and writes; "I would like to express my appreciation to those who made it possible for me to fulfill my desire to become a nurse. My grateful thanks to Scholarships, Inc."**

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**Mail to SCHOLARSHIPS, INC., Box 241, Lawrenceburg, Ind.**

There are.....feathers on the Robin.

Type your name and address if possible. If not print by hand.

Name.....

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Donations mailed before **FEBRUARY 20, 1957**, qualify for Promptness Bonus.

P



SAL MINEO

***Meet the girl who will meet Sal***

***Mineo and have him all to herself for a day***

***that even Cinderella would envy!***

# THE PRIZE — and THE

In the December, 1956, issue of PHOTOPLAY we offered to "give Sal Mineo away" for one whole day to the girl who wrote the most interesting letter on how she would plan to spend her time with him. In addition, a great deal of stress was laid on the fact that Sal Mineo's visit must be connected with some civic undertaking or civic fund-raising which could be benefited by the presence of a Hollywood star.

On the opposite page, you see the winner—Miss Nancy Donaldson of Pontiac, Michigan. Nancy convinced us —and Sal—that the erection of a civic auditorium and recreation center for young people would be enormously helped by his presence in her town.

Because of this, lucky Nancy will have, as the high point of her date with Sal Mineo, the thrill of attending the actual premiere of Sal's new movie, "Rock, Pretty Baby." This is a teen-age picture that does *not* present the rock 'n' roll set as a group of mixed-up kids, but as normal, healthy youngsters.

Sal Mineo is pretty thoroughly and firmly entrenched as a teen-age idol, and he has earned his following in every way. He was always a boy who knew what he wanted. His drama coach, Claudia Franck, says of him, "I had never been willing to work with children before, but Sal had such intensity, such determination, that I took him on. Needless to say, I've never regretted it."

Sal was playing the part of one of the children in the Broadway production "The King and I" at the time.

A beautifully-mannered young boy with velvety dark eyes and an irrepressible sense of humor, he's far from the playboy type. In fact, it was just a year ago, when he was in New York for TV work, that he appeared at a well-known dance studio and signed up for dancing lessons! His only vice is liking two helpings of the biggest and gooeyest desserts on the menu; his hobby is tinkering with cars, taking them apart and putting them back together again. He





*"Rock, Pretty Baby" will be premiered in Nancy's home town, Pontiac, and Sal will be her escort*



NANCY DONALDSON

# WINNAH!

expects to enter Columbia this fall, believing a college degree is essential.

This is the young man Nancy Donaldson will meet. And now the winner:

Nancy is a sophomore at Pontiac High School. She'll be sixteen on April 6. Pretty and popular, she was a class officer in junior high, loves horseback riding, and is an excellent swimmer. Aside from the Dolphins, a girls' swimming club, she's also a member of the Amies sorority. Her talent runs to art, and she's in big demand as a poster-maker for dances and the like; one of her posters won a prize in an American Legion competition. She's not musical or a performer, but she did take part as a "Rockette" in a recent show for the benefit of a local hospital. Like Sal, Nancy was taught to think of others: On Christmas Day two years ago a thirteen-year-old Pontiac lad lost both his legs in a tragic railroad accident. Nancy started a fund for him with a $25 bond; five weeks later the boy had $15,000 in trust to assure him of medical care and a college education!

Thousands of letters were received and carefully considered before a winner was chosen, and the editors of PHOTOPLAY want to thank each and every one of you who entered the contest. Sal Mineo was deeply touched by your interest and by the realization of how many loyal fans he has.


New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!






silkier...softer...easier to manage

**Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?** You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

*Economical 29c, 59c, $1.*

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Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK Written by CHARLES GRAYSON and VINCENT B. EVANS Produced by ROSS HUNTER



*Producer Otto Preminger found his* Joan *in young Iowa schoolgirl Jean Seberg*

# What happens to Hollywood's "Discoveries"?

***The new "St. Joan" is Jean Seberg; her first stop is England where the movie will be made. And her next?***

One day not long ago an enormous party for the press was given by United Artists to celebrate the finding and the signing to a long-term contract of a young girl named Jean Seberg. For months, producer Otto Preminger had been on the search for a young girl who could play the part of *Joan* in his forthcoming production of "Saint Joan"—Bernard Shaw's play on a theme which has created many great stars. Thirty thousand miles were traveled by Mr. Preminger in his search. Three thousand young girls were interviewed. Out of them came his final selection—a young girl of eighteen, with very little theatrical experience. Jean is five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred and eight pounds, and has the ethereal quality plus fire needed for *Joan*.

This search to find *Joan*, however,

can't help but evoke memories of other "searches" and other Hollywood "discoveries." For some, the stories have ended in happiness and fame. For others they ended in disillusionment. In wondering how Jean's story will end, it's interesting to look back.

Charlotte Henry, for instance. Do you remember her as *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland"? A lovely young girl with



*Carol Ohmart found that being "discovered" was no guarantee of film stardom*

shoulder-length blonde hair, she was one of thousands seeking the role. Among the other young hopefuls entering that contest was a young actress named Ida Lupino. Miss Lupino did not get the role, but went on to become a successful actress, a star, a producer, and director. Last reports from Charlotte Henry was that she was working as an usher in a neighborhood movie.

Another great "discovery" was Carol Ohmart, and it was less than a year ago that Paramount was inviting members of the press to a party to celebrate the signing of Miss Ohmart to a contract. In fact, so great was the belief that Miss Ohmart would bring back the "old-time glamour and glory of Hollywood" that she was given star billing in her first movie, "The Scarlet Hour."

The picture was somewhat less than a financial success. But other players—Tony Perkins, for instance, whose first movie was "The Actress"—have gone on to survive bad pictures. Miss Ohmart's eclipse from the Hollywood scene has been almost total. Why? No one quite knows.

But the sad part of these failures of "discoveries," of course, is the painful effect they must make to readjust their lives to what it was before glamour and glory touched them. They are taken from obscurity. They are feted and praised, photographed and flattered. If their success then peters out they have to try to find their way back to normalcy, to being just a pretty girl again.

But there's every reason that Jean Seberg will be one of the lucky ones.




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# when you're close enough to kiss!

**New ultraviolet light tests prove Pond's Cold Cream removes dirt that other cleansing only "skims over"**



**1.** A test patch of ordinary end-of-the-day dirt and makeup is applied. In ultraviolet light photograph, the patch shows up *white.*



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*Sheer, non-greasy powder base —Pond's Vanishing Cream*

***No other cleanser leaves your skin more deep-down beautiful!***

Pond's Cold Cream



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**2.** Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



**3.** Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



**4.** Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

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Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

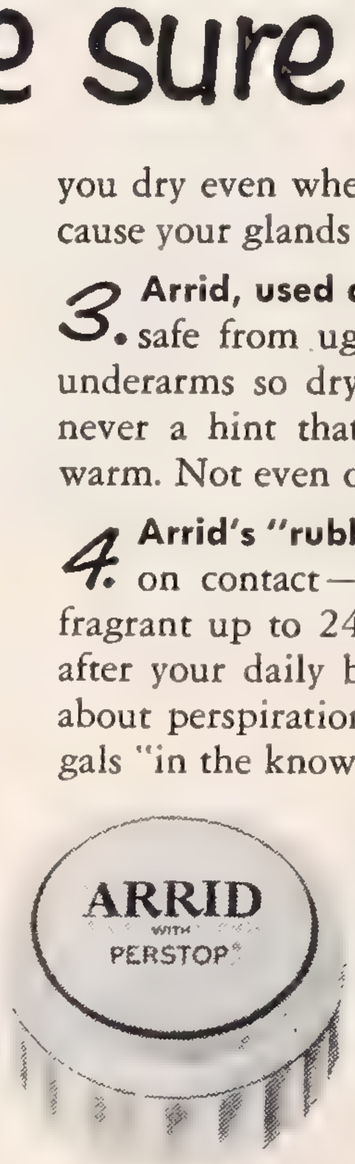
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2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

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4. **Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



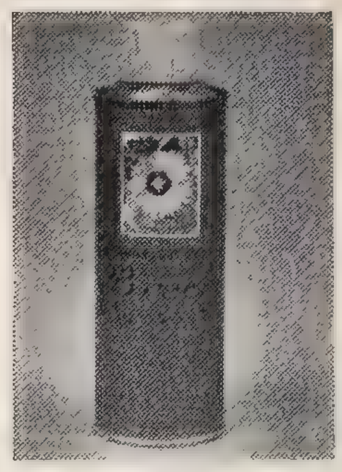

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**Be completely safe.**
**Use Arrid . . .**
**to be sure.**

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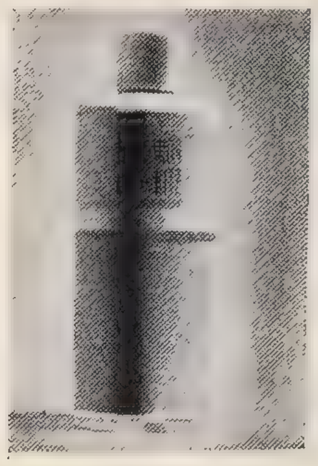
# becoming attractions



To pamper your budget as well as your hairdo, Breck Hair Set Mist is now available in an economical new 8-oz. size for $1.65.* 4½-oz. container, $1.25.*




Added Attraction: Cutex sheer lanolin hand cream with silicones now comes in a dainty, lightweight plastic tube convenient for purse or home use. 43¢.*



Charles of the Ritz's new Foundation Lotion gives oily skin a fine-textured appearance and long-lasting freshness. Comes in four shades. 4 oz., $2.00.*




Always on hand: Mennen Skin Magic for Adults now offers a purse-size, refillable pink plastic squeeze bottle, free with regular 4-oz., $1.00* size.



For playing with fire: "Flambeau," Fabergé's fiery perfume, newly arrived from France. $10.50* to $110.* Velvet-cased purse flacon (shown), $5.50.*

**plus tax*

## CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

*BABY DOLL*—Warners. Directed by Elia Kazan: *Archie,* Karl Malden; *Baby Doll,* Carroll Baker; *Silva Vacarro,* Eli Wallach; *Aunt Rose Comfort,* Mildred Dunnock; *Rock,* Lonny Chapman; *Town Marshal,* Eades Hogue; *Deputy,* Noah Williamson.

*FINGER OF GUILT*—RKO. Directed by Alec Snowden: *Reggie Wilson,* Richard Basehart; *Evelyn Stewart,* Mary Murphy; *Kay Wallace,* Constance Cummings; *Ben Case,* Roger Livesey; *Lesley Wilson,* Faith Brook; *Ernest Chaple,* Mervyn Johns.

*GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME, THE*—M-G-M. Directed by Herman Hoffman: *Bruce Hallerton,* Tom Ewell; *Betty Hallerton,* Anne Francis; *Mrs. Doris Patterson,* Ann Miller; *Buck Rivers,* Dean Jones; *Dennis Hallerton,* Rudy Lee; *Ed Ryder,* Judson Pratt; *George Carruthers,* Raymond Bailey; *Mr. Dawson,* Wilfrid Knapp; *Mr. O'Keefe,* Bob Jellison; *Man Mountain O'Keefe,* Todd Ferrell; *Herbie Patterson,* Raymond Winston; *Foster Carruthers,* Paul Engle; *Mrs. George Carruthers,* Ann Morriss; *Samuel J. Garway,* Gene O'Donnell.

*LOVE ME TENDER*—20th. Directed by Robert D. Webb: *Vance,* Richard Egan; *Cathy,* Debra Paget; *Clint,* Elvis Presley; *Siringo,* Robert Middleton; *Grett Reno,* William Campbell; *Mike Gavin,* Neville Brand; *The Mother,* Mildred Dunnock; *Major Kincaid,* Bruce Bennett; *Ray Reno,* James Drury; *Ed Galt,* Russ Conway; *Kelso,* Ken Clark; *Davis,* Barry Coe; *Jethro,* Paul Burns; *Train Conductor,* Jerry Sheldon; *Fleming,* L. Q. Jones.

*MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, THE*—Columbia. Directed by Akira Kurosawa: *The First Samurai,* Takashi Shimura; *The Second Samurai,* Yoshio Inaba; *The Third Samurai,* Isao Kimura; *The Fourth Samurai,* Seiji Miyaguchi; *The Fifth Samurai,* Minoru Chiaki; *The Sixth Samurai,* Daisuke Kato; *The Seventh Samurai,* Toshiro Mifune; *Rikichi,* Yoshio Tsuchiya; *Shino,* Keiko Tsushima.

*MARCELINO*—UMPO. Directed by Ladislao Vajda: *Marcelino,* Pablito Calvo; *Father Superior,* Rafael Rivelles; *Brother "Door,"* Antonio Vico; *Brother "Cooky,"* Juan Calvo; *Blacksmith,* Jose Marco Davo; *Brother "Baptism,"* Adriano Dominguez; *Brother Giles,* Juan José Menendez; *Brother "Bad,"* Mariano Azana; *Brother "Ding Dong,"* Joaquin Roa; *The Mother,* Isabel de Pomes; *Don Emilio,* Rafael Calvo; *Uncle Roque,* Jose Prada; *Brother Moderno,* Fernando Rey; *Civil Guard Commander,* Jose Nieto; *Alfonsa,* Carmen Carbonell.

*ROCK, PRETTY BABY*—U-I. Directed by Richard Bartlett: *Angelo Barrato,* Sal Mineo; *Jimmy Daley,* John Saxon; *Joan Wright,* Luana Patten; *Thomas Daley, Sr., M.D.,* Edward C. Platt; *Beth Daley,* Fay Wray; *"Ox" Bentley,* Rod McKuen; *"Fingers" Porter,* John Wilder; *"Sax" Lewis,* Alan Reed, Jr.; *"Pop" Wright,* Douglas Fowley; *"Half-Note" Harris,* Bob Courtney; *Twinky Daley,* Shelley Fabares; *Carol Saunders,* Susan Volkmann; *Claire Saunders,* Carol Volkmann; *Kay Norton,* April Kent; *Lori Parker,* Sue George; *Mr. Reid,* Walter Reed; *Bruce Carter,* Glen Kramer; *Johnny Grant,* Himself; *Thomas Daley, Jr.,* George Winslow.

*RUMBLE ON THE DOCKS*—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Jimmy Smigelski,* James Darren; *Della,* Laurie Carroll; *Joe Brindo,* Michael Granger; *Rocky,* Jerry Janger; *Chuck,* Robert Blake; *Pete Smigelski,* Edgar Barrier; *Anna Smigelski,* Celia Lovsky; *Dan Kevlin,* David Bond; *Frank Mangus,* Timothy Carey; *Tony Lightning,* Dan Terranova; *Poochie,* Barry Froner; *Wimpie,* Don Devlin; *Cliffie,* Stephen H. Sears; *Ferdinand Marchesi,* Joseph Vitale; *Gotham,* David Orrick; *Fitz,* Larry Blake; *Gil Danco,* Robert C. Ross; *Sully,* Steve Warren; *Bo-Bo,* Don Garrett; *Fuller,* Joel Ashley; *Fourteen-year-old,* Salvatore Anthony.

*THREE BRAVE MEN*—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne: *Joe di Marco,* Ray Milland; *Bernie Goldsmith,* Ernest Borgnine; *Captain Winfield,* Frank Lovejoy; *Lieutenant McCoy,* Nina Foch; *Rogers,* Dean Jagger; *Helen Goldsmith,* Virginia Christine; *Mayor Jensen,* Edward Andrews; *Enos Warren,* Frank Faylen; *Shirley Goldsmith,* Diane Jergens; *Harry,* Warren Berlinger; *Browning,* Andrew Duggan; *Jim Barron,* Joseph Wiseman; *O'Reilly,* James Westerfield; *Lt. Horton,* Richard Anderson; *Miss Scott,* Olive Blakeney; *Dietz,* Robert Burton; *Sanford,* Ray Montgomery; *Alice,* Sandy Descher; *Ruthie,* Patty Ann Gerrity; *Gibbons,* Jonathan Hole; *Perry,* Jason Wingreen; *Susie,* Barbara Gould.

*TWO LOVES HAD I*—Jacon. Directed by Carmine Gallone: *Puccini,* Gabriele Ferzetti; *Elvira,* Marta Toren; *Christina,* Nadia Gray; *Giacondo,* Paolo Stoppa; *Delia,* Miriam Bru; *Ricordi,* Sergio Tofano.

*WRITTEN ON THE WIND*—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: *Mitch Wayne,* Rock Hudson; *Lucy Moore Hadley,* Lauren Bacall; *Kyle Hadley,* Robert Stack; *Marylee Hadley,* Dorothy Malone; *Jasper Hadley,* Robert Keith; *Biff Miley,* Grant Williams; *Dan Willis,* Robert J. Wilke; *Dr. Paul Cochrane,* Edward C. Platt; *Hoak Wayne,* Harry Shannon; *Roy Carter,* John Larch; *R. J. Courtney,* Joseph Granby; *Sam,* Roy Glenn; *Bertha,* Maidie Norman; *Reporter,* William Schallert; *Brunette,* Joanne Jordan; *Blonde,* Dani Crayne; *Secretary,* Dorothy Porter.


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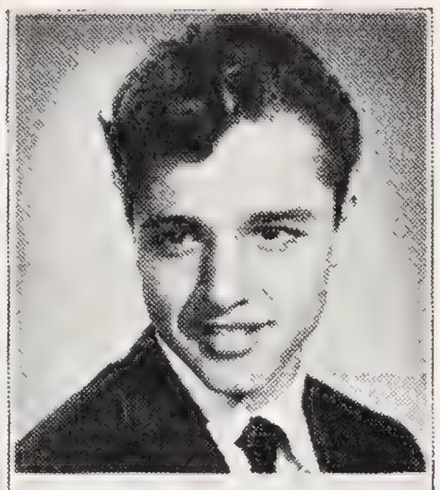
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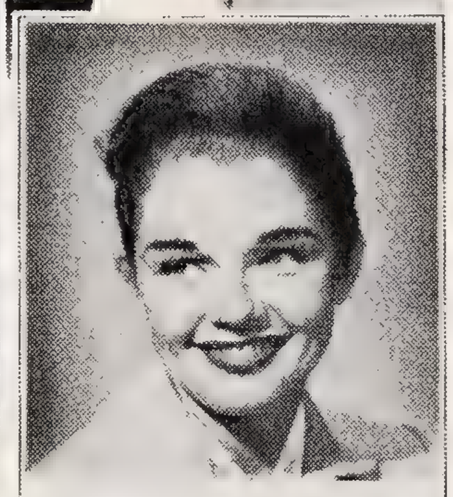
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with EDWARD C. PLATT · FAY WRAY · ROD McKUEN

Directed by RICHARD BARTLETT Written by HERBERT MARGOLIS and WILLIAM RAYNOR Produced by EDMOND CHEVIE

Universal-International

CAN I STEAL A LITTLE LOVE ♪ PICNIC BY THE SEA


# WAITING FOR



***Who's waiting? Hollywood. What for? A young lady who can make up her mind***

Not too long ago, they were "Waiting for Lefty." More recently, they were "Waiting for Godot." Now, they are waiting for Ellie Kent. We don't exactly know why, but we have to take their word for it. And a large part of Hollywood is insisting that Ellie, personally and professionally, is worth waiting for. Since we're strangers here ourselves, we'll let you in on the facts as we know them and let you make your own decision.

To begin with, her real name is Elinor Byers. She is the daughter of a civil engineer and a former schoolteacher, and she was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on September 20, 1932. She stands five feet, five and a half inches tall, weighs a neat 118 pounds, and is a blue-eyed blonde.

Ellie's career got under way when she was eight years old and started to study dancing. A year later, she was one of a small group of girls chosen from 200 to appear in St. Louis' municipal operatic production of "La Boheme."

That was only the beginning. After applying a few more of her teen-age years to high school studies, Ellie enrolled at the University of Missouri, where for two years she studied more dancing, as well as drama. Next, she joined the noted June Taylor Dancers, toured the country with them, and appeared regularly on Jackie Gleason's TV show. She also managed to squeeze in a fair share of modeling and night-club engagements before finally setting her sights on Hollywood and a dramatic career.

Since arriving in Movietown, Ellie has appeared in such films as "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," "The Las Vegas Story," "He Laughed Last" and "Cha-Cha-Cha-Boom!" She will be seen next with Phil Carey, Betty Garrett and John Barrymore, Jr., in Columbia's "The Shadow on the Window."

Now, back to the why and for what "they" are waiting.

It all boils down to the fact that Hollywood can't figure Ellie out. There she is, bent on an acting career, with studio executives interested in signing her to a

# ELLIE



contract—and yet she stubbornly, and gamely, refuses to do what ambitious young actresses are supposed to want to do. Namely: sign on the dotted line.

But Ellie has her reasons for seemingly being so contrary, and they make sense, especially when you realize that she is a very sensible, level-headed gal.

"I'm just not ready for it," she explains, her expression turning fittingly somber. "I need more experience, and the kind of self-assurance that comes with it. I've seen too many girls signed up, given walk-on parts—and stick with them. Most of them are never heard of again.

"So," says Ellie firmly, "I'll wait. And when I do sign a contract, it will have a meaning."

Then she adds pleasantly, "Now, is there anything else you would like to know?"

There wasn't. But we thought you'd like to know that Ellie is in private life Mrs. Jonie Taps, very pretty, very happy, and —well, let's say she's worth waiting for.




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# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



*When Sidney talks to Jayne Mansfield, there's a strange mystery between them*

I'd say Jerry Lewis is out to prove he can be a success alone. Dean Martin isn't. . . . Tab Hunter is taller and stronger than he first appears to be. . . . Cheesecake: The first performer to whom the label "cheesecake" was applied was Elvira Amazar, a Russian opera singer, when she arrived in this country back in 1915. . . . Elia Kazan



*Jerry Lewis, a success as a solo performer, is a bigger success as a person*

finally got around to discovering a red-hot sex dish for the screen: Carroll Baker. . . . When I'm talking to Jayne Mansfield, she's standing closer to me than I am to her. . . . Cary Grant was hypnotized (by wife Betsy Drake) to stop smoking. It worked so well that Cary not only gave up cigarettes but also liquor. . . . Frank Sinatra has good taste in wine, women and songs. . . . Admission tickets should be sold to visit Debra Paget at home. . . . Kathy Grant's real name is Kathryn Grandstaff. And as I put typewriter keys to paper, it's still a big question whether the name will ever be Kathy Crosby. . . . After seeing one of the longie movies which shall be titleless, Sheree North commented, "Enough is too much."

Rod McKuen is an actor to watch. A word to the wise is supposed to be sufficient. . . . I wonder if the prize fighter Rory Calhoun is helping the popularity of the actor Rory Calhoun, or vice versa. . . . Cleo Moore said it: "If you want to learn more about men, become a blonde."

I believe Bob Wagner would do better if his insecurity wasn't showing. . . . You just know Kim Novak is in the place because she is a loud laugher. . . . I'm pleased Shirley MacLaine is in a big hit ("Around the World in 80 Days"). Now I'm waiting for a movie in which Shirley dances and exhibits her legs. . . . Anne Baxter is getting sexier. Well, to me anyway. . . . Beefcake: First actor to get the coined beefcake label was Tony Curtis. . . . Little-known fact: Tony Perkins wears contact lenses. Tony also carries a small recording machine with him to important conferences. . . . Regardless of whether they dub in her voice or her singing, they don't have to dub in Anita Ekberg. She's for real. . . . By the way, Audrey Hepburn fell in love with Mel Ferrer when she saw him in "Lili." Never underestimate the importance of a good movie. . . . Hollywood is an over-populated village trying to act like a city. . . . Barbara Nichols' definition of a genuine movie star: "One who's still one when they show his movies on TV."

Doris Day is representative of the All-American girl, and I wish all All-American girls could be as wealthy. . . . With very few exceptions, night clubs are a relic of the past. . . . My favorite view of Hollywood, despite fog and smog, is from Sunset Boulevard at night: the town is spread out and appears to be miles and miles of vari-colored electric lights, and they don't spell out anything. . . . Natalie Wood admits she falls in love too easily. "It's not really love, I guess," explains Natalie. "I guess it's fascination. It's also fun." . . . Liz Taylor telling Mike Todd about a certain actress: "She had more money than she could afford."

I don't care what anyone says, Tony Curtis is improving as an actor and as a person. . . . I wonder if Gary Cooper has kept count of the number of actors who have been called "another Gary Cooper." . . . Rod Steiger is very popular in London, and I don't mean just with Diana Dors. . . . After a preview, Mike Curtiz was asked: "Is it possible for this movie to be a hit?" Mike replied: "Nothing is impossible if it's possible." That's Hollywood for You.



*Debra Paget and sister Lisa can well be amazed at Sidney's suggestion for them*

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

# BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 20.

✓✓✓ ANASTASIA—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant acting by Ingrid Bergman and Helen Hayes enlivens a drama of Russian exiles in Paris. Adventurer Yul Brynner grooms Ingrid to play Grand Duchess. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Todd; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓ ATTACK!—U.A.: Slashing, often horrifying drama of war in Europe. Strong all-male cast is led by Jack Palance, as a fighting man, and Eddie Albert, as an officer whose cowardice endangers the GIs. (A) November

✓✓✓✓ BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Musical success saga of the 1920's. Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, Dan Dailey are a composing team; Sheree North is Gordon's girl. (F) November

✓✓ CURUCU, BEAST OF THE AMAZON—U-I, Eastman Color: Vivid Brazilian backgrounds rescue a wobbly melodrama. John Bromfield and Beverly Garland track a "monster." (F) January

✓✓ DEATH OF A SCOUNDREL—RKO: George Sanders neatly plays the suave rogue, tycoon just asking to be murdered. Among his women: Yvonne De Carlo, Zsa Zsa Gabor. (A) December

✓✓✓ EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH—U-I, Eastman Color: Amusing but meaningful comedy of politics. Schoolmarm Maureen O'Hara and columnist John Forsythe back little Tim Hovey when the kid's honesty starts a scandal. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ FRIENDLY PERSUASION—A.A., De Luxe Color: Warmth, gentle humor illuminate the story of a Quaker farm family in Civil War days. Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire are parents of teenagers Tony Perkins and Phyllis Love and little Dick Eyer. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ GIANT—Warners, WarnerColor: Sweeping tale of a turbulent marriage. Settling in Texas as rancher Rock Hudson's bride, Liz Taylor has trouble adjusting to her new home. Cowhand James Dean strikes it rich in oil. (F) January

✓✓✓ GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND, THE—Warners: Sprightly story of today's Army. Mama's boy Tab Hunter is a reluctant draftee; Natalie Wood, his sensible girlfriend. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ IF ALL THE GUYS IN THE WORLD . . . —Buena Vista: Enthralling, heartening international film (titles in English). "Ham" radio opertors and fliers of several nations save fishermen stricken at sea. (F) January

✓✓✓ JULIE—M-G-M: Taut, hard-driving suspense movie. Fleeing death threats from her insanely jealous husband (Louis Jourdan), Doris Day returns to airline-hostess work. Barry Sullivan's her loyal friend. (F) December

✓✓ MAN IN THE VAULT—RKO: Mild action yarn makes locksmith Bill Campbell the unwilling tool of a racketeer in a bank-looting deal, with Karen Sharpe as Bill's girl. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ MOUNTAIN, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Splendidly forthright duel of character between brothers Spencer Tracy and Bob Wagner, as they climb to reach a wrecked plane in the French Alps. (F) November

*Continued on page 40*





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✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

# BRIEF REVIEWS

*Continued*

✓✓ PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1—RKO, Technicolor: Red Skelton's showmanship lifts a creaky farce about a timid soul taken in by con-men. Janet Blair's his loyal sweetie. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ RACK, THE—M-G-M: Deeply understanding close-up of an officer on trial for collaboration in a Korean prison camp. Fine acting by Paul Newman, as the defendant, Walter Pidgeon, his father, Anne Francis, his sister-in-law, Edmond O'Brien, defense attorney. (A) June

✓✓ REPRISAL!—Columbia, Technicolor: Western with good intentions. Hiding his own Indian ancestry, Guy Madison buys land near a town where Indians are persecuted. (F) January

✓✓ SECRETS OF LIFE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Interesting but patchy documentary of birth and the fight for survival among plants, insects, water creatures. (F) December

✓✓✓ SHARKFIGHTERS, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brisk action picture shows Victor Mature leading risky World War II experiments off Cuba, to find a shark-repellent. With Karen Steele, James Olson. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ SILENT WORLD, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Beautiful, exciting, true adventures of aqua-lung inventor Cousteau and his men, exploring ocean depths. (F) December

✓✓✓ SILKEN AFFAIR, THE—RKO: In a gentle worm-that-turns story, accountant David Niven creates havoc by juggling the books, led on by French model Genevieve Page. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia: Laugh-loaded spoof of big business. Small stockholder Judy Holliday snoops into the directors' dealings (they're crooked), pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-boss. (F) October

✓✓✓✓ TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Quaint, charming comedy of U. S. occupation forces in Okinawa. Officer Glenn Ford's led astray by interpreter Marlon Brando and lovely geisha Machiko Kyo. (F) January

✓✓✓ TEENAGE REBEL—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, heart-catching study of a parent-teenager relationship. Wed to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keim, resentful child of her first marriage. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓ UNGUARDED MOMENT, THE—U.I. Technicolor: Serious, though a bit sensationalized. When schoolteacher Esther Williams accuses student John Saxon of attempted attack, only detective George Nader helps her. (A) December

✓✓✓✓ WEE GEORDIE—GO, Technicolor: Delightful British comedy, with lovely Scottish backgrounds. Shy athlete Bill Travers winds up competing in the '56 Olympics. (F) December

✓✓✓ WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS!—Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Familiar Western sparked up by good details, Fess Parker as doctor-scout of a wagon train. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sparkling musical teams runaway rich girl June Allyson with debonair reporter Jack Lemmon. Nice combo of laughs, sentiment, song. (F) December

JEANNE CRAIN starring in "THE TATTERED DRESS"

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE IN CINEMASCOPE



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Then Jeanne Crain adds: "That's why I want my complexion to say 'take a good long look' . . . and that's why I use Lux. Simple?"




Isn't it important to face the world with a lovely complexion? One that's fresh, glowing and "alive"? Of course it is *and* Lux makes it easy. Lux has a wonderful cosmetic action that can help you have a complexion you'll love and he'll love, too. Only Lux . . . in all the world, gives you the delightful Lux fragrance, creamy *cosmetic lather* and the sealed protection of gold foil. Take *your* cue from the Hollywood stars.

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BY JOE HYAMS

*This is not a "fan magazine" story.*

*This is the story of a very human being named Roy Fitzgerald,*

*who also happens to be a movie star.*

*It's Rock's story, told as he lived it. And, like Rock,*

*it's not at all as you'd expect it to be* →



# THE ROCK HUDSON STORY

*Continued*

● At Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, a WAF sergeant paused while sorting the day's mail, to shout, "It's here, girls!" Four WAFS clustered excitedly around to examine the letter she held, then discreetly disappeared while the sergeant delivered it to a tearful recruit lying face down on her cot in the barracks. It took a little while for the girl to realize what the sergeant was trying to tell her, and even longer to believe it. When the message finally got through to her, she sat bolt upright, reached for the proffered letter, and looked, unbelievingly, at the name on the upper left rim of the envelope—Rock Hudson. Still unconvinced, she gently opened the letter and slowly read it. Then she read it again. It was Rock's response to an "emergency telegram" sent by her barracks-mates, who had wired Rock, "A letter from you would make her feel like a woman again, and not just another soldier."

The letter served its purpose.

In Boston, Massachusetts, a grateful father recently contributed $200 to the Crippled Children's League in Rock Hudson's name, as thanks for an autograph sent to his eleven-year-old daughter who is suffering from leukemia. "My daughter is the happiest girl in the community and the envy of all her friends," wrote the father. "Your picture worked better than any medicine."

A thirty-four-year-old woman in Blackburn, England, wrote to Rock Hudson: "I can sew, cook, knit, darn, typewrite, milk certain cows, speak French, dive from low heights, cycle about eighty miles a day without being in practice, (*Continued on page* 90)







*What made him change? What turned Rock Hudson from "a beautiful hunk of man" into a fine actor? Why did he marry Phyl Gates? How did he break away from the "beefcake" publicity? Why did he suddenly zoom past other actors like friend George Nader?*

BY HOWARD EISENBERG

# Why Eddie Almost Lost Debbie

***This is the story of how an almost-broken engagement led to one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood and proved the wisdom of waiting for love***



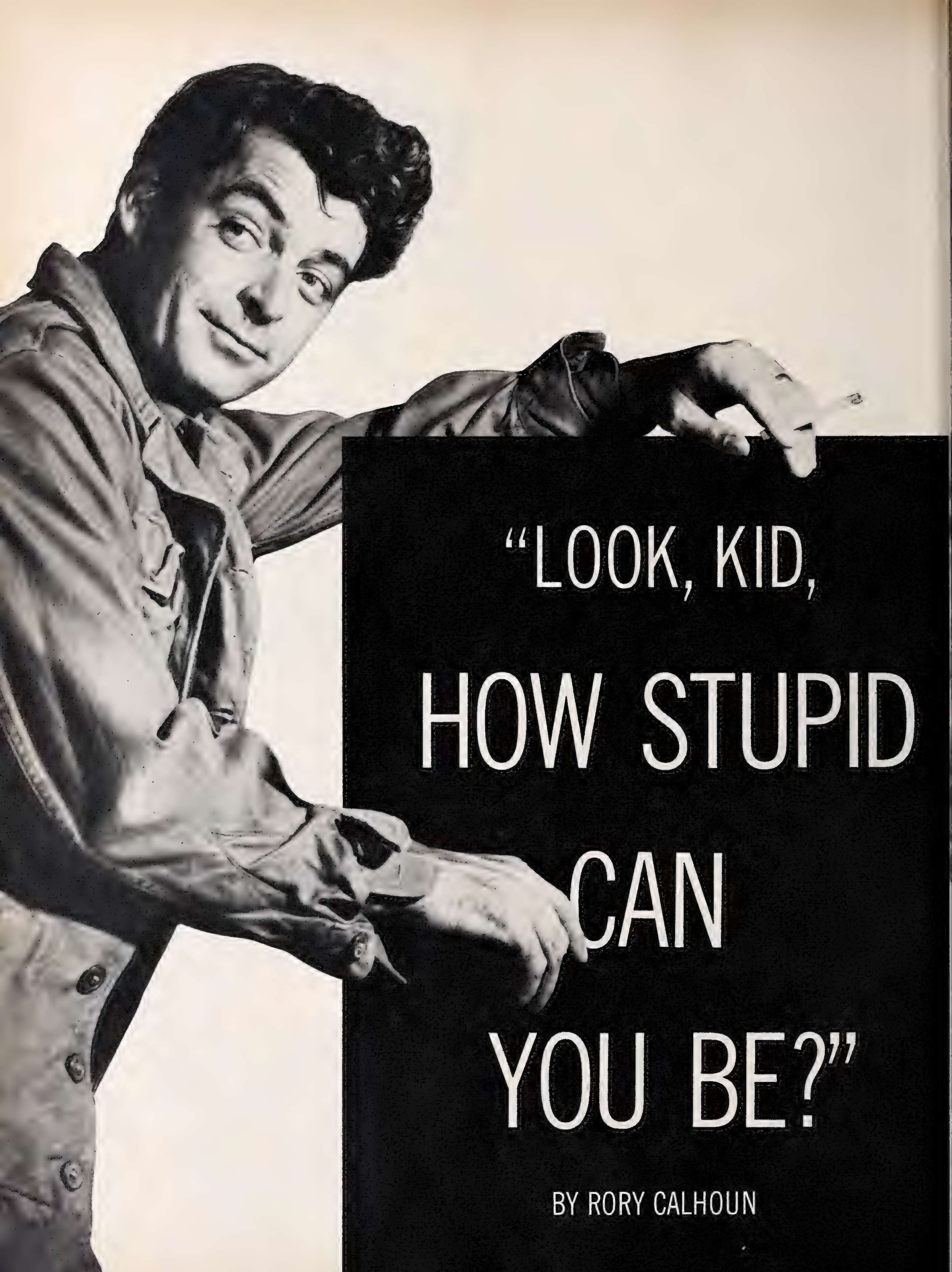
● The low black sport car sped smoothly through the star-studded darkness of the desert night toward McCarran Airport in Las Vegas. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the man behind the wheel was Eddie Fisher. He was in town to look over the Tropicana, a new twelve-million-dollar hotel, where he was scheduled to begin an engagement within the next few weeks. He had stayed up late to drive two friends to the airport. But as the car drew up in front of a sign reading, "Parking to unload passengers only," Eddie fell suddenly silent, as though he were listening for something—or to someone no one else in the car could see. A moment later he broke his strange silence to say abruptly, "I'm going back to Los Angeles with you."

As the three parked the rented car and climbed out, someone called, "Hey, Eddie!" They turned around to find accordionist Dick Contino running toward them. He was saying goodbye to his striking blonde wife, Leigh Snowden. She was returning to L.A., but he had to stay on for an engagement at a local night club.

"Just the man I want," Eddie said, when Dick told him this. "Do me a favor, will you? Take this car I came in back to town. I've just decided to go back home. This town is no place to be without your wife. And besides," he grinned, "I think I hear the baby crying."

This is the marriage that climaxed one of the most talked-about, guessed-about, written-about engagements in history. (*Continued on page* 88)


Left Debbie Waiting



# "LOOK, KID, HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE?"

BY RORY CALHOUN

***If Rory's child ever thinks it's smart to break the law, here is what a man who has been on both sides of the fence will have to say about it***



*At his ranch in Ojai, Rory and Lita help boys who have lost their way in life to find it again*



*Rory looks forward to being companion to his child, as he has been to his nephew, Billy Cox*



*The Calhouns regard parenthood as a great privilege. They practice on Guy Madison's Bridget*

● That's what I thought to myself the other day: "How stupid can you be?" I was reading a newspaper story about a teenager who had been arrested for stealing parts from parked cars. "Lots of kids do what I did," this kid was quoted as saying. "The only thing wrong about it was getting caught."

It made me so sore to read that statement made by a kid I didn't even know, that I sat there fuming, wishing I could get my hands on him and shake some sense into him. I wanted to shout at the foolish lad, "How stupid can you be?"

I feel I have a right to talk like that because I was once pretty dumb about such things myself. I was one of those "smart" kids who thought it clever to break the law. But I have news for that youngster, and any others like him. It isn't smart, it's stupid. I found that out the hard way.

I have since had to pay the price for every mistake I ever made. I had to bring shame and suffering to the people who were close to me when I admitted to (*Continued on page* 104)



# All She Wants to Be Is a MOVIE STAR

Granted, it was not a simple wish — but then, Jayne Mansfield is not a simple girl • BY JOHN MAYNARD

● Miss Jayne Mansfield, whom you will be seeing in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "The Girl Can't Help It," has always wanted to be a movie star. Ever since she was a very little girl in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, a slightly less little girl in Dallas, Texas, and a spectacularly big girl, first on Broadway, New York, and now in Hollywood, California, she has wanted to be a movie star.

"I could taste it and smell it and live it," she told a friend recently. "First I wanted to be an actress, then I wanted to act, now I want both. But especially to be a star."

Nor did she want this in the approved, simpering manner, known here and there as the Art-Is-All-Money-and-Autographs-Nothing approach. She wanted to be a star in the grand old manner, the nearly forgotten scope for which Hollywood old-timers sigh nostalgically. She wanted—she *knew* she wanted—a pink Jaguar, a glass house, excursions to Vegas and Palm Springs and Mocambo, a wardrobe of a sort that would turn Joan Crawford frumpy. The pattern *(Continued on page 80)*



# How to have a Love Affair





**BY PATTY DE ROULF**



*If Rossano has off-screen romances like these on-screen with June Allyson and Joan Crawford, wife Lidia refuses to believe it, merely laughs it off*

● "There are," said Rossano Brazzi, "comparatively few unhappy marriages in Italy. I believe the reason is that Italian wives are wise enough to realize that simply because a man is married does not mean he automatically loses all interest in the opposite sex. And if a husband flirts a little now and then—where is the harm in that? Unless, of course, some busybody takes something innocent and blows it into something big. Then someone gets hurt. That is bad. Very bad.

"It is also," Rossano announced flatly and firmly, "foolish and unnecessary."

The place where this conversation occurred was perfect for such talk. It was a comfortably furnished living room in a small (*Continued on page* 100)

No tears, please—and no scenes. No lipstick-smudged collars and nothing so untidy as divorce. Let Rossano Brazzi tell you how love can be charming



*The Hollywood Story*

# It's the Loneliness That Gets Them

● There is one thing against which the head of Hollywood's famed Studio Club warns all newcomers, and that one thing is not the danger of hunger or of failure, but loneliness. "It's the loneliness that gets them," she has said many times. "If a girl has a family who believes in her and who writes her regularly, or friends out here, the chances are she can stand up to the disappointments and the setbacks she's bound to encounter. But without that, a girl has a really difficult time making a go of it." Martha Hyer, rapidly rising young Universal-International player, has been luckier than most. Fame came fairly quickly. She has a family that could afford to send her money while she was getting established and pursuing dramatic studies. She had the poise of a college education. But even for Martha, there were times when she wanted to turn back . . . to go home. But when you are young, and you have set your foot on a certain path, pride compels you to follow it stubbornly. The loneliness comes with the night. With the dawn, there's a new day in which to hope, to dream and, with luck and hard work, even to achieve. Even in Hollywood.

MARTHA HYER IS IN U-I'S "BATTLE HYMN" AND "MISTER CORY"







***Audie Murphy won his war on the battle-field. Ten years later he had to win another, secret war, on which his life depended***

***BY VICKI RILEY***



# JOURNEY INTO LIGHT



*The Croix de Guerre, France's highest award; the Congressional Medal of Honor, our highest award. Yet Audie Murphy felt he had failed*



● Audie Murphy, who still looks like a baby-faced college boy, is one of the greatest heroes our history will ever know. He is one of the few living recipients of the Congressional Medal of Honor, which was awarded to him when he was just nineteen years old. Rare and wonderful though this kind of courage is, it took even a greater and a rarer courage for Audie to be able to say, as he did recently, "I now know that the failure of my first marriage was largely my failure." And then to add, "I've got a long way to go yet, but I guess I'm beginning to get so I can live with people."

A strange statement for a young man to make, but no stranger than the struggles and the inner problems this particular young man had to face on the long journey that carried him from nightmare-shattered nights to the inner peace of a man who has learned how to live with himself.

How did it happen? Where did it begin? And why?

Ten years after the war, Audie Murphy was an uncertain, insecure person who was sure of nothing but (*Continued on page* 83)



# RED HOT

***She blows hot and cold—carries on torrid love scenes with her husband in public but greets publicity with the icy reserve of royalty. Which is why Ekberg confounds even Anita***

# ICEBERG

**BY CHARLOTTE LOCKE**



● Imagine a volcano erupting in the middle of a frosty iceberg. Imagine a South Seas island suddenly blanketed with snow. Imagine the most bewildering and unpredictable female this side of the Arctic Circle and you have a fair picture of Sweden's latest contribution to the movie world.

"I do exactly what I like," stated Anita Ekberg. We were lunching at an English tavern near the Warwick studio, Anita, her new husband, who is Anthony Steel, and I. To prove her statement, Anita passed up the Scotch everybody else was taking and ordered tomato juice.

"Why should I drink when I don't feel like it?" she demanded, facing me squarely. "Often, I go to a cocktail party and everyone is drinking. I don't want a drink. So I ask for a glass of milk."

"You don't feel you're offending the hostess?" I inquired.

"Why?" Anita promptly parried. "Haven't I been invited to enjoy myself? Why shouldn't I do what I please?"

Anita sat before me, looking very self-assured, a typical Scandinavian trait. She was wearing a powder-blue silk dress, which clung to her well-aligned figure like a wet stocking. (*Continued on page* 106)



# Exclusively Yours

BY

RADIE HARRIS

***Beginning this month,* PHOTOPLAY *brings you the latest gossip about the stars, gathered from two continents and written by a woman who is an intimate friend of the fabulous people about whom she writes. If you want to know the* truth *behind the headlines, here it is***



*Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd had their first serious quarrel when she realized* he *would be boss if they wed*

### *Sorry, Wrong Era*

If Elizabeth Taylor had been born in the time of Louis the Fourteenth she'd have felt right at home among the royal splendors and even more royal extravagances of that glorious king. That's one reason I wasn't as surprised as most people when Liz flipped over Mike Todd. Mike may not look like a king, but he certainly spends like one. And Liz was born to be the pampered darling of a daring adventurer—which he is—with all Mike's reckless extravagance. But it was the fact that she has always been a "pampered darling" that precipitated their first quarrel. Liz may wear Mike's 30-carat engagement ring, but *he* wears the pants! It was this realization, that her future husband would brook no nonsense, that prompted their first serious disagreement and made her stop her impulsive desire to dash off to Mexico for a quick divorce. Instead, she decided to file in California, which gives her a whole year to contemplate a future with—or without—this fabulous man as Husband Number Three.

But knowing Mike, I know two things: he's a reckless, impatient sort of man who wants what he wants when he wants it—and usually winds up getting it. If he has to wait a year for Liz, I don't think there will be a marriage. However, Liz will find this generous, dynamic guy a hard man to get over. For instance, Liz and Mike were dining at the Colony in New York when Liz, who adores jewelry,



*Marilyn Monroe and Vic Mature met Queen Elizabeth, but even more exciting things were happening in their off-stage lives*

happened to admire a beautiful bracelet in the Van Cleef and Arpels window, on display in the lobby of the restaurant. Mike immediately dispatched someone for the key to the window, had it opened, wrote out a check for $2500 and presented the bracelet to Liz then and there! Quite a contrast to quiet, unemotional Mike Wilding and his modest gifts!

### *To Be or Not To Be*

My European correspondent tells me that everyone on the far side of the Atlantic is insisting that Marilyn Monroe is pregnant. Her personal opinion, my friend cables, after sifting all the rumors and this-a and that-a, is that MM *is* enceinte, but she adds, "Remember, this is only my personal opinion."

About "The Sleeping Prince," Warner Brothers, who will release this picture, are unhappy, but not about the picture. It's the title that has them worried. They're afraid that too many people will think "The Sleeping Prince" implies a fantasy or ballet, instead of a highly-charged romantic comedy. What do you think? Would this title keep *you* away? Just how important is a title to you? I, and Warner Brothers, would appreciate the fans' opinion, so let's hear from you.

### *Purely Personal*

Of all the people I knew "when," Audrey Hepburn has changed the most—for the worst. . . . Why do columnists who claim to be Deborah Kerr's "intimates" call her "Debbie"? . . . Stewart Granger has a beautiful young daughter, but he should start dieting her *now*. . . . I've never seen Joan Crawford when she doesn't look like a star. . . . Why doesn't some astute producer find a vehicle for Greer Garson like "Madame Curie" and "Mrs. Miniver," instead of

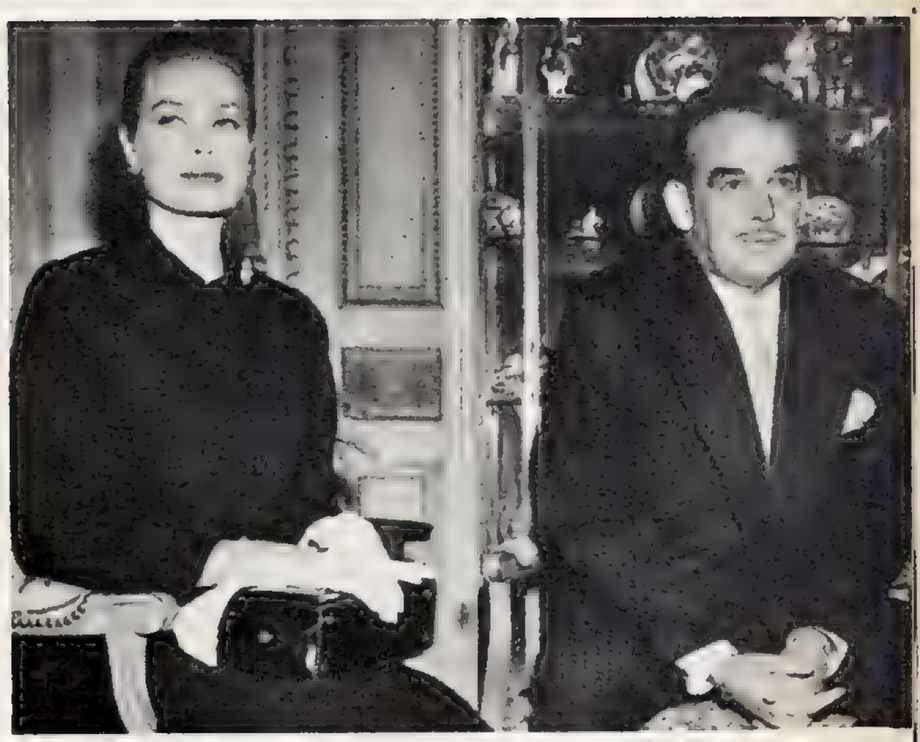


*You'll find movie stars galore in New York, and Esther Williams and Judy Garland report the food is too good*

allowing her fine talent to go wasted? . . . Doesn't it figure that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ty Power, who both yearn for a son to carry on a famous family name, have five daughters between them, while Greg Peck, who hoped that Veronique Passani would give him one daughter, has three sons? . . . Nancy Kelly is not only one of the most generous actresses I know, but also the most thoughtful. For my birthday, she sent a masseuse over to my apartment with a gift course of ten treatments! . . . Every time Evie and Van Johnson have a quarrel, he packs his wallet and goes to a double feature!

### *Famous Fugitives*

How would you like to see Marlon Brando, Shelley Winters and new young star Carroll Baker in person? All you have to do is walk over to Central Park West and 73rd Street in New York City and there, in a certain big apartment



*The Princess Grace of Monaco strikes a regal pose beside her Prince, but Radie chides her for a breach of etiquette*

building, you'll find all of them dropping in on the Lee Strasbergs and their enchanting daughter Susie, to discuss their classes at the Actors' Studio. Stroll over a few blocks north, and with any luck you'll spot Judy Garland and Ethel Merman coming out of the Park Lane; both of them have permanent apartments there. Go over to Sardi's for lunch and you'll find half of Hollywood there. You'll see Fernando Lamas, Thelma Ritter, Judy Holliday, Nancy Kelly, Michael Redgrave—but why go on? New York's the place to see the stars, all right!

### *Graceless Grace?*

When I was visiting in Monaco last summer Her Grace, the Princess of Monaco, and Prince Rainier were away on a yachting trip, but her secretary was kind enough to arrange a private tour

*When they were making a movie together Bob Mitchum came under Deborah Kerr's spell and learned never to call her Debbie*



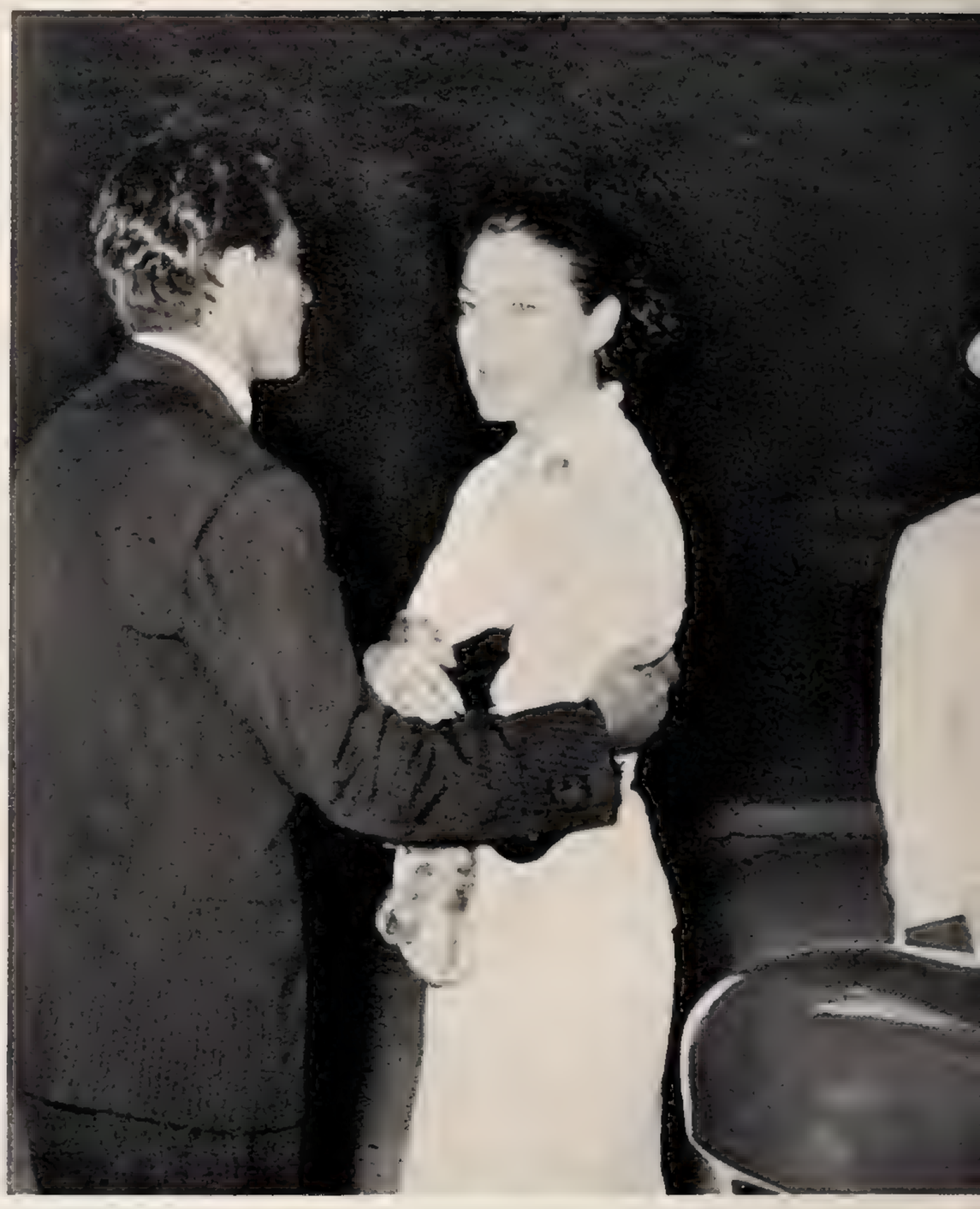
*Paris was warm, but it left John Kerr cold—to the press and to co-workers who tried to guess the reason for his moods*



***Continued***



*Gene Tierney's mother wanted only the best for her daughter, as Gene wants only the best for hers, but the end result has left each daughter motherless and alone*



*"How far must I travel to be where you are?" This is the love song Ava Gardner sings until, like Walter Chiari, love catches up with her; then she flees. Will she again?*

## *Where will their lonely journeys end?*



*Each man who has entered Libby Holman's life, including two husbands and son Chris Reynolds, has been touched by the tragedy that seems to follow her. Are good friend Montgomery Clift's recent crack-ups continuing the jinx?*





*On her birthday, Rita Hayworth received a gift of diamonds, but what she'd prefer would be a gift of love and permanence*



*Over a London dinner table, Tyrone Power recalled a lost love but turned aside thoughts of a quick replacement*

*While others were hurrying from someplace, Jean Pierre Aumont hastened to something—Hollywood and his Marisa*



of the palace for me. I wrote a very flattering article about this visit, and when Grace arrived in New York shortly afterward I forwarded a copy of it to her Fifth Avenue apartment. But did she have the "grace" to acknowledge it? No! And should I be surprised at this rudeness? Yes! First of all, she has a personal secretary to help handle her mail, so she can't plead that she is too busy. Besides, as I discovered a long time ago, the busiest people always have time for everything. And so I am taking this opportunity to chide her and remind her that one of the earmarks of royalty is graciousness, as it is of any true lady.

### *Paris Blues*

Our Paris correspondent reports that although she saw John Kerr at St. Tropez and in Paris, they didn't speak to one another. This was not due to any reluctance on her part, but to the fact that Mr. Kerr was not speaking to any members of the fourth estate, and was, in fact, moody and dispirited. He may have been just homesick, but whatever the cause, Mr. Kerr did not make many friends while filming "The Purple Harvest." About the nicest thing that the press said about him was that he seemed very, very unhappy about the production, his co-players and life in general. . . .

### *Broken Melody*

It is always painful to write about a friend's illness—especially a mental illness—but there have been so many inquiries about Gene Tierney, and so much wild speculation, that as someone who is deeply fond of her I'd like to assure her countless fans throughout the country that the recent unexpected setback which sent her back to a sanitarium is a temporary one. True, she lost a chance to make "Wayward Bus," but there will be many other films in the future. In the meantime, how did it happen?

Well, it seems that life, which was so prodigal with gifts to Gene in one hand, took them away with another. She was brought up in a happy, wealthy household with the companionship of sisters and brothers. Success on the stage and screen came to her early and easily. Her life was all smooth sailing. Then her parents were divorced and Gene's mother, instead of concentrating on her own life, began to live for Gene. Like all mothers, Belle Tierney hoped her daughter, with all her advantages, would make an advantageous marriage. She never really felt that Oleg Cassini was the answer to her prayers. So, when he and Gene were divorced and Aly Khan entered the scene, after his divorce from Rita Hayworth, Belle was sure that here was the *real* Prince Charming, who had *everything* to offer Gene—the cosmopolitan life she loved, with a beautiful villa on the Riviera, a town house in Paris. Aly had charm, wit, intelligence and breeding—and great wealth. Gene needed a rich alliance—not for herself but for her daughter Daria. This darling elder child of hers is in need of constant medical care and has been since birth. Gene has carried most of the cost of this care, a tremendous financial burden.

Yes, Aly had everything to offer Gene—everything but marriage! His father, the Aga Khan, is very fond of Gene, but after the Hayworth episode he didn't want another marriage with an American film star. If only Gene and Belle Tierney had accepted this verdict, how much heartache they might have been spared! But Gene was so hopelessly in love, and her mother so anxious for this wedding, that Gene continued to see Aly anyway.

They met in London, Paris, New York, Hollywood, Mexico—everywhere surrounded by reporters, who pressed them for a wedding announcement. Finally Gene could stand it no more, and they met for the last time. Some people find a release from any personal grief in work, but after her break-up with Aly, Gene found no renewed interest in her career. She became dispirited and antisocial, building an even higher wall around her natural reserve. All her pent-up emotions about Aly—about the tragic plight of the daughter she loved and from whom she must be forever parted—about her younger daughter, Tina, the too-young victim of a broken home—these, and so many other problems, kept spinning around and around in her brain. At last, unable to face so many problems, her nerves broke entirely and she retreated behind the stone walls of a sanitarium. But she will soon be completely well again. She has made the biggest step on the road to recovery. She faces reality in the open now. She can talk about her psychiatric care and her daughter's case history, knowing that in helping herself she is also helping others. Until your complete recovery, Gene, this is to let you know we're all waiting to welcome you "home"—wherever you want to make it.

(*Continued on page* 97)







# WHO NEEDS









# HAIR?






***"A man," says Yul Brynner, "makes love with his eyes." And women by the million are deserting stars with hair to follow him*** • ***BY ARMY ARCHERD***

● It is entirely possible that Yul Brynner, singlehandedly, might put the "You, too, can grow a head of hair like this" advertising men out of business. For just as Ezio Pinza proved that older men have their charms, Yul has proved that a lack of hair is no detriment to romance.

"Some men," one of his young female admirers was heard to sigh, "don't need hair—and he's one of them."

Yul's bosses out at 20th Century-Fox and at Paramount are inclined to agree with the young lady, most wholeheartedly. Yul's first major movie, "The King and I," was no sooner released to the general public than the letters started (*Continued on page* 109)

Above: Cary Grant, Elvis Presley, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and Victor Mature—all are well thatched, while Charles Boyer has never appeared before the camera without a toupee



## *The world of Audrey Hepburn is one into which few people gain admittance—We*

● At a long table set up on the second floor of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, the cast and crew of Paramount's "Funny Face," headed by Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire, were having lunch.

When Mrs. Stanley Donen, wife of the director, walked into the room, carrying her baby son in her arms, Donen rose quickly. "We must get another chair," he said, looking around for one as he relieved his wife of the child. But it was Audrey Hepburn who quietly and inconspicuously left her place at the other end of the table, found a chair, and carried it over to the director's wife.

Another day, a little French girl, a member of a ten-moppet choir group used in one scene of "Funny Face," burst into tears as the high-powered klieg lights blinded her unaccustomed eyes. It is doubtful whether





*Mel urged her to do a comedy, but Audrey insists he did not influence her to do "Funny Face" with Fred Astaire*

*Many things, including the difference in their ages, made people predict that Audrey's marriage to Mel would fail*



# THE SMALL, PRIVATE WORLD OF AUDREY HEPBURN

*take you into it now* • *BY MARY W. JONES*

she realized that the gentle, kind young lady who dried her tears and comforted her was a famous international actress and the star of the picture.

A movie company on location lives and breathes as a big family unit, but not always a congenial one. Every working day produces crises and situations to test the hardiest spirit. Under these circumstances, it's almost an impossibility to (*Continued on page* 94)



*Audrey's loves are her work, her husband and her mother, to whom she is devoted despite Baroness van Heemstra's early doubt about Mel*



# She Calls Him "Pappy" BUT

*The nickname "Pappy" sounds like a term of endearment when Kay says it*

● "Well," the slim, blonde, suntanned woman asked Barbara Nichols, "what do you think of my old man?"

"Do you really want me to tell you?" asked Barbara.

The woman before her stiffened. Her blue eyes frosted over. "Why, yes," she said, "of course I do."

Barbara Nichols grinned at Clark Gable's wife, Kay. "It's a good thing you're not a jealous woman, because to tell you the truth, I'm mad about the man. I think he's the handsomest, the kindest, the nicest—"

Kay laughingly put up a protesting hand. "All right, all right. I know the rest of it. As a matter of fact," she confided, putting a light, friendly arm about Barbara's shoulders, "I'm afraid I have to agree with you. I feel that way, too. I always have and I always will. I've got it bad—real bad."

It was easy for Barbara Nichols to understand why. After two weeks of working with Gable on location for "A King and Four Queens," Barbara had written home to say that henceforth when she thought about marriage, Gable was her idea of just what a husband should be. And, she added, the Gable-Spreckels marriage was her idea of what a marriage should be.

"Clark calls Kay 'Mom' or 'Ma,' and she calls him, 'My old man' or 'Pappy,' " (*Continued on page* 86)

*On the screen, Barbara Nichols is Clark Gable's unkissed date.*

*In private life, she's the girl who fell in love with him, but in a way that Kay understood—and forgave* • BY FRANCES KISH

# She Calls Him "Darling" →

*The screen's most durable lover: Clark whirls Barbara in a light fandango*



# LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE CORO SHOWROOMS, NEW YORK



Fresh fashion, Lee Remick's cocoon costume, the yoked jacket with bloused back, in black and white domino-checked worsted cotton. It surrounds a scooped sheath in black silk shantung. Sizes 5-15. Junior Accent. Under $50. Charmer hat



Norma Moore's bird-in-hand: a sunny costume in white and black. Piped cardigan jacket in linen-look rayon is dotted with licorice buttons. Dress has a gentle skirt in black cotton plaided with white. Sizes 5-15. By Mr. Mort. About $45. M M bag



Birds-of-a-feather outfit: Lee Remick's linen-look rayon sheath in red and white pin checks, with a softening Empire bow. Over it, a navy coat lined with the check. Sizes 5-15. By Kay Juniors. About $18. Her Breton straw, Mr. John Jr.

*To buy fashions and accessories, see information, stores on page 82*



*Fine feather accessories paying*
*your costume the prettiest compliments*



# Spring Takes Wing With the Costume Look

**Textured straw cloche,** deep and elegantly shaped in spring-fresh white, feminized with a fair lady rose. John Frederics Charmer. About $15

**Shiny black patent pump,** neatly carved with a slender mid-heel, the gilt-rimmed accent a white leather button dotted with jet. Degas. About $15

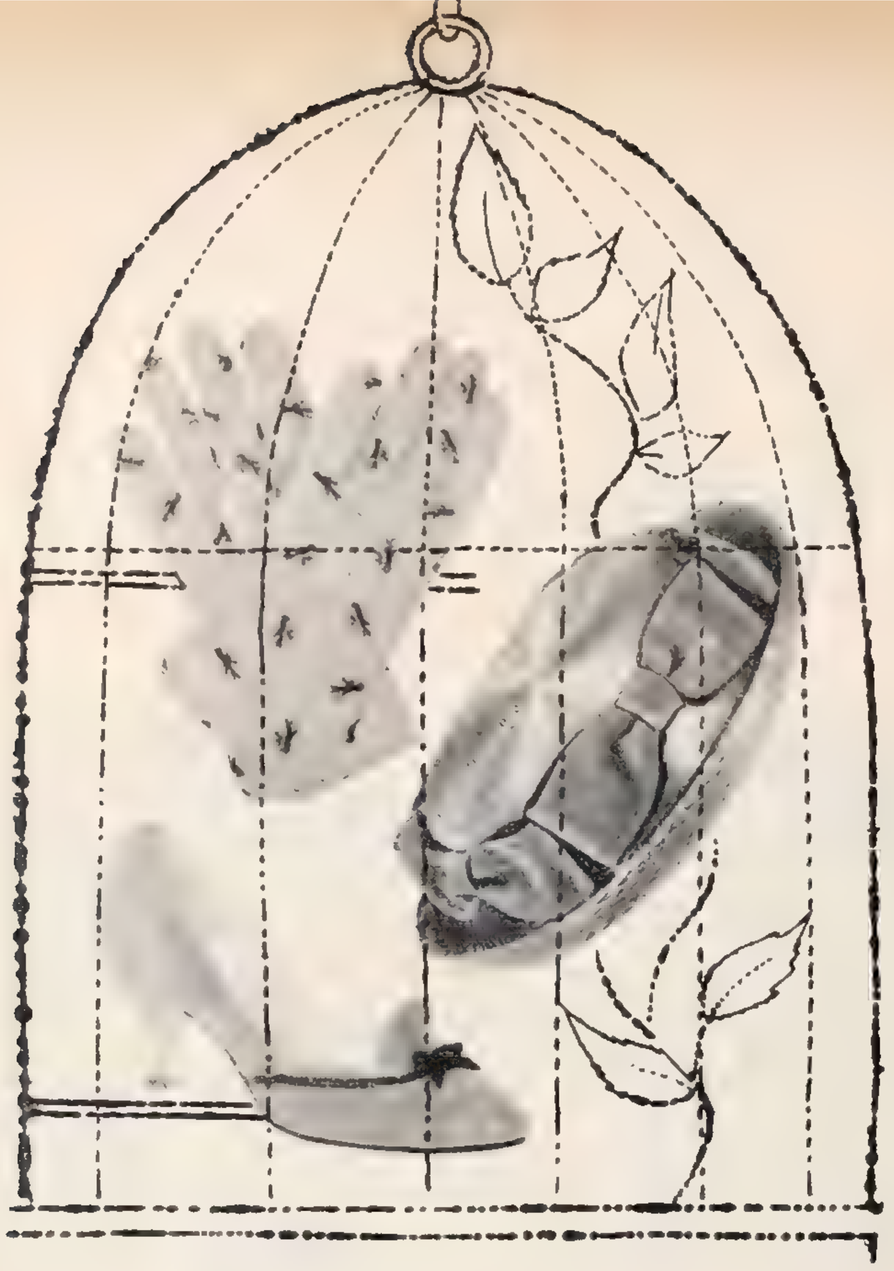
**Lustrous fresh-water pearl pin,** gracefully entwined by a network of baguette rhinestones. Pretty make-believe dazzle. By Coro. $5 plus tax

**Slim triangle satchel bag,** strong black emphasis for your costume look. In glossy patent, gilt disc for monogramming. By M M. $15 plus tax

**Dotted glove,** hand-in-hand with the fashion for one bright accessory keynote. These in white cotton stopping short at the wrist. Dawnelle. $4

**Elegance afoot,** a vanilla kid pump going right to the point with tapered toe, a soaring pencil-slim heel, bronze-bead bow. Trim Tred. About $10

Right, fashion takes flight in Lee's matador costume. White linen shirt (complete with red tie) buttons onto a high-rise checked skirt. Jacket scoops to a snug midriff. Sheer worsted wool. 8-16. Donlé Originals. Under $40. Charmer sailor



SEE LEE REMICK IN "A FACE IN THE CROWD," WARNERS' NEWTOWN PRODUCTION





CAGED ACCESSORIES

**Bird-in-hand gloves** that could be your brightest accessory accent. Double-woven nylon, printed with a flock of tiny red lovebirds. Dawnelle. $3

**Saucy Breton roller** in shiny straw, a pretty shape with lilting brim, encircled with bright coral velvet bows. By Mr. John Jr. About $17

**Shoe newly shaped** in French plush coffee suede, the winged vamp corded in black faille, on a little carved heel. Sandler of Boston. $13

# Spring Takes Wing With the Costume Look *Continued*



***Far Left:***
Black sheer worsted wool shapes Lee Remick's costume, the sheath spiced with a red and white dotted silk bodice. Plunging jacket is snugged to a single button closing. Sizes 5-15. Jerry Greenwald. About $45. Bird perch: Coronet bag

***Left:***
Bird's eye view of the cape, 1957's newest fashion. Lee's, brief, pretty and coin-buttoned in brass, covers a matching fitted jacket, shaft skirt. Navy or black rayon faille. Sizes 8-16. By Donlé Originals. Under $30. Hat, Mr. John Jr.

***Right:***
Norma Moore's well-put-together look: a Glen plaid sleeveless dress belling from unpressed pleats, with finely tucked jabot to fluff outside a tapered jacket in black linen-look rayon. Sizes 5-15. By Mr. Mort. About $45. Charmer hat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT AND STAN ROCKFIELD

NORMA MOORE STARS IN "FEAR STRIKES OUT," PARAMOUNT



**CAGED ACCESSORIES**

**To spark a tailored sleeve,** short cotton glove in pale wheat with an extravagantly-sized button set high on its own tab. By Dawnelle. $3.50

**Draped reticule bag** in lustrous calf, to keep company with any costume. Handsomely shaped, practically sized. By Coronet. $15 plus tax

**Casual pump in creamy beige** textured leather boasting a stacked heel, giant wood button set with bejeweled gilt wishbone. Degas. About $15

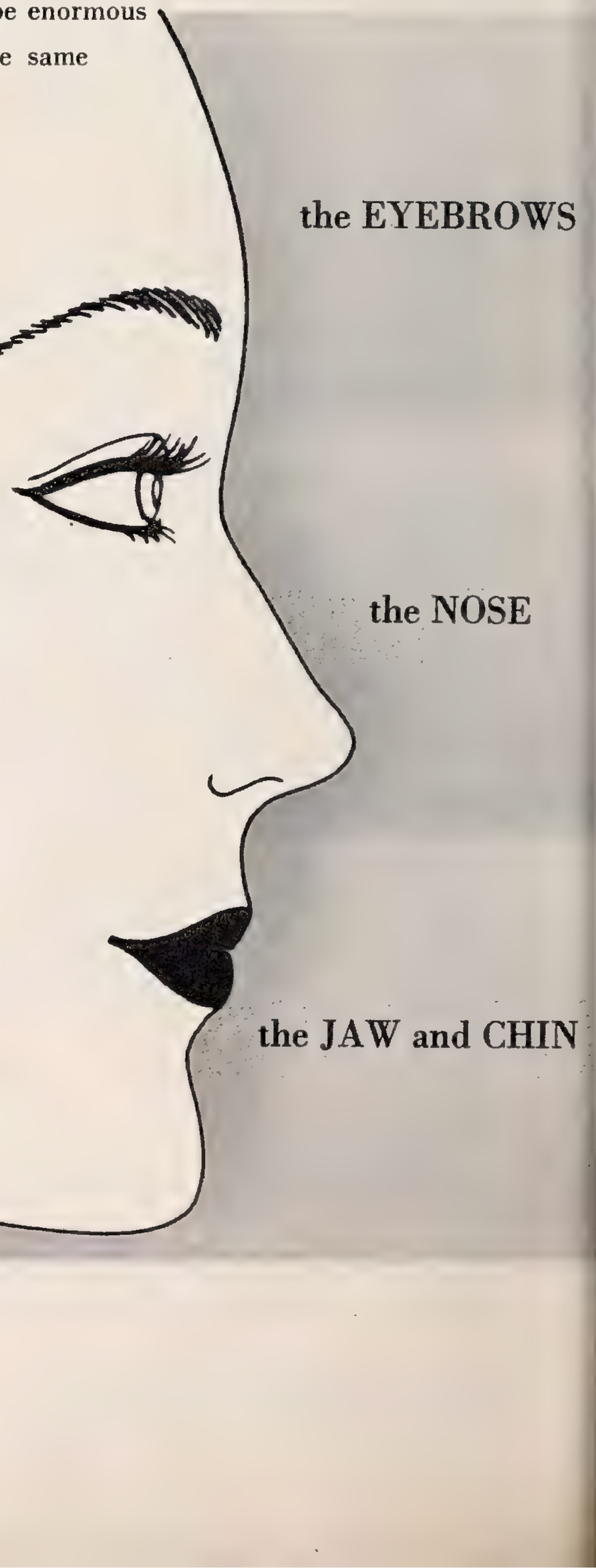
*To buy fashions and accessories, see information and stores listed on page* 82

YOUNG IDEAS:

# BEAUTY

"Let's face
it," says Gordon Bau, head of
Warner Brothers' make-up department, "there
are few women with perfect faces. But, more often than not, the
illusion of perfection can be created by corrective make-up. In my 25
years of experience as make-up artist for Hollywood movie stars, many tricks
have been discovered to conceal slight feature flaws that might appear to be enormous
imperfections, seen in wide-screen color close-ups." In Gordon's opinion, the same
tricks should be used by the average girl to bring out her best features and
disguise those less than perfect. "Light and shadow are what
create the illusion," says Gordon, who is presi-
dent of the Society of Make-Up Artists. "Pale col-
ors, which reflect light, pull out hollow places to
make them look even with the rest of the face,"
he explains. "Dark colors, by absorbing light, sub-
due a too-prominent area." The highlighting and
shading are done with three shades of make-up
foundation: 1) an all-over shade in the color most
flattering to the complexion; 2) a color three
shades lighter; 3) another, three shades darker.
Because cake make-up doesn't blend readily at
edges, Gordon advises liquid or cream foundation
for corrective use. For best results, he suggests
choosing all three shades in the same brand. Apply
foundation sparingly, all-over shade first, then cor-
rective colors. So that no one will be the wiser,
blend colors together at edges and finish with a
dusting of your usual shade of face powder.
To set make-up and give a natural sheen,
pat with a natural sponge, wrung out in
ice-cold water. "About lips and eyes,"
Gordon adds, "they can always be made
beautiful with make-up." Sketches and
instructions on these and the following
pages are to help *you* prove him right.

***A leading***

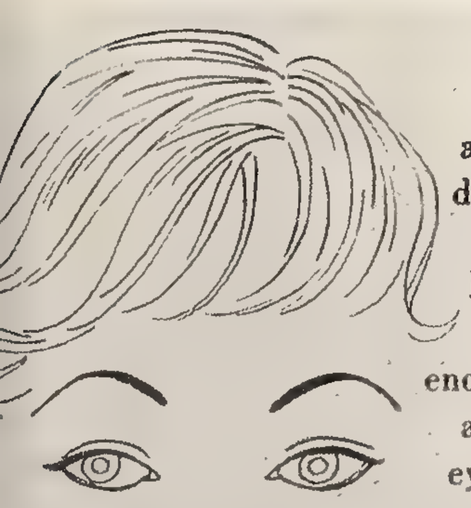


# Hollywood Face Facts



*"For Natalie Wood, eye make-up is only a matter of gilding the lily," says Gordon Bau. Natalie's great big, beautiful eyes are currently adding sparkle to "The Girl He Left Behind"*

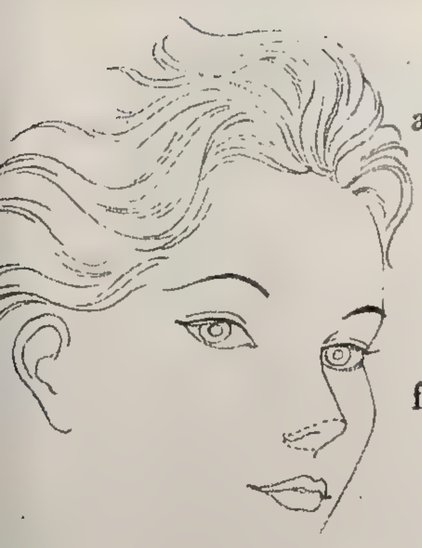
## *make-up artist shows how any girl can correct feature flaws with movie make-up tricks*



For the girl whose forehead is too high, arched eyebrows will shorten the distance between eyes and hairline, make the entire face appear less large and long. No fancy shaping, please, or hard, skinny pencil lines. Tweeze underneath, only enough to raise brows a little higher above eyes. Heighten curve on top with eyebrow pencil. To make a too-wide forehead seem narrower, arch brows without raising.



To give a low or narrow forehead a wider look, keep eyebrows fairly straight (left). In most cases, the natural arch is most becoming: Tweeze only stray hairs across bridge of nose, widening space, if necessary, so that brows start just above inner corners of the eyes. And clean out stragglers above or below the natural curve. Fill in any scanty spots with eyebrow pencil, using short, hairlike strokes.



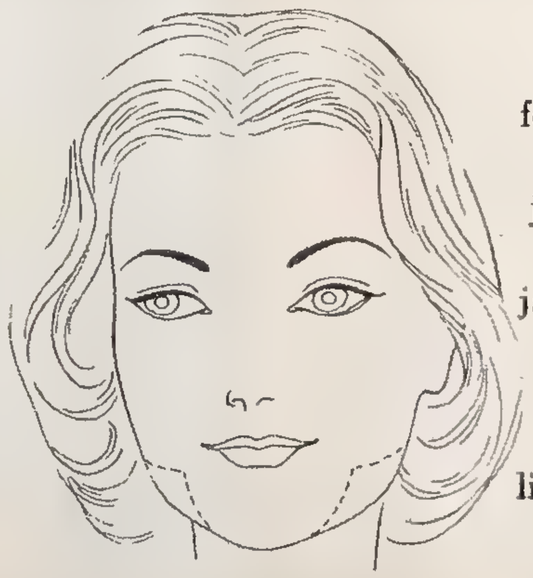
To make a long nose appear shorter, apply make-up foundation three shades darker than your usual color under tip of nose and under the nostrils. Blend the two colors together carefully at edges, to make the line of demarcation invisible. No high arched eyebrows for you. The higher your brows start, above the inner corners of your eyes, the longer your nose will appear.



To give a more slender appearance to a large or wide nose, apply the darker foundation along the sides, from inner corner of eyes straight down over nostrils (left). Or, (not shown) you may use same shade on nose as on rest of face, but apply foundation three shades lighter to cheeks alongside of nose. When applying lipstick, be sure to fill in mouth completely, all the way to corners.



If your problem is a double chin, apply dark shade of foundation in a triangle, starting under your chin and extending outward and downward to middle of throat (left). To make a small chin appear more prominent (not shown), apply light foundation in a triangle with point just below your bottom lip and base extending along jawline from tip of chin halfway to ears. Blend edges carefully.



To soften a stubborn jaw, apply dark foundation in two small triangles where bones are most prominent (left). If jawline is fleshy, as well as squarely shaped, apply dark foundation along entire jaw. Usual shade should be applied first over entire face, corrective color tapped on over it with cushion of finger. Blend well at edges to erase line between the two shades of make-up.

DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE KEVESON

By Harriet Segman

CONTINUED

YOUNG IDEAS:

# BEAUTY

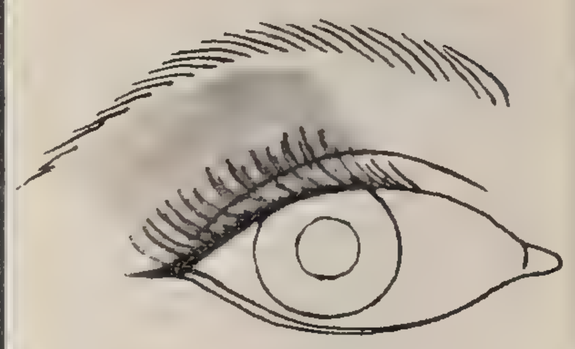
In drawing a prettier mouth, the trick is to keep your artwork so natural that no one is the wiser. To erase natural lipline, cover mouth well, first, with make-up foundation and face powder. Before even picking up your lipstick brush, hold a pencil alongside your nose. Fullness should be added only within that area, following the natural lipline out to corners.

To add soft curves to a too thin mouth make points of cupid's bow higher and closer together and draw center of bottom lip just outside the natural curve. Only a hairline's difference will change the contour without looking fake. If your natural lipline has a pronounced ridge, make it less apparent by using a darker shade of lipstick to outline. Fill in with your usual color.

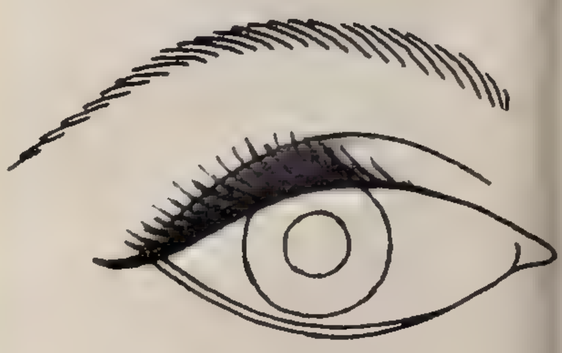
If nature was overly generous, don't try to paint a smaller mouth *inside* your natural lipline. You'd never get away with it without detection. Instead, give your lips a more delicate shape by spreading points of cupid's bow more widely apart and drawing center of bottom lip straight across. Use a lipstick brush, always, for a clean outline.

The mouth that is too wide from corner to corner can be brought into better proportion with the rest of the face by raising the center of the upper lip and dropping center of lower lip. Same goes for balancing a long upper lip or long chin: Build up either lip, as described, to shorten the distance between mouth and nose or mouth and chin. In any case, just a *hairline* change, please.



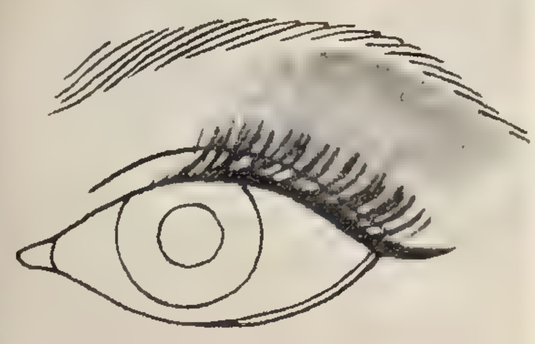




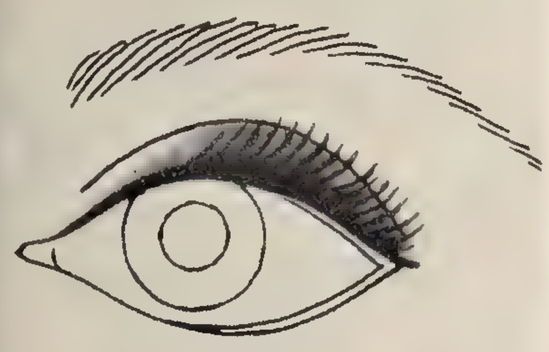


***Hollywood eye***

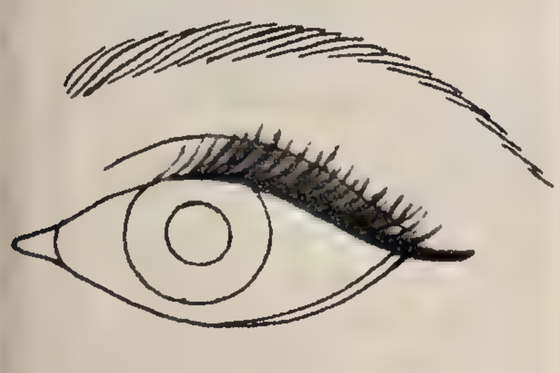
# Hollywood Face Facts *Continued*



Deep-set eyes appear smaller than they really are. To bring them forward, lighten lids with make-up foundation and apply eye shadow only under brows. For a really wide-eyed look, draw a fine line above upper lashes with eyebrow pencil or eye liner. Start at center of lid and extend line about ¼ inch beyond outer corner, finishing with a slight upswing. Apply mascara to upper lashes only.



Protruding eyes become less prominent when eye shadow is applied to lids, only, and not blended under brows. For corrective use, choose a shade to match natural shadows in the inner corners of your eyes. If lids are heavy, a fine line drawn above upper lashes from inner to outer corners will eliminate roundness. All eyes should have upswept lashes, courtesy of nature or an eyelash curler.



To widen space between close-set eyes: Blend shadow from center of lid to outer corner. Draw line along upper lashes from center to ¼ inch beyond corner. Concentrate mascara on outer half of lashes. To make lashes look as long as they really are and twice as thick, powder lightly before mascara. For girls who wear glasses, all make-up is the same—only more so. Apply a little heavier.



*A dazzling blonde, whom you'll see in "Shoot-Out at Medicine Bend," Dani Crayne gets lip service from Gordon Bau, head of Warner Brothers' make-up department. "We can't improve on Dani's mouth," says Gordon. "The full curve of her lips balances perfectly with her other features. We need only follow the natural outline"*

***cues and lip tips can make any girl's most expressive features appear to be beautiful***




# Why break dates when your face breaks out?

*Hide broken-out skin instantly with Tussy Medicare...it helps heal as it conceals!* No single cream, salve, or lotion can even begin to cover up (and help clear up) problem skin like Tussy Medicare.

*Hide and heal this easy way!* First, super-cleanse with Tussy Creamy Masque. It delves deeper than soap; floats out irritating grime. Next use the skin-colored Tussy Medicated Lotion as your make-up base. While it conceals – it helps *heal* blemishes, because it contains germ-fighting hexachlorophene! Complete Medicare Set, $2.00. No tax.

*For handy touch-ups—Tussy Medicare Stick!* To look "spotless" all day long, always carry a skin-colored Tussy Medicare Stick. And use it faithfully every two hours to guard your skin from infection. $1. No tax.




ON CANADIAN COUNTERS TOO.

# TUSSY Medicare

BY CHRIS DAGGETT

# what's spinning?



NITA TALBOT'S IN "I MARRIED A WOMAN," RKO

Spinning disks for the birdie, new star Nita Talbot wears a black sheath in linen-look rayon, its own sleeveless coat in plaid. Kay Juniors. About $18. Her phonograph, a handsome high-fidelity portable, plays four speeds, has three-speaker system, sensational tone control. Red and ivory case. By Columbia. About $119.95.

*For where to buy these items, see page 82*

So many of you have been writing in for information on the newest rock 'n' roll artists, that we are devoting this month's column to them.

A year ago, Gene Vincent was just "that Vincent boy—the one who sings and plays a guitar," in Norfolk, Virginia. *Country Show Time*, featured on Station WMCS, introduced Gene to radio audiences. Competing against 200 other contestants on this show, Gene was proclaimed "the one" by unanimous choice of the judges. Next, Capitol records claimed him for their own, and we had "Be-Bop-a-Lula." Now we have Gene singing "Blue Jean Baby Doll." Currently, Gene uses a combination of singing styles, and this could be only the first of a variety of styles he will mix together before producing a final and distinctive Vincent voice.

Fats Domino is the rock 'n' roll recording artist who is continually breaking his own records. Fats hails from New Orleans, and while still in his teens was known throughout Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas as an entertaining favorite. As you know, one expert tells another, and the distributor of Imperial records told his boss about Fats. They came, they listened and made records. "All by Myself," "Poor Me," "I'm in Love Again" and "Blueberry Hill" are now standard hit records for the personable Fats.

Frankie Lymon, top tenor of The Teenagers and composer of a couple of hit tunes, is only fourteen years old. Frankie started by writing poems in school, one of which was "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?"—and you know what a hit that was. Currently, on the Gee label, Frankie and The Teenagers sing out their "Baby, Baby" and "I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent."

While still in her teens, Lavern Baker was singing at the Club DeLisa in Chicago. Fletcher Henderson heard her and got her a date to record his "I'm in a Crying Mood." After more club dates Lavern toured with Todd Rhodes and his band. Now she is going great guns with her Atlantic disk, "Tra-La-La," from Alan Freed's new movie, "Rock, Rock, Rock."

Ivory Joe Hunter has been in music since he was fourteen, when he was singing spirituals in a Port Arthur, Texas, church. Later, Joe learned to play the piano, then joined several jazz groups. He has been leading bands for twenty years. In 1944, Ivory Joe began making records. His "I Almost Lost My Mind" and "I Need You So" each sold over a million copies. Currently, on the Atlantic label, he sings "Since You Left Me, Baby."

Move over, groover, and make room for Elvis Presley. Actually, he's already in and, as King of rock 'n' roll, he's got ten million loyal fans with him all the way. "Heartbreak Hotel," "Blue Suede Shoes," "I Want You, I Need You," "Love Me" and "Love Me Tender" are the songs his fans love to hear him sing. And his new album, "Elvis," on RCA Victor, is real hot—full of nothin' but Elvis.

### For your collection:

1. ABC-Paramount's brightest new star is George Hamilton IV, with "A Rose and a Baby Ruth."
2. A new one on the Roost label: Eddie Cooley and The Dimples sing "Priscilla."
3. Mac Curtis belts out "You Ain't Treatin' Me Right" on King records.
4. The Three Friends on the Lido label present one of the greatest-selling r 'n' r's to come along: "Blanche."
5. Fourteen-year-old Barbara Gaye shows her stuff with "My Boy, Lollipop" (Gee).
6. Shirley and Lee do it again! Following their last hit, "Baby Come Home," they sing "I Feel So Good," on the Aladdin Label.
7. A great number by The Moonglows: "See-Saw," on the Chess label.
8. For Columbia, Guy Mitchell is "Singing the Blues." This one's a real bash.
9. The Big Beat is really carried out by Bill Doggett doing "Honky-Tonk" (King).
10. Last but not least, Elvis Presley singing "Love Me Tender." A great number, for RCA Victor.

YOUNG IDEAS:

# PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS

4530—Juniors! This stunning sheath is simple-to-sew. Notice figure-hugging lines. Cover-up is fashion's new back-button bolero! Jr. Miss sizes 9-17. Size 13, 2⅞ yds. 35-inch; bolero, 1⅛ yds.



4530

9183—New sew-easy Printed Pattern! Princess lines shape the dress—little jacket continues same flattering silhouette! Misses' sizes 10-20. Size 16, 3¼ yards 39-inch; jacket, 1⅝ yards



9183

9356—Sewing ease with this new Printed Pattern! Camisole dress is graceful, fitted and flaring. Bolero is a buttoned-shoulder charmer. Sizes 10-18. Size 16, 4¾ yds. 35-inch; lining, 1 yd.



9356

P

**Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, P. O. Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5c per pattern for first-class mailing.**

# All She Wants to Be

(*Continued from page* 51)

was crystal clear, the determination awesome. In fact, it was inflexible: Today she drives a pink Jaguar, lives in a glass house, dresses like a model who never had time to change to something simple, and may well be in hock up to her ears as a consequence. The trips she had—and has—planned wait only on the completion of her picture. Miss Mansfield is, at last, a movie star.

But there also existed in Jayne Mansfield a geographical confusion. Stardom to her meant Hollywood and only Hollywood, and to be torn away from it for any reason was unthinkable. Hours spent in such nearby outposts as Compton, California, where she lived as a yearning bit player, gave her a sense of time and opportunity fleeing; and certainly it never occurred to her that the straight line from Schwab's drugstore to a film contract ran through Times Square.

Therefore, it was with a mixture of foreboding and indifference that she agreed to audition for a sexy comedy part in a projected Broadway play by George Axelrod called "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"—the play was, nastily enough, a spoof on fan magazines and their writers. Her indifference was due to the fact she was sure she wouldn't get the role, her foreboding to the wild suspicion that she might.

History, of course, knows the answer. She did. Her agent called her, jubilant with the news. His client placed a hand against the wall to keep from fainting from pure chagrin. "You can't mean it," were her grief-stricken words.

"I can remember my feelings so well," Miss Mansfield has recalled. "New York! It was like going to—oh, to Yankton, South Dakota, or lower Tibet. It was as far from Hollywood as I could imagine. Besides, I didn't want to set Broadway afire, or whatever they call it. I wanted to be a movie star. When the agent said this could be the wedge, I didn't believe him. Can you imagine, it was the second lowest moment of my life!"

And what was the lowest?

"Well, that's part of it. Maybe if the lowest hadn't happened, I wouldn't have gone, no matter how much my agent urged me. But I'd been let out by Warner Brothers. That was the lowest. I wanted to die. Not in any active, suicidal sense, but just in the way you want to stop living when everything is gone, every hope. You have to understand. I want to be *only one thing*—a movie star—and if I couldn't be that, I didn't want anything.

"Then a friend came over to the apartment, the man I was dating then, and he brought me presents and cheered me up and convinced me this wasn't the end of the world, even though I knew it was. So that made it both the worst night of everything and just a kind of turning point. If I had been alone, I might have quit entirely inside. But he was there and I'll always love him for it. Just being there. There are moments when a person should not have to be alone, and that was one of them."

In point of fact, Jayne's screen career at that moment was not prepossessing. She had appeared for Warners in three pictures: "Illegal," "Pete Kelly's Blues" and "a dreadful thing called 'Female Jungle'." The quote is Miss Mansfield's. And that last is in for a frantic session of re-releases, now that Miss M. is on the verge of becoming a household name.

After her release from Warners, Jayne made an independent with Dan Duryea

## Is a Movie Star

titled "The Burglar." After *that*, "Rock Hunter" came into her life.

Actually, there was no formidable reason for Miss Mansfield to dread "Rock Hunter." In the first place, she had had some stage experience in high school and college (where one more semester will get her her degree). She had also worked out with little theatres in Dallas. And finally, she is a young woman of great poise and assurance and belief in her abilities, not at all the dumb if imposing blonde of her professional characterization. Nor did she dread it as a dramatic assignment. What troubled her was simply the sense of isolation from her beloved Hollywood.

But neither did she expect what happened: the brilliant success of the play and New York's amused, uproarious embrace of Jayne Mansfield, of whom it had never heard until then. It happens once every Broadway season, once in a while twice. This time it was Jayne Mansfield.

But *how* had it happened? Surely not by public acclamation alone?

"Oh, no," said Jayne, who is a forthright girl. "There has to be something else. Well, it all began with the press. Especially the columnists. They were all so wonderful. Then I—well, I did quite a lot of promotion myself. It seemed I was always promoting. Snipping ribbons, shoveling the first dirtful for a building foundation—oh, anything, I guess. You might call me ambitious. Not ruthless. I'd never hurt anybody else. But ambitious. I could see then how the play *was* going to help me be a movie star, and that made everything all right. I was seen in the right night clubs, the Stork and 21 and El Morocco. That was part of it. You see, I'm speaking frankly. This isn't the usual way they talk, is it?"

No, not exactly. But would Miss Mansfield venture to go even a little further and explain the welter of daring still pictures of her that suddenly inundated the market?

She laughed delightedly. "Aren't you cute? Well, *that* was part of it, too. There was more than one market to sell to. The middle-aged women, for instance — you know, they *liked* me! That would be one kind of Jayne Mansfield. Then for teenagers, another. And for the men, what you just said—the cheesecake."

In New York, when Jayne was not promoting herself vigorously or distracting theatre-goers, she was wandering in Central Park with her daughter Jayne Marie, now six, or haunting her beloved motion picture theatres. The dream within her was as strong as ever.

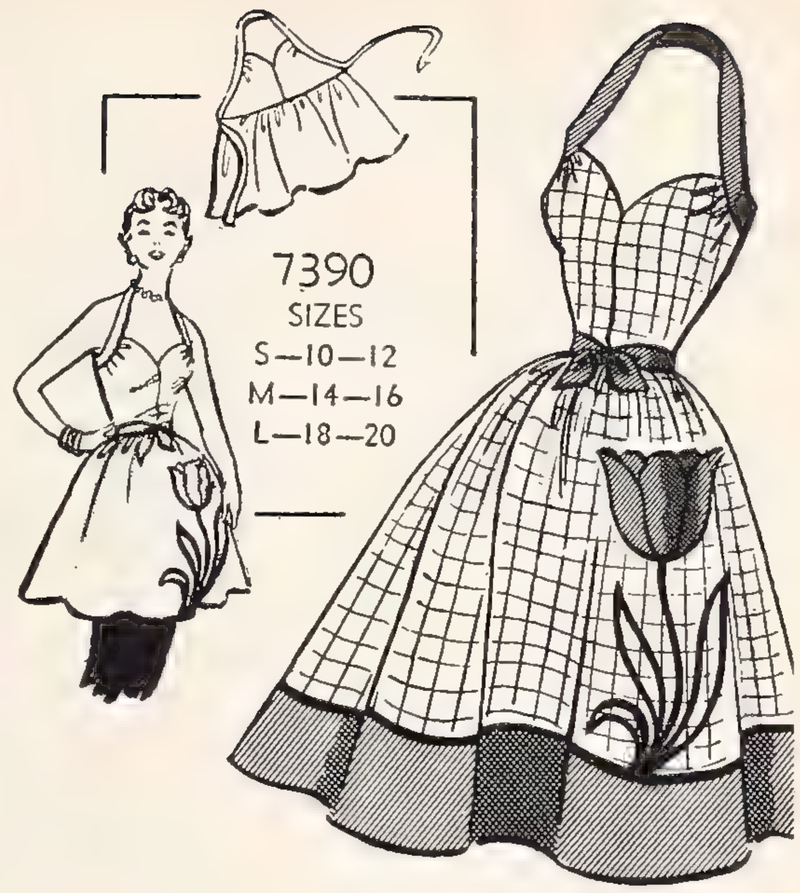
There were few suggestions of romance, except for inconclusive newspaper accounts involving Mickey Hargitay, a professional strongman then employed in the night-club nip-ups of Mae West. Jayne, who on October 23 won an interlocutory decree of divorce from Paul Mansfield, whom she had married in Fort Worth on January 28, 1950, usually declines to comment on Hargitay, explaining only that his presence on the same plane with her when she arrived back in Hollywood was "a coincidence."

"Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" threatened to run forever, but Miss Mansfield finally was pried loose from her contract and landed back at Los Angeles' International Airport in triumph, no longer the obscure blonde who had left via the same runway. The press reception was clamorous, Fox spokesmen were deferential, and Jayne herself, never seeking to be inconspicuous, had on hand a large share of her extensive menagerie, which

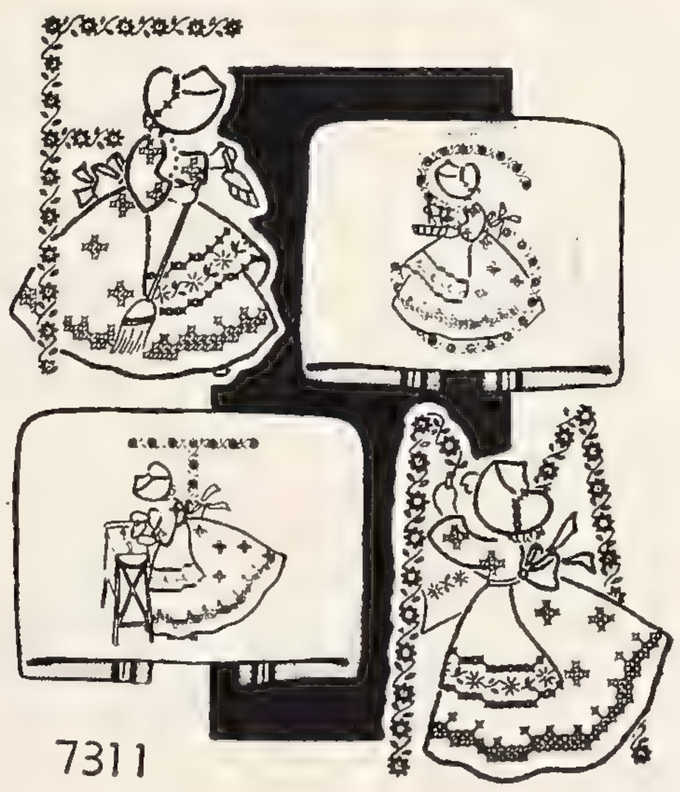
YOUNG IDEAS:

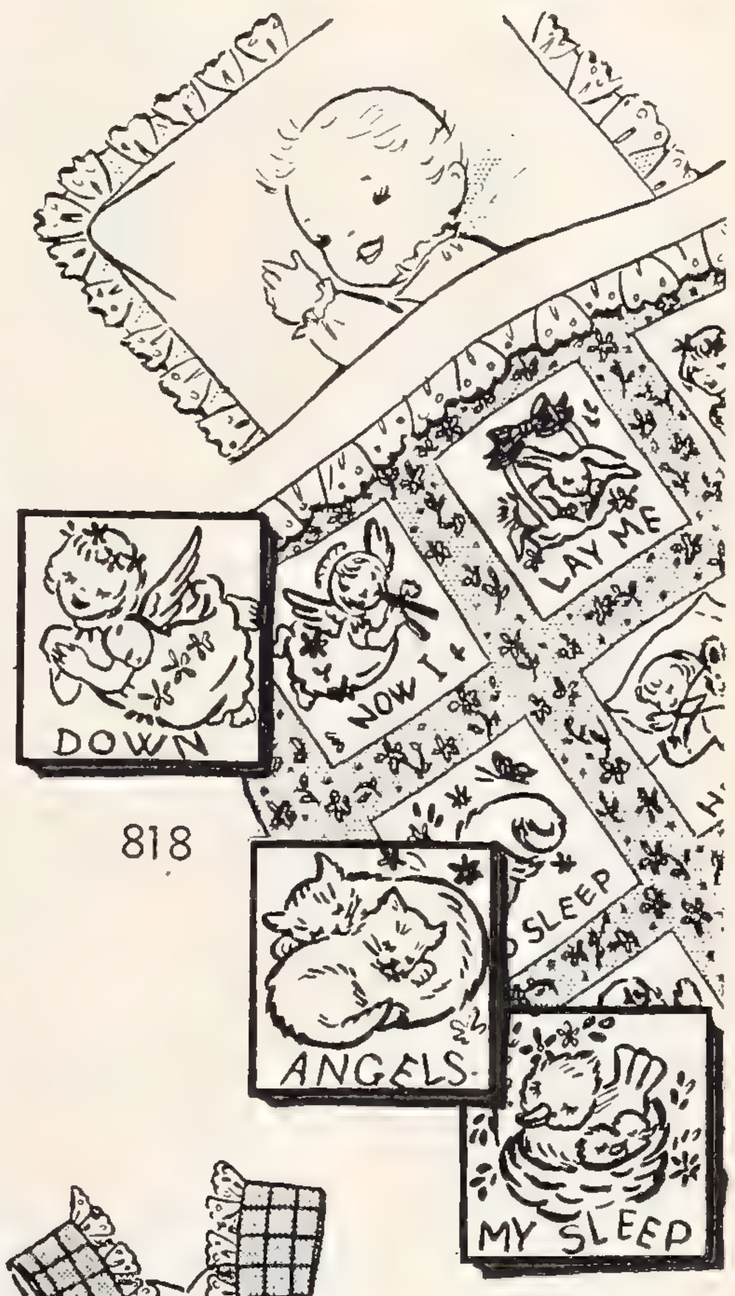
## NEEDLE NEWS

7390—Apron, jumper or sundress: Belt cinches waist, opens flat for easy ironing. Tulip pocket, jiffy to do. Small (10, 12); medium (14, 16); large (18, 20). Tissue pattern, transfer. *State size.*



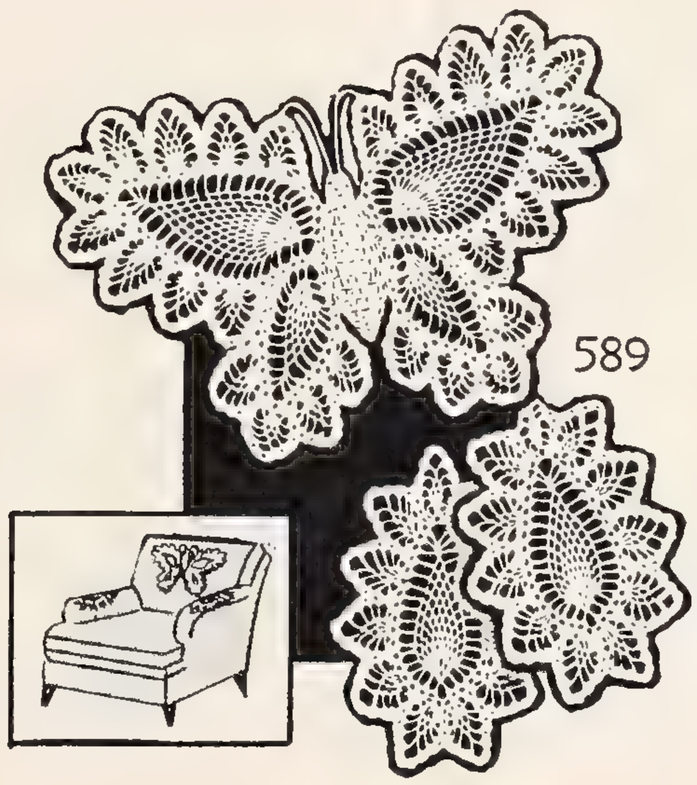

7311—One-a-day motifs are easy to embroider on kitchen towels. Fun to do, display. Transfer of seven motifs—one for each day. Each is about 5 x 7 inches.




818

589—Lovely, lacy pineapple design forms this unusual "butterfly" set to pretty and protect your chairs. Easy-to-memorize crochet, use on a buffet, too.




818—"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" is the theme of this beautiful embroidered baby quilt, 35½ x 43¼ inches. Diagrams and embroidery transfers.

873—Iron motifs in combination of pink, lavender and green on this pretty pinafore. Tissue pattern, directions. Child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. *State size.*




**Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, New York. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send extra twenty-five cents for Needlecraft Catalog.**

# WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

*To buy fashions shown on pages 70-73 and 79, write stores listed below, mentioning* PHOTOPLAY. *Or write manufacturers for store nearest you, enclosing a clipping of the item you wish.*

***Donlé* matador costume, cape costume**
ATLANTA, GA.—Rich's, Inc.
DENVER, COLO.—Gano-Downs
*or write Donlé Originals, 1400 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*

***Junior Accent* costume**
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Blach's
*Write Junior Accent, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*

***Mr. Mort* white jacket costume**
BALTIMORE, MD.—Hochschild, Kohn
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Wm. H. Block
PITTSBURGH, PA.—Kaufmann's
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Frost Bros.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—Scruggs Vandervoort Barney
SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Addis Co.
*or write Mr. Mort, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.*

***Kay Junior* coat costume**
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
*or write Kay Juniors, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*

***Jerry Greenwald* costume**
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Wm. H. Block Co.
*Write Jerry Greenwald, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.*

***Mr. Mort* Glen plaid costume**
ATLANTA, GA.—J. P. Allen
BALTIMORE, MD.—Hochschild, Kohn
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Wm. H. Block
PITTSBURGH, PA.—Kaufmann's
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Frost Bros.
*or write Mr. Mort, Inc., 498 Seventh Ave., New York 18, N. Y.*

***John Frederics* charmer**
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
PITTSBURGH, PA.—Gimbels
*or write John Frederics, Inc. 6 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.*

***Degas* patent pump**
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Saks Fifth Avenue
*Write Degas Shoe Co., 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.*

***Coro* pearl pin**
*Write Coro, Inc., 47 West 34th St., N.Y. 1, N.Y.*

***MM* patent satchel**
ATLANTA, GA.—Regenstein Peachtree
CHICAGO, ILL.—Chas. A. Stevens
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wanamaker
*or write MM Handbags, 1 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.*

***Dawnelle* gloves**
*Write Dawnelle, Inc., 16 East 34th St., New York 16, N. Y.*

***Trim Tred* kid pump**
*At leading stores cross-country*

***Mr. John Jr.* hat**
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—John Wanamaker
*or write Mr. John Jr. Hats, 53 East 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.*

***Sandler of Boston* shoe**
DENVER, COLO.—May Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Gimbels
*or write Sandler of Boston, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.*

***Coronet* handbag**
*Write Coronet Handbags, 6 East 32nd St., Now York 16, N. Y.*

***Degas* beige leather pump**
*Write Degas Shoe Co., 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.*

***Kay Junior* plaid coat costume**
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Stern Bros.
*or write Kay Juniors, Inc., 1400 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.*

***Columbia* phonograph**
*At leading stores and phonograph dealers*



includes a Great Dane, a Scottie, two Chihuahuas, a toy poodle, three cats and a rabbit. Only the rabbit couldn't make it. Jayne was carefully dressed for the occasion, causing television viewers of the arrival to leap from their chairs in amazement. Mr. Hargitay remained more or less in the background.

Jayne went right to work, this time co-starring with Tom Ewell and Edmond O'Brien. For her, the Hollywood air was sweet with jasmine and the heady scent of ultimate victory.

"I've had three wonderful breaks," she recounted the other day over a lunch of fresh orange juice with just a little lemon added. "The first was being born. The second was that 'Underwater!' junket. The third was 'Rock Hunter'. You remember the junket, of course?"

Her listener did. The "Underwater!" junket took place in January of 1955. It consisted of a flight of four planes—two from New York, two from Hollywood—to Silver Springs, Florida, on behalf of the world premiere of the picture "Underwater!" starring Jane Russell and Richard Egan. A handful of starlets went along to help sell the picture. So did Debbie Reynolds, as well as stars Russell and Egan. Miss Mansfield not only was there, she stole the proceedings.

This Jayne did solely by means of her personal activities plus one prop—a bright red bathing suit apparently a size or two too small for her. The photographers shot until their trigger fingers were numb. The starlets stood around and sniffed. But the art that ensued had national impact. It was serviced to every newspaper and many magazines—and promptly snapped up by a great number of them. After that few people knew who Jayne Mansfield was, perhaps, but everybody knew what she looked like.

As a matter of fact, nobody in the "Underwater!" party knew exactly what Jayne was doing there. She wasn't in the picture, and she didn't even work for RKO, which made it.

During much of the flight back to Hollywood, this writer sat beside her. He was impressed at first only as any male would be with so much spectacular femininity. But later there became apparent the sense of urgency that filled her, the almost pathetic ambition—except that it was more than ambition. It was a dedicated drive. If she wasn't going to do it one way, she was going to do it another—within decent reason. Although fatherly advice of the Why-don't-you-go-back-to-Dallas sort is customary in these circumstances, the writer said nothing. It was too good a guess that she *was* going to do it. Later, young and adjustable, she slept like a child in her seat while the rest of the party wore themselves out doing nothing.

"And you see I was right," she said now, sipping at the orange juice with a little lemon. "I'd worked and studied and nothing happened. So I went to Silver Springs and put on a red bathing suit, which anyone can do, and lots happened."

They surely did. Agents and studios grew interested, but while they were yakking about it, Warners stepped in. But then, as recounted, stepped out again. And by and by, "Rock Hunter" took over.

Yet Paramount could have had her first. That, by Jayne's personal account, is not only true but a somewhat bizarre story.

She turned up in Hollywood in September, 1954, without much behind her but the title of Miss Photoflash of 1952, three years of education at various colleges (Southern Methodist, University of Texas and UCLA), and the burning urge for stardom. She had a baby and a husband and a smattering of invincible gall.

"I called Paramount right away," she remembers now, "and asked if they had any opening for a movie star. They said they already had a movie star. But they were so—well, I guess staggered—by the approach that they did ask me over for a test. They really did. And I took one. Nothing came of it—I didn't look a bit like Jayne Mansfield then, just a mousy girl. But later on a man who saw me in person said he'd give me another test any time. I must have shrugged or something. How should I know he was Samuel Goldwyn?"

Nor did she look especially like Jayne Mansfield, the Jayne Mansfield of "Rock Hunter," on a Fox stage a few weeks ago. Her features had refined, her waist was willowy and she was quite well battened down in front. But the change was for the better. So was the acting, compared with what had been in the Warners and independent days. She played a scene with co-star Ewell that demanded wistfulness, loneliness, plus a naive and touching lack of knowledge of what physical assets could mean. It was a long scene and intricate. It was handsomely done.

When it was over a Fox spokesman said: "She's going to make it. She has right now what she finally came around to wanting—to act and to be an actress, both. Of course, she'd *better* make it. She's a gambler, you know. That silver mink coat of hers cost $20,000. The home in Beverly Hills isn't for nothing. Her wardrobe's by Oleg Cassini. You think she has that kind of money? She runs herself in debt because she's sure it'll pay off. The studio has her down for $75,000 this year and naturally that ain't hay. But you can always drop an option.

"But she's going to make it because she's young and because she *wants* it so badly. Maybe it won't always be that way. Betty Grable got older and really stopped wanting it. She'd had it all. Marilyn Monroe—well, who knows Marilyn? But this one, I'll bet my shirt on her."

"This one," about whom there is precious little more to say, was born Jayne Palmer in Byrn Mawr on a certain April 19, twenty-three years ago. Her father, Herbert Palmer, died when she was a child, and her mother later married a man named Harry Peers, a sales manager who moved the family to Dallas. Jayne was six then.

In Dallas, she attended University Park grammar school and Highland Park High. When she was sixteen and still a high-school student she married Paul Mansfield, a classmate. Jayne Marie was born to them on November 8, 1950.

The Mansfields attended together the three colleges mentioned, Jayne maintaining a highly respectable "B" average throughout. She would like to get her B.A. degree, time permitting. One semester will do it.

In 1955, the marriage came to grief. Jayne prefers not to discuss why. She filed suit in Los Angeles Superior Court for separate maintenance. Later she amended this to read divorce. Mansfield contested both actions, but later withdrew his objections and Jayne obtained an uncontested divorce.

Our heroine is a fair linguist, speaking Spanish and German. She is something of an athlete, and a musician of interesting attainments, particularly with the violin. She is an actress, too. But first, last and foremost, she's a movie star.

That's the way she planned it. THE END

DON'T MISS: Jayne Mansfield in 20th Century-Fox's "The Girl Can't Help It."

# Journey Into Light

(*Continued from page 57*)

the fact that he didn't belong. He was out of step with everything. He had most of the things he had once dreamed of having, but none of them was bringing him that feeling of belonging which is the essence of happiness. He was rich. He was successful in a field in which few reach the heights he has reached. He had marriage and fatherhood. But none of it was any good. He was alone, cut-off, afraid without knowing what it was that he feared.

Audie Murphy had known fear before, but not this kind of fear. That other fear, the kind that comes to men in battle, had not left him immobilized. He had been able to function, to make decisions, to do something. This kind of fear left him restless, bored, unable to get along with people. There were the nightmares that brought him to sudden, instant wakefulness and made further sleep impossible. There were the moods of depression that would send him rushing out of his pleasant home, away from quiet, gentle Pam, his second wife, and their two fine sons.

Because Audie is an exceptionally honest human being, he was honest with himself. He knew that he was letting these moods master him. If he didn't find some way to bring them under control, they would soon destroy the happiness he had worked so hard to achieve. Audie has always been a harsh judge of himself, and he was a harsh judge now. He made things even worse by telling himself angrily that there was absolutely no excuse for this kind of behavior.

Actually, there was an excuse. There were a dozen excuses, behind which a weaker man would have hidden. To this day, Audie is in almost constant pain from the leg wound he received on that incredible day he earned our nation's highest honor by holding off, singlehandedly, the advance of six German tanks and their crews. Perhaps you remember the reproduction of this scene in Audie's autobiographical movie, "To Hell and Back." All those tank crews were shooting at him, and he was wounded, but he never gave up until the Germans had retreated.

What Audie didn't let U-I put in the film was his suffering from this wound, plus the pain from the neck wound he received during the Italian campaign. He has hip wounds, too, which he received in southern France. He doesn't talk about them, nor the real-life nightmares that still haunt him—particularly the one of his closest buddy falling dead upon him and Audie using that dead body to keep himself from being killed.

Audie is also plagued by recurrent nosebleeds, and a tricky stomach that forces him to follow the most restricted diet. He doesn't drink or smoke, but many of the foods he once dreamed of being able to eat someday, when he had the money to afford them, are, ironically, now forbidden.

Audie's baby face reveals neither his physical suffering nor such necessary self-denial. One of his problems, and one of the things that made it so difficult for him to communicate with others, to feel a part of a group or a family, is his inability to reveal any real feeling. Spec McClure, one of Audie's closest friends, tells about the one and only time he ever saw Audie give way completely to emotion. It was a couple of summers ago, and he and Audie were back at Holtzwith, where Audie had held off those six German tanks.

The whole village of about 250 people had come out to greet Audie. Nobody spoke any English and Audie doesn't speak French, but the children sang, in his


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honor. The smallest ones danced for him, the prettiest girls kissed him, the older women threw flowers at his feet. Suddenly there were tears in Audie's eyes, and he was throwing kisses to the crowd and crying as he hadn't cried when his mother died, or when his father deserted the whole family, or when his first wife, Wanda Hendrix, left him.

On the surface, Audie is a quiet man. Too quiet. Or too flippant, using either extreme to mask his real feelings. For instance, when he visited Arlington National Cemetery recently, he covered up the deep emotion he felt, as well as his own self-consciousness at the realization that he, too, was one of the nation's heroes who would someday lie there with her honored dead, by saying flippantly, "I ought to pick out my own grave while I'm here."

But then, a year or so ago, a change began to take place. Audie began to admit this over-quietness, this over-flippancy, to himself. Just as, after the war, he had eternally walked the dark streets of Dallas, Texas, searching for he knew not what, so that winter he discovered that, despite his love of Pam, his love for his children, things were getting so dammed up in him that an explosion seemed inevitable. He had to find an outlet for all these troubled and troubling emotions. But how? Where?

A different kind of fellow could have been helped by religion. Audie didn't have a religious upbringing. He had to be helped by thinking it out.

The change in him began one day when, in the midst of a trivial, fault-finding argument with Pam, Audie stopped, walked away, and asked himself, "Why do I demand so much of people? Who am I to demand—and expect—perfection?"

Who was he, indeed? It was time to stand back and examine himself and his life as though he were a cool, impersonal stranger, called in to estimate and evaluate Audie Murphy. He had always been proud of his early struggles. They had made him strong, fiercely self-reliant. But what else had they done to him?

Audie was born the second son of a Texas sharecropper, another seven children being born after him. The year was 1926, which made him seven when the Depression began, but Audie didn't have to wait for any world-wide depression. The depression was always on for the Murphys, and after his father walked out on his mother and her brood, it was only Audie's marksman's eye, an old gun and a bullet a day that kept them eating. By the time he was seventeen he was in the Army, after the Marines and the paratroopers had turned him down because he was underweight. Within months, he was a decorated hero. Within a year he had put on five inches and twenty-five pounds, under the novelty of three square meals a day for the first time in his life. By nineteen, he was out of the Army and in Hollywood. Nowhere along the way had there been any time for fun, for just plain living. Nowhere had there been time or the opportunity to learn how to live, how to enjoy the good things of life for which he had worked and hungered. So, when they came, like marriage, they found him totally unprepared.

Audie's first wife, Wanda Hendrix, is now Mrs. Jim Stack, and Audie can honestly say, "I hope Wanda is very happy." But the break-up of that marriage, for which neither he nor Wanda was prepared, was another embittering experience, because Audie was at that time far from emotionally mature enough to be able to blame himself and not others for what went wrong with his life.

It was all wrong, their union, from the very day of its beginning. What did an emotion-starved boy like Audie know about giving or sharing love? He didn't. Wanda tried. She tried valiantly, but she knew nothing about keeping a house, less about cooking, nothing about a husband. The fact that Audie would spend evening after evening in the little apartment they had rented, playing penny poker with his war buddies, was no help.

Within fourteen months, they were divorced. Audie was so hurt and embittered that he gave away every stick of furniture and never went near the apartment again.

Again, he had demanded too much, but he was a long way from being able to see how little he offered in return.

Pam Archer, the pretty airline hostess, whom Audie married in 1951, was as different from Wanda as dawn from dinner. She was, in fact—and she still is—very much like Audie. She's a Texan, an orphan. She's stubborn, and she's sweet, and her one ambition in the world is to make Audie Murphy happy. Just the same, she has no intention of being a martyr about it, or of putting up with more moods than the winds.

And so, naturally, there were quarrels. There were even rumors of an impending divorce. This was during those dark days when Audie felt the forces within him slowly mounting, getting out of control, threatening to destroy everything he loved and valued. He saw his boys being small wild men, when he wanted them to be so polite. But he was afraid to discipline them for fear of losing their love. There were the hangers-on who either kowtowed to him too much because he was a star, or ignored him because he wasn't the biggest star on the lot. He didn't know how to cope with any of it, so he didn't even try. He kept to himself more and more.

And then one day, in the midst of this tormented self-searching and self-seeking, something happened that was so small, so trivial, really, that it almost went by unnoticed. And yet it was to change his life.

Audie was out on location shooting for "The Guns of Fort Petticoat." Going down into the nearby town one evening after the day's work was finished, he saw a man brutally kicking a small shepherd pup. Audie walked up to him and told him to stop it. The man turned on Audie and said sullenly, "Why? He's my dog, and if I feel like kicking him, I will."

Audie said, "How much do you want for him?"

"I guess about fifty dollars."

"Fine. You've just sold a dog."

Audie picked up the cringing, quivering animal and put him into his car. When he got back to the hotel where the rest of the location crew was quartered someone asked him curiously, "With all the dogs you've got at home, Audie, why the devil did you go and buy another one? And who's going to take care of him until you get him back home?"

Audie grinned sheepishly, and patted the dog's head. "Darned if I know," he admitted. "I didn't think of any of those things. I just saw somebody kicking him and I moved in and did something about it."

*I moved in and did something about it.*

The words, and the impulsive thought behind the words, stayed with him. Yes, he found himself thinking, slowly, wonderingly, that's the way it had happened and that's the way it has been during the war, too. That's why the fear hadn't immobilized him. Someone had needed him and he had been able to overcome his own fear, his own problems, because there wasn't time to think about them. That's the way it had been in the early days, too, when he had had the specter of poverty and hunger to fight—not for himself so much, but for others. Always, all his life, there had been something to fight. And then suddenly, there had been nothing to fight. All the external battles had been fought and won—the war, the fight against poverty, the fight for fame. That's when the fight had turned inward, when he'd begun to fight himself. That's when he had begun to feel that he didn't belong anywhere, that no one really needed him, and to set up those impossible standards. Without something to fight, he was lost. Because he'd never learned how to love.

And yet, he loved this small, warm, happily whimpering dog who was snuggled down in his lap. He had been able to act quickly, spontaneously, when he saw the animal's need of him. Then why wasn't he able to act that way with his friends, his wife, his children? Why did he hold back, waiting for them to make the first move? The answer came along with the question, pinpointing his fear, dragging it out into the open where he could face it—and fight it.



*Living with the world and its people (above, Kathy Grant, George Marshall) was Audie Murphy's problem. His greatest victory came when he learned how to do it*

Audie was afraid of being hurt. Not physically hurt. He had enough courage for ten men, and the years had built defenses around physical hurts. He was afraid of the kind of hurts he'd known as a child; the kind he'd suffered when his first marriage failed. And so he had been demanding proof that people really liked him. "I demand too much of people," he had said, often. But now, for the first time in his life, he found himself thinking, "If I just gave, without thinking about whether or not people wanted me to give, if I just moved in on life the way I moved in on this puppy, not worrying about whether I'd be liked or thanked or hated for what I did, I'd at least be doing something about it, wouldn't I? I wouldn't just be sitting around letting it get me, letting it run my life for me the way it has been doing."

He looked at his new-found friend, at his new-found life, and he smiled. That warm, wonderful smile that lights up his whole face and crinkles the corners of his eyes. "Well," he said, speaking aloud, "we can try it, anyway, can't we?"

Eric, as Audie named him, is a full-fledged member of the Murphy family and, like the dozen pairs of mounted longhorns in Audie's garage, Eric is a symbol of the change in Audie Murphy.

Pam Murphy will tell you that those longhorns get in the way of four-year-old Terry Michael Murphy and one-year-old James Shannon Murphy when they want to play. They're also a nuisance and a hazard when Pam or Audie back their cars in or out. Nobody, especially Audie, has any idea of what they might be used for. But he wasn't thinking of anything practical when a fellow he had known in the Army came by his house in San Fernando Valley. The man wasn't any particular friend or buddy of Audie's. He was just someone who had been in Audie's outfit back in 1943, in Sicily. But Audie not only bought all twelve pairs of horns, he sent the man away feeling fine because he had convinced the fellow that the one thing he and Pam needed to make their ranch-type home perfect was twelve pairs of longhorns!

On Audie's personal payroll there is a fine press agent, a friend he made almost the first day he stepped into Hollywood. And on the payroll of Audie's studio, there is a fine writer, another pal Audie has known from his first Hollywood days. The writer is now working on the sequel to "To Hell and Back," and he richly deserves the salary he's earning. But that's not the point. The point is that Audie made it clear—either this writer, or no sequel. Nowadays, as he will tell you, he's much too busy with his wife, his sons, his home, his quarter-horses, his career and his friends to have any time left to worry about himself. He's still a creature of moods and always will be, but now the moods are under control and he's found plenty of healthy outlets for them.

One of these outlets is skin diving. In this dangerous sport, he finds the exhilaration and aloneness he sometimes needs. But the thing that really set him free was the realization that the only demands we can be sure of fulfilling are the ones we make on ourselves. When he began to demand of himself that he find a place in the world and that he learn to get along with others instead of expecting others to get along with him, Audie found, as millions of people have found before him, that, "Love and understanding can win over anything or anybody." Eric wagged his tail in full agreement. THE END

YOU'LL LIKE: Audie Murphy in Columbia's "The Guns of Fort Petticoat."





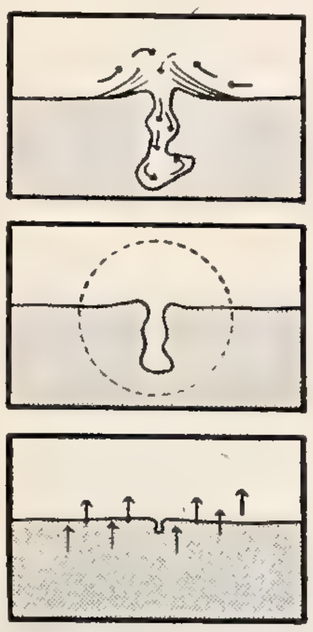
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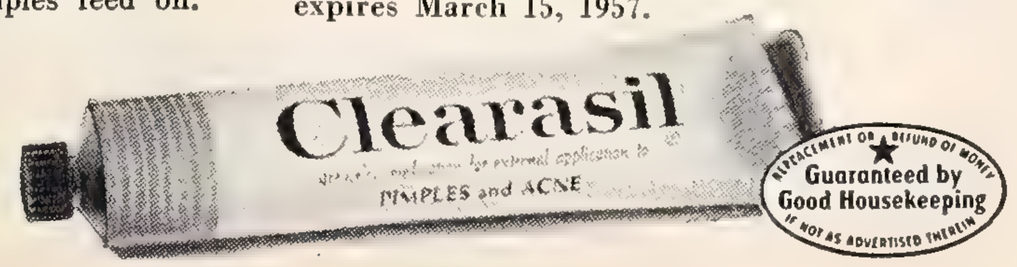
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# She Calls Him "Pappy" But *She* Calls Him "Darling"

(*Continued from page* 68)

Barbara wrote. "But the way she says it—or maybe it's the way she looks at him when she says it—makes it sound like the most romantic thing you've ever heard. I don't mind admitting I'm in love with him—in a nice, polite, respectful way, of course. But Kay doesn't need to be jealous—I never saw two people more in love."

Not that Mr. and Mrs. Gable show a lot of sentiment in public, but you know it from the way they look at each other, the way Clark puts his arms around her, the way Kay touches his cheek. They laugh a lot together over all kinds of foolish little things, and you can see them look at each other knowingly when they're amused, or when they are touched by something that happens.

Kay Williams Spreckels Gable is the stunning woman Clark married in July, 1955. Even women who don't ordinarily like other women admit that she clicks with them right away. "Maybe," Barbara decided, thinking over her own favorable reaction to Kay, "it's because she has so many of his qualities—humor, naturalness, interest in people."

During the shooting of "A King" at St. George, Utah, Clark and Kay Gable kept house in a rented cottage, while the rest of the cast and crew lived in nearby motels. Barbara and Kay saw quite a lot of each other and Barbara enjoyed being around so happy a couple. Everyone who worked on the picture, and who had a chance to observe Clark Gable in the role of husband, came away with the feeling that he had really met his mate—and his match—at last. It was obvious that he was finding in this, his fifth marriage, all the things which he'd had in his gloriously happy but tragically short marriage to Carole Lombard, and had never found again. Until now.

Clark had married Carole Lombard in 1939, and for three years they were utterly happy together, sharing their love of hunting, riding, fishing and the calm, casual life on their sprawling Encino ranch. In addition to being a beautiful and talented actress, Carole Lombard was an extremely witty and charming woman, always gay, friendly and exuberant. Clark loved her deeply and passionately, with all his heart. Tragedy struck in 1942, when Carole, returning home from a record-breaking bond-selling tour, was killed in a plane crash in Nevada. Her death left Clark a bitter, brokenhearted man, and no amount of friends, fame or money could comfort him. For years, he was unhappy and lonely, a man who found little solace in the fact that he was King of Hollywood. While he went through a series of meaningless romances with such stars as Virginia Grey, Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard, those closest to him knew he was seeking, but never finding, someone like Carole Lombard.

Then, in 1949, Clark married Sylvia Ashley, whom he had known casually for fifteen years. At the time, everyone rejoiced in the event, saying Clark and Sylvia were perfect for each other. Clark seconded the motion by saying, "I've never been happier."

But, although Sylvia Ashley had much of the gay charm and exuberance that had typified Carole Lombard, she did not share Clark's love for sports, or for the quiet, casual life. Within three years, their marriage came to an end. Clark vowed, "I shall never marry again."

By the time another three years had passed, that promise had flown out the window. Clark married Kay Spreckels, whom he had also known casually for some seventeen years. Since then, the twinkle in Clark's eye has been brighter, his smile broader, his mood gayer. And, while Kay is mainly responsible for the change, there are two other important factors—namely, her children, Adolph "Bunker" Spreckels III, who is seven, and Joan Spreckels, who is five. Clark has always yearned to have children of his own. While this wish has yet to be granted, he is deriving a tremendous pleasure from Kay's youngsters.

Inevitably, the comparison is made between Kay and Carole Lombard. Like Carole, Kay is beautiful, witty, charming, sophisticated. As did Carole, she calls Clark "Pappy." Kay is also a homebody and a sportswoman—as well as a good sport, which is of prime importance to Gable. She willingly goes along with him on anything, and her deep love for him is reflected in all her actions, big and small.

For instance, one day when Barbara Nichols wasn't needed on the set of "The King and Four Queens," Kay showed her how to do needlepoint, putting tiny, meticulous stitches into a pair of slippers for Clark. Barbara, who is twenty-three, remarked that she didn't think she would ever have the patience to do that for anyone. Lifting her smooth, golden head, Kay smiled and said, "I'll admit you have to love someone an awful lot to have this much patience. And yet, I'd hate to think you might go through life without finding that kind of love. I'm sure you will find it someday."

"Sure," Barbara replied, "but where do you find another guy like Gable?"

Although Barbara is hardly the outdoor type, and definitely more at home in night clubs and plush surroundings, she said "yes" in a hurry the day the Gables asked her to go fishing.

"Can you imagine having Clark Gable put a worm on your hook?" she exclaimed. "And showing you how to cast a line? I caught two trout—it was thrilling!"

They went fishing, with permission, on private property, and after a while the owners came down to meet them—with camera in hand. Clark and Kay obligingly posed for pictures, and Clark even posed for one with the mother of the family, putting his arm around her as if she were an old friend. "I don't think they'll ever get over it," Barbara told the other girls later.

On location, the Gables were good mixers, but they both maintained a certain reserve. Kay visited the set only once—during a night shooting—and never interfered in any way with Clark's work. She respects his feeling that wives shouldn't be involved with their husband's business. They had brought along their own cook and were living a quiet, domestic life. Kay went to one big barbecue party, given for the entire company, but mostly they stayed to themselves or went hunting and fishing together.

At first, the citizens of St. George were impressed with Clark Gable, the famous movie star. Then, after they got to know him, they were even more impressed, because he was such a regular guy. Sometimes they went to his house to ask for autographs, not realizing that he was tired out and wanted to rest and be alone with Kay. But Clark was always willing to make an effort and never turned any away.

One night, in making a scene in which Clark had to go into the river, the evening had turned chilly and the water was terribly icy. He came out with his teeth chattering and had to be wrapped in blankets. But when a group of youngsters crowded around him with their autograph books, he laughed and began signing away. All the children in the community adored him and followed him everywhere. Since Kay's two children had remained home in California, Clark and Kay were constantly shopping for little presents to send back to them.

Clark Gable, among other things, is known as a practical joker. As such he had a wonderful time on location, especially with a prankster pal like director Raoul Walsh to help out. One day Walsh gave Barbara some lines to say that weren't in the script, and certainly couldn't be left in. They caught Clark so by surprise that he laughed all through the rest of the take and ruined it. Another time, Clark provided some additional lines of his own, which caused Barbara to break up.

Another scene in the picture called for Clark to dance with each of the four "queens." He kept insisting he couldn't dance, that he had two left feet. Actually, Clark is a very good dancer, as he has proved in many of his other films, but like a little boy he is self-conscious and shy about it. The shyness, as well as the boyishness, came as a surprise to the people who hadn't worked with Clark before.

Barbara discovered that while he is sometimes shy about his own talents, Clark always strives to give others confidence. "I had done a great deal of television in New York," she said, "and had learned to appreciate helpful friendliness from most


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fellow actors and directors, but I really didn't expect that kind of help from a star like Mr. Gable. When one particular scene bothered me, he took me aside and sat down with me, discussed the scene and rehearsed all the lines with me. It was a difficult bit, in which little nuances, conveyed in only a few words and gestures, were all-important."

Everyone said he was giving Barbara all the breaks in their scenes together, and she could see it. Clark coached her on where to look, showed her where her key light was. The crew can spot a phony a mile off, and their respect for Gable impressed Barbara, confirming her own first impressions of him.

"How old are you?" he had asked at their first meeting in the studio office. "How old do you want me to be?" Barbara had replied, and everybody laughed, Clark the hardest of all. "I was off the ice then," Barbara said.

She kept thinking, "How *sweet* he is," knowing it was a word he wouldn't like, but the only one she could think of to describe him. She didn't know then the kind of part for which she was being considered or how old she was supposed to be. She just kept hoping she was the right age and the right type, because by that time she wanted that part more than she had ever wanted anything else.

Clark began to explain the kind of girl Barbara would play in "The King and Four Queens." "He made her so real to me," Barbara recalled, "that I began to feel like that girl. He asked what other things I had done. I told him about the role of the burlesque dancer in 'Miracle in the Rain,' and my bigger and more recent part in 'Beyond a Reasonable Doubt,' with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine. Mr. Gable listened attentively. Then he asked if I would mind making a test with him. Would I *mind?*"

She never did have to make the test, because they looked at the rushes of "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" and were satisfied that she was right for the part of *Birdie.* The other "queens" are Eleanor Parker, who co-stars with Gable as *Sabrina,* Sara Shane, who plays *Oralie,* and Jean Willes, who plays *Ruby.*

Barbara and Jean Willes became good friends, and after they both got to know Gable better, they kept telling him how wonderful he was, whereupon he would just grin and look embarrassed. He never seemed to take praise for granted.

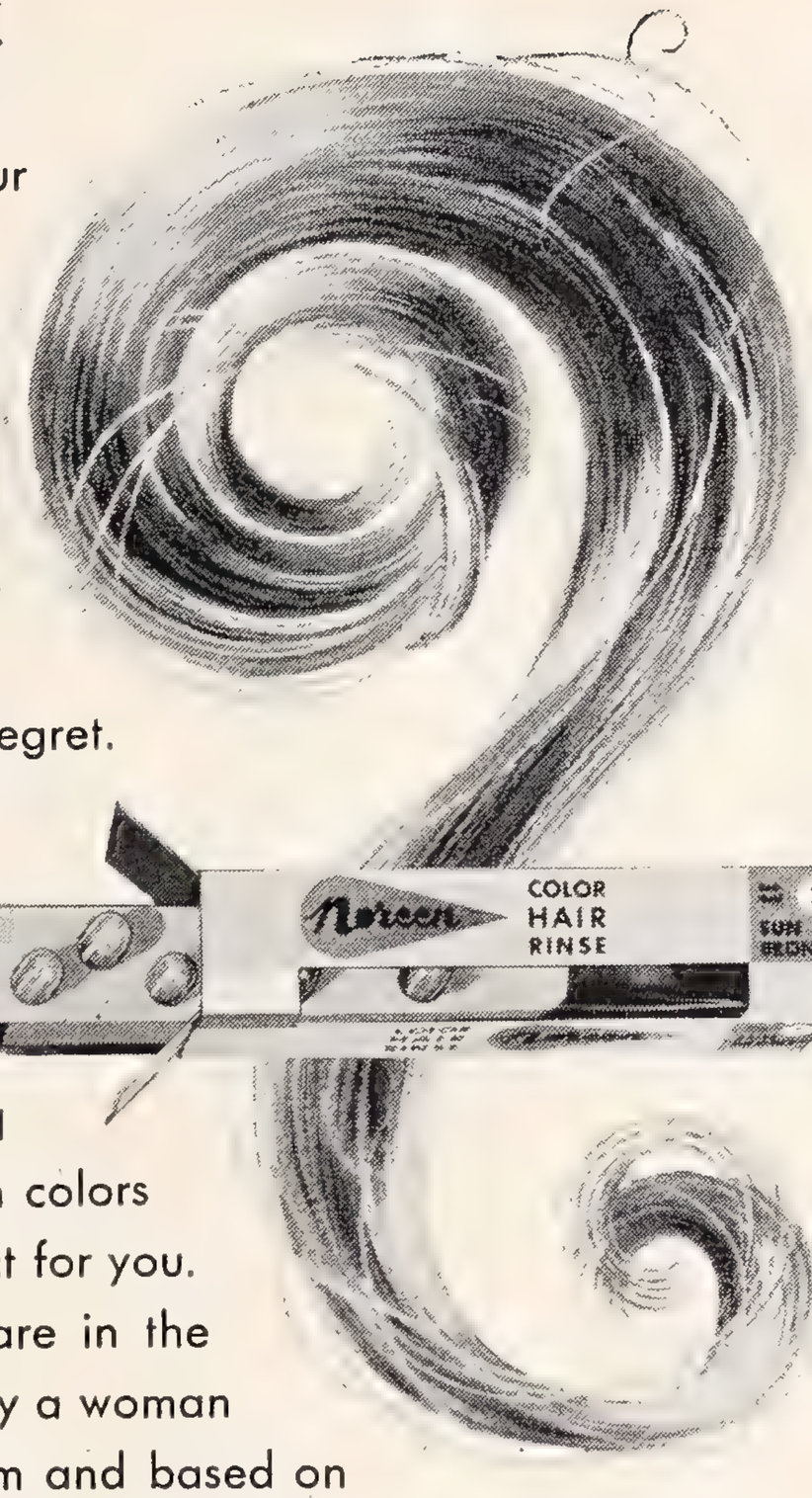
Barbara never told him how she had adored him when she was a schoolgirl, but she did tell him that she had seen most of his movies, after which he promised to show her some he had made with Jean Harlow, whom he admired tremendously. Both Clark and his make-up man—who had also worked with Jean Harlow—thought Barbara looked a lot like her.

If there was one complaint Barbara felt it was her right to make, it was the lament with which she finished "The King and Four Queens." "All those love scenes," she wailed, "and everybody got to kiss him but me."

More seriously, Barbara added, "To me, Clark Gable is what a movie star should be—and so often isn't. I think any woman who meets him even once could never forget the meeting." She would always remember the things he had said to her, and how she felt about him. Not only about Clark Gable, the actor, but about Clark Gable, the man: The man who is a woman's man as much as a man's man, and who has kept two—and now three—generations of women sighing with adoration. The man Kay Gable adoringly calls "Pappy." THE END

YOU'LL LOVE: Clark Gable in United Artists' "A King and Four Queens."


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# Why Eddie Almost Left Debbie Waiting

(*Continued from page* 46)

This is, in fact, a marriage that almost didn't happen, and might not have happened if Debbie hadn't been wiser and more cool-headed than most women many times her age. Because midway through their long and stormy engagement period, when a great many people began to murmur that it looked as though Eddie had changed his mind and wanted to call the whole thing off—he *had* changed his mind. The reason for changing his mind and then, three months later, changing it back again is also the reason why, once married, theirs was destined to be one of the happiest and most durable marriages that ever happened. It is also the best possible argument for a long engagement.

What really happened? At the time this tortured indecision was going on in Eddie's mind, and before he had mentioned it to Debbie, he was reading about himself and the girl he loved almost as though he were reading about two other people. Two strangers who happened to be named Eddie and Debbie, whose romance was fast becoming one of the greatest circulation-builders in publishing history. They were being called *Romeo* and *Juliet*, their forthcoming marriage was being hailed as "An event that will make greater headlines than any marriage since Princess Elizabeth of England wed Prince Philip."

And then, suddenly, something happened. Their appearances apart became more frequent than their appearances together. Something seemed to be wrong. One column called it The Big Freeze. Another said the rainbow had collapsed under the weight of the Fisher entourage. A third went along with that—even quoted Debbie's brother on Eddie's being a puppet whose manager had mysteriously pulled the walk-away strings. One blamed religious differences. Another blamed Debbie's mother, while another blamed Eddie's. Others laid the rift to career competition.

They were wrong—almost to a man and to a headline. For instance, they blamed Eddie's manager, Milton Blackstone, who is respected and admired as a man with one of the highest senses of ethics in entertainment, and who was not interjecting so much as a word. Milton had never entered Eddie's personal life and he did not now. He maintained so complete and honest a Hands Off policy that he could have passed for Venus De Milo.

They blamed the future mothers-in-law. But in Philadelphia, Kate Fisher Stupp answered every reporter's phone call with a polite but firm, "I have heard of no break-up. I'd suggest that you contact the children directly." In Burbank, Mrs. Reynolds' voice rang out candidly whenever she was queried. "I'm afraid I can't help you. Your guess is as good as mine."

They said Eddie and Debbie were headline-hunting. But neither Debbie nor Eddie sought the headlines. "No comment" is a poor space-grabber, yet they used the two words as often as possible.

They blamed career competition, but there has never been any career jealousy between these two. Only Debbie's bubbling pride in Eddie's singing—and in things like his never-equalled streak of twenty-one consecutive hit records. And Eddie's consummate pride in her acting and comedy talents. Example: Recently a reporter asked him, during the filming of "Bundle of Joy," if he weren't afraid she'd steal his scenes. "No," he grinned. "I expect that. I'm not exactly a Paul Muni. She's got the picture before we start. She's the greatest."

Religion was no barrier. They reached—like Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, George Burns and Gracie Allen, and many other successful mixed-marrieds—a mutually respected point of view. "We see no problem," said Debbie. "We both believe in God."

The "entourage"—a normal acquisition for the successful performer—was no problem. When a man was a bachelor, naturally both the employees and the favor-seekers spent leisure hours as well as work time with him. When he took unto himself a wife, they just as naturally would be around less often. And so it was.

Well, then, what did cause the sudden cooling-off that looked like the prelude to the parting of the ways?

It all began with a cross-country phone call. A cross-country phone call was not unusual in their lives. With Eddie's TV commitments in the East and Debbie's movie commitments in the West, there had been plenty of those. And the chances are that when Debbie crossed the living room of her parents' home that evening to pick up the phone, to hear his familiar and beloved voice, and to say, "Hello, darling," she had nothing more on her mind than to tell Eddie about a new dress she'd added to her trousseau.

But this phone call was different. This time, Eddie's voice sounded hesitant. It sounded ragged and uncertain. "Look—" he said, "I've been thinking it over and—"

No one knows the exact content of that phone call and no one ever will. No one should. But the reason for it is important because it tells us so much about the kind of wonderful people Debbie and Eddie are. The reason sprang at Eddie out of a headline. All of a sudden, a headline no more nonsensical or gooey than a dozen other headlines that had been written about them. But this particular one just hit him the wrong way. That feeling that had been slowly growing inside him—the feeling that he was reading about two people who were total strangers—gripped him, and panicked him.

"How do I know it's Debbie I love?" he began to ask himself. "How does she know I'm the guy she loves? Maybe we're just in love with our own publicity—in love with the love story of two people with the same names we have. Maybe we think it's right because it seems so right. But actually, we don't know each other at all—do we?"

That was the gist of that panicky phone call. It is easy to imagine Debbie staring down at the ring on her finger. It is easy to imagine that she may have gazed at it through a sudden misting of tears. If she did, Eddie didn't know it. When she spoke, her voice was firm, even gay. She said that she understood, that perhaps it would be better to wait longer than they had originally planned to wait. She said that perhaps they should both see other people for a while—not on dates, of course, but in groups—his friends, her friends. The calm, quiet young voice held steadily for the duration of that phone call. What happened after that in the privacy of Debbie's pretty, feminine bedroom is Debbie's story. All the world knew was that it looked as though Debbie Reynolds was not to be Eddie Fisher's bride after all.

But their love, as everyone knows, survived one of the cruelest tests to which a love can ever be put—the test of time, distance and gossip. Debbie held her head high, kept her own counsel, and waited. There is no doubt but what the courage and faith in him which Debbie displayed during those trying days is one of the things that not only brought Eddie running back to her, but makes his love for her almost worshipful.

That summer, Eddie spent a great deal of time in Hollywood. And when he returned to New York, he realized something. There was a Grand Canyon void in his life. There could be no doubt any longer. Debbie was the girl to fill that void.

In October, there was another phone call. And in that same month, a marriage.

Today, Debbie and Eddie are two of Hollywood's happiest advertisements for marriage. They have fun together. In their bedroom sits a silver-framed first snapshot of their baby daughter, Carrie Frances, a bewildered look on her round, day-old face. Across the photo, Constance Bannister style, is the comic caption: "Who's Eddie Fisher?"

They are honest with each other. And even with their insurance company. Recently, when defectively-wired air conditioning caused a $15,000 fire, Eddie's clothes were smoke-filled and temporarily unwearable. A friend advised him to claim them as a total loss. Legally, he said, this was perfectly allowable. But Eddie couldn't bring himself to do it. Instead he had them dry cleaned, aired out, and made no claim at all. Debbie's wardrobe, on the other hand, was almost a total loss. She could have estimated many M-G-M gowns—given to her as a wedding gift—at perfectly legitimate sky-high valuations. They were made of hard-to-replace, extremely expensive materials. Instead, she estimated only what a modest replacement would cost her in each case. Busy nursing Carrie in the approved Spock manner, Debbie had no time to buy new clothes. She wore her maternity clothes for the first month after the birth. "I'd better be getting to the store quickly, though," she said. "People are beginning to think I'm expecting a second child already."

Debbie is an excellent mother. Cook Olivia, who has worked for dozens of Hollywood families, thinks she's the greatest. "The way she coos to that little girl while she's feeding her. The way she watched her diet during the pregnancy to be sure the baby would be healthy as possible—why, she didn't even have any ice cream! And it sure is a long time since I saw anyone take the time and trouble to nurse her baby—and a long time since I've seen a happier baby."

Eddie is a devoted father. He can't pass a toy shop window without stopping to make a purchase. Recently he bought a stuffed furry elephant four feet high. "Either Eddie's going to have to slow down on the toys," friend Joey Forman commented, "or they'll have to move to a bigger house." He is a perceptive father, too. "The baby will have everything," he says. "That's good, but it's dangerous, too. We'll have to be mighty careful that she learns to share—so she won't be spoiled."

They have devoted friends. For their first anniversary, Eddie bought Debbie an unusual heart-shaped diamond pendant. For the baby's day of birth, Jennie Grossinger bought a tiny replica of this from the very same jeweler. And they have either the world's smartest baby—or a most thoughtful friend. On Debbie and Eddie's first anniversary, a mysterious telegram arrived. "Congratulations," it said simply but under the circumstances quite eloquently. It was signed, "Your Baby."

They have learned to compromise. Eddie is not as extravagant as he used to be. Debbie is not as penny-prudent. The compromises go all the way down to such

routine matters as the salad they shared at Chasen's restaurant on their first night on the town after Carrie's birth. Because of her nursing, Debbie couldn't have cucumber in the Caesar Salad they ordered. Eddie told the waiter to omit them. But Chasen's is up to meeting such problems. The white-coated waiter simply mixed two separate portions—cucumbers for Eddie, none for Debbie.

But they disagree on occasion. Fortunately, without being disagreeable. While house-hunting, they came to one the real estate man had no key to. "We'll come back some other time," said Eddie. "No—let's shinny over the fence," said adventurous Debbie. Then she had an afterthought. "Oh, papa," she smiled, "you're right. I keep forgetting. My fence-climbing days are over. I'm a mama now!"

Both Eddie and Debbie still have the first friends they ever made. A white checked tablecloth on Debbie's luncheon table tells half the story—in each square is a name you wouldn't recognize unless you attended Burbank High. Not one name belongs to a star, except Debbie's own. Two deck chairs out at the swimming pool tell Eddie's half of the story. Some months back, a reporter visited, asked if there were any truth to the rumors that he was feuding with his two childhood friends, Bernie Rich and Joey Forman—that they were angry at him because they couldn't get parts in his pictures. Eddie explained that there *had* been a misunderstanding. The film's producer had cast Tommy Noonan in the only part that bore any resemblance to Joey—had cast Noonan before Eddie knew about it. "Come on out to the pool," Eddie invited the reporter. "I'd like you to meet some good friends." Sunbathing happily were friends Joey and Bernie.

Eddie and Debbie Fisher feel they are two of the world's luckiest people. And rightfully so. Not only do they have one another, and now a third family member, but they have fans of all ages who do everything from knitting a blanket "with love in every stitch" (a 70-year-old fan) to volunteering for baby-sitting duty (an entire California club).

So it is that in a second-floor room in a white stuccoed Mediterranean home in Beverly Hills that once belonged to Cary Grant, a baby cries. Short, almost melodic wails that cascade out in quick, sharp splashes of sound.

In an adjoining room off the hallway, two people stand up quickly. One is chestnut-haired, petite, pert in a red jersey shirt and black toreador pants. The other is trim, lithe and black-haired, in corduroy pants which are the sand color of his textured sport shirt.

"Okay, mama, time to feed the baby bird," the man says. He follows her down the hallway. "Can I pick her up first?" he asks. "Why sure," she smiles, stretching the second word so that it unmistakably means she and the baby will both be disappointed if he doesn't.

Gingerly, gently, fondly he picks the tiny pink-clad infant out of the yellow bassinet. Supporting the neck, he carefully rests the soft-haired head on his left shoulder.

The baby stops its crying. The blue-hued eyes (not color-fast yet—she's too young) range the room quickly. They are alert, inquisitive, intelligent. They are just beginning to see objects clearly—and they seem to want to make up for the long months of darkness. Suddenly, the lids pucker down. The mouth follows suit. As though an empty stomach has inevitably telegraphed a reminder message, suddenly, the wails begin again.

"Oh-oh," the man says. "You better take over. I guess I just don't have it." He hands the baby back to the mother, carefully, slowly. She takes her up tenderly, begins the feeding. The lines around the baby's smooth little face relax. She is content now. But the bright eyes continue to roam the room—searching for something.

No one can know what Carrie Frances Fisher's eyes are searching for. Perhaps the cuddly stuffed toy zebra that felt so warm and good against her cheek earlier today. Perhaps the other nine babies—some crying, some sleeping, some thumping their tiny feet against the sides of their bassinets—with whom she spent four days in the glass-faced nursery at Burbank's St. Joseph's Hospital. Perhaps for the white toy poodle, Rock, smaller even than she, who dances into her room several times a day—and is firmly shooed out before he can get a good look at her, or she at him.

But more likely, she is searching for an understanding of this new world of security and love that envelops her with more warmth and happiness than a score of the softest, richest blankets.

Carrie has this love already. She senses it now. And Doctor Charles Levy—a general practitioner who tended Debbie from the age of nine and brought Carrie into the world—could add something more.

Carrie is such a good baby. She sleeps so well. She gains so quickly. She cries so little. Indeed, she must have sensed her parents' love for her long before she was born, a deep love, a love she can trust—and their love for each other, the same deep love, that grew out of storms and doubts, from mutual respect and understanding, into something very real and indestructible. THE END

DON'T DARE MISS: Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher in RKO's "Bundle of Joy."


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P

(*Continued from page* 45)

and also do plain, but not fancy, ice-skating. I'd be the perfect wife for you."

The mother of two girls, ages nine and thirteen, wrote from Macomb, Illinois, that she is so in love with Rock Hudson, she is about to burst. "My husband would kill me if he knew," she said. "I am saving money from my shopping budget to buy you cufflinks for Christmas."

And a grandmother in Chattanooga, Tennessee, writes to Rock every morning while having her second cup of coffee to tell him what her children and grandchildren are doing and keep him up to date with the family.

These women have only one thing in common: They are Rock Hudson fans.

Most film-star fan mail is unbelievably boring. The fan is usually struck dumb by such personal contact with his idol. In contrast, the eight to ten thousand letters a month sent to Rock Hudson are unique because the writer invariably feels the recipient is a friend.

Unlike Rudolph Valentino, who was the sex-boat of his day, Rock Hudson is not the lover type. He has sex appeal, but his older fans want to mother him. Young girls want to marry him, and men want to emulate him.

He seems to appeal to all ages and types. Moviegoers, asked to analyze Rock from his screen impression, agreed on many points, such as: He gives the appearance of great solidity; he seems well educated and poised; obviously, he comes from a wealthy family; his calm good-nature could come only from a well-ordered life; if anything, he appears spoiled—probably had everything easy.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Rock Hudson's life has been complicated and difficult, uncommon only because it was so common. A detailed study of it shows him emerging as a stronger, more complex person than anyone realizes. It dissipates completely the image of "the beautiful hunk of man" which has been built up through years of fan-magazine stories and "beefcake" poses.

Now, when Rock has finally been given a chance, in "Giant," to prove what a competent actor he has become, it is time to strip away the superficial image of Rock Hudson and see him as he really is—a solid, stable, intelligent young man who has built up an almost uncanny ability to take life as it comes and make not only the best but the most of it. By the time his next two important pictures, "Something of Value" and "Battle Hymn," are released, Rock will have left behind for good the boy-next-door roles, although in real life he is closer to being the "boy next door" than any actor in Hollywood.

The real story of Rock Hudson began at 2 A.M. on the cold, wind-bitten morning of November 17, 1925, when a long, thin and small (5½ pounds, 22 inches long) baby boy was born to Kay and Roy Scherer of Winnetka, Illinois.

Kay Scherer, Rock's mother, was a handsome, dark-haired woman with the fun-loving temperament and good humor of the Irish as well as an English reverence for thrift and industry. Even now Rock closely resembles his mother in his habits, though not in looks. He has her habit of closely studying everyone with whom he talks, and he has inherited from his mother her quiet appearance of emotional solidity and stability.

From his German-Swiss father, Rock, who was tagged Junior at birth and later christened Roy, inherited tall, dark good looks and a relaxed and easygoing temperament.

As a child Rock was a shy, almost too-pretty boy with long, dark curls that weren't cut until after his fourth birthday, at the time his parents were divorced. Whether or not this had any traumatic effect on Rock's personal life or his career is something for the psychiatrists to give an opinion on. But it still remains that Rock was scarred by the divorce, and for years, he blamed himself for the fact that his father, with whom he was very close, deserted him and his mother.

"I had to take over then," his mother says. "I always took him with me and tried to be a father as well as a sister and brother to him."

Mrs. Scherer got a job as a switchboard operator and she and Rock moved in with her parents, who were also sharing their roof with another daughter, her husband and their four children.



***Making one of his greatest pictures, "Battle Hymn," in Korea, Rock scored his greatest conquest—the children***

Even as a toddler Rock began to learn the meaning of responsibility, and how to assume it cheerfully. He helped his mother clean house and cook. Once when she was ill with a cold, he offered to make orange juice for her. He disappeared into the kitchen. When minutes passed and Rock didn't reappear, his mother went to investigate. She found him squeezing oranges—by the dozen!

"He had every pitcher and pan in the house filled with juice," his mother recalled. "He'd squeezed five dozen and had only one to go. I'd asked for juice and he was going to give it to me—by the barrelful."

In 1932, when Rock was seven, his mother married Wallace Fitzgerald, a Marine Corps officer who adopted Rock and gave him his legal name of Roy Fitzgerald. But the marriage was a stormy one, destined to end in another divorce.

It's ironic that Rock, who never had a father of his own to look up to and admire, is now considered by many of his fans to be the perfect husband-father type. Rock refuses to discuss his fathers—he had three in all, his own father and two stepfathers—and says simply, "Regardless of what ever else happened, I knew my mother loved me."

Rock and his mother were poor, but he never went without food or clothing. He learned at an early age, however, that he was the "man of the family" and was therefore expected to contribute. When he was twelve, he started doing odd jobs and worked as a soda jerk, window-washer and even as a short-order cook. He worked at anything available after school and on Saturdays. Sundays were spent caddying for pay, of course, at the local golf course and country clubs.

Rock's mother, whose name is now Mrs. Olsen, recalls that she rarely spanked him as a child. One incident that sticks out in her mind is the day she told him to walk next to her and he ran ahead and was almost hit by a car coming out of a driveway. She was too angry and frightened to do anything other than say he was very dumb.

"I found that that word hurt him more than any spanking," she said. "Rock was a proud boy, and a good one. He worked hard and I wanted him to have fun just as long as he didn't disgrace his parents. I always taught him to be well-mannered and considerate of other people besides himself, and I think the teaching rubbed off on him."

It was when he was twelve that Rock first decided to become an actor. He and Jim Matteoni went to see Jon Hall in "Hurricane." As Rock sat in the darkened theatre watching Hall dive into the water and swim to Dorothy Lamour's side, he imagined himself as Hall.

The chances are that thousands of young boys seeing that picture—or any picture—imagined themselves as the hero. But Rock kept his imaginary picture alive in his mind and, when he thought of his future as a man, secretly planned to become an actor.

Once he told his mother of his ambition. She accepted his announcement with a smile and an encouraging word. Rock had gone through the policeman, detective and ship-captain stage, and she imagined he would get safely through the acting stage, too.

Thanks to the time spent at his grandparents' home, Rock was never without playmates, although he was lonely for a real family life. Most of his close friends came from families with good relationships, and there is no doubt that Rock secretly envied them.

For example, he spent a great deal of time visiting Jim Matteoni, a stocky youngster of Italian descent who is now a music teacher. The Matteonis gave Rock the family feeling he felt lacking in his own home, and Jim's family became his.

Jim and Rock went to New Trier High School, in Winnetka, along with 700 other North Shore children, most of whom were from wealthy families and enjoyed every luxury. Rock recalls himself as a "typical high school adolescent" and says he was unaware at the time of feeling very much "different" from his financially well-to-do friends.

Dean of boys Frederick Kahler of New Trier remembers him as a "nice, quiet boy who never gave anybody cause for concern. He was never in any trouble." But he was not an outstanding student. Although his IQ was high Rock didn't like to study, and he was beginning to find out about girls.

Gigi Peterson, who had a Spanish class with Rock, remembers him as a "cute boy" whom she had a crush on. "I was a little

better in Spanish than he was," said Gigi, "so I used to let him copy from my papers. I got As and he got Bs."

Some of the other girls at school remember Rock as good-looking but skinny and awkward. One of them said he was "just around. He never asserted himself."

Rock took a regular non-college curriculum, including three years of various business courses and a year and a half of industrial arts. During his freshman year at New Trier he wanted to be a draftsman, but by his junior year he decided to become a bookkeeper and accountant, although he still nursed his dream of someday being a movie star. However, it was a dream so farfetched as to seem almost fantastic, so Rock mentioned it to no one, except for his mother, while he ground away at mathematics and double entries.

Nancy Gillogly, who was his steady date throughout high school, recalls that he didn't seem to have any particular ambition. Like most young boys his age he was merely "putting in time" until school was finished and he could go out on his own. He didn't consider college because he never believed he would be able to afford it.

He held outside jobs all through high school and was unable to participate in many extra-curricular activities. He played baseball occasionally and swam in interclass competitions, winning some medals he is still proud of.

For a while during his senior year, Rock worked for an awning company. At the same time Jim Matteoni and another friend were working for a laundry doing home deliveries. The three boys decided to pool their work, the other two helping Rock with his tasks and he in turn helping them with their job. This happy arrangement was shortlived. Rock was fired from the awning job after he forgot to label some awnings, resulting in incredible confusion at the plant.

Rock accepted the news of his dismissal with the same good-natured humor that today seems to characterize him on-screen. Somehow he had learned the magic of laughing at himself—a trick he has never forgotten. He also learned to take things in stride. Rock is and always has been a stranger to worry and anxiety.

He had a reputation through high school as a one-woman guy—Nancy's—and although some of his female classmates say they would like to have dated him, it was generally known that he was "taken."

Usually, he and Jim double-dated. Their pattern of dates was always the same: a drive around town in any automobile that happened to be available, followed by Cokes at the local candy store. Their favorite car was an ancient Model A Ford convertible that originally cost sixteen dollars but had a thirty-dollar top. On weekends they all went to dances at the Winnetka Country Club or at school.

Despite his size—Rock was almost six foot, three inches in high school—he was an excellent and tireless jitterbug dancer. Nancy, who is a petite brunette, recalls that her head used to ache from looking up at him when they danced but, she says nostalgically, "he sure was a dreamy dancer!"

It was Rock's aptitude for dancing that was responsible for his becoming a gigolo before he left high school. As a gag, he and Jim Matteoni answered an ad for young men who wished to earn fifty cents an evening by dancing with young students in a dancing class in Evanston. For four months they commuted to Evanston on weekends regularly, much to the anger of their dates at home.

During free afternoons, Rock and Jim scouted all the record shops searching for bargains in jazz and boogie-woogie records. Even as a child Rock had been interested in music and spent hours picking out tunes on the piano with one finger. Later, he became a good "by ear" pianist. When he reached high school he and Jim invested in a wind-up phonograph.

While the boys were searching for collectors' items they cut a record that is now a collector's item of its own. The record, made in a dingy shop on the South Side of Chicago, features "Jim Matteoni on piano with Roy Fitzgerald." While Jim played the piano Rock talk-sang two stories, one about a racehorse and the other about a baboon.

Now that he finally has the money to indulge his taste, Rock has a fabulous record collection. But he still remembers the days when he had to scrimp and save to buy one record. Only two years ago he told Jim Matteoni that he had finally obtained a record of "Green Gin," by Ernie Andrews, that he had wanted since his teens.

In addition to being fond of records Rock was also fond of food. At the Sweet Shoppe, a high-school hangout in Winnetka, proprietor Peter Poulos remembers Rock as a nice quiet guy who used to come in almost every afternoon for a chicken-salad sandwich and a hot-fudge sundae with pecans—lots of pecans.

Thanks to plenty of food and hard work, Rock developed into a solidly muscled young man who was especially gentle because of his size.

At eighteen, when he was graduated from high school, Rock was drafted into the Navy. For a while he was stationed at Glenview Naval Air Base, just outside Chicago. He was near enough to go home for weekends. On one visit he contracted pleurisy and, in the excitement of his ill-


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P

ness, his mother forgot to notify the air base. Rock was officially listed as AWOL until the matter was straightened out.

While Rock was in the service he wrote occasionally to Nancy Gillogly. When she graduated from high school he wired his mother to "buy Nancy a dozen red roses." Mrs. Fitzgerald bought the roses and wrote to Rock that "Nancy Drake loved your gift."

In a panic, Rock wired back that "the wrong Nancy" got the roses and, for heaven's sake, to set things straight. Mrs. Fitzgerald bought a charm bracelet for the right Nancy, who still has it, along with a picture of Rock in his uniform, inscribed "All My Love, Roy," and a hula skirt which he sent from Honolulu.

Rock eventually landed in the Philippine Islands, where he worked on fighter planes. When the war was over he was transferred to bombers. One morning, while checking out a big bomber, he accelerated both motors on the same side of the plane at once—a near-fatal mistake.

The plane jumped off of the blocks holding its front wheels and before Rock could bring it to a halt had chopped a smaller plane into kindling. The next day Rock was transferred to the laundry detail.

He accepted the transfer with good grace. "It was the best job in the Navy," he says. "The cooks have to have their clothes white and washed all the time. So you tell 'em, if they want good service, they better ante up the good food. You get it! For taking care of their uniforms, officers give you liquor which you can resell at a neat profit. And you can make an easy forty or fifty bucks a week just by going through the pockets of dirty uniforms."

After two years of service, Rock returned to Winnetka. He was at loose ends. As he put it, "I wanted to loaf around a while, see my friends, date the girls and have a good time."

He drew twenty dollars a week from the government and did as little work as necessary to keep him going for a year. When his GI allotment ran out he got a job with the post office.

Rock's postal route took him down West Cherry Street, a pleasant tree-shaded suburban street in a nice residential district. People on the route still recall him. Mrs. Augdahl, whom he called "Mom," had a house at the end of Rock's route; almost every day he stopped in for coffee and doughnuts and to rest his feet. Mrs. Augdahl went to Hollywood for the *This Is Your Life* TV show featuring Rock and afterwards said, "He hasn't changed at all. He's still the same now as he was when he was a postman."

Arthur Klopher, who was postmaster in Winnetka at the time, says, "When Rock worked for me, he was always on the job. He was a very determined fellow. His family wasn't in a very good way, financially, and he made it on his own."

Rock, who scored a 96 on his Civil Service exam, was eligible for a promotion just a few weeks after he left for California with his mother. The plan originally was for Rock to go to the University of Southern California while his mother worked for the telephone company in Pasadena. However, Rock's high school grades were not high enough for him to enter the University, so he got a sixty-dollar-a-week job as a truck driver for the Budget Packing Company, delivering dried beans to grocery stores. Meanwhile, he was working toward his secret ambition—to become an actor.

To save money he looked up his father, Roy Scherer, in Long Beach, where he owned an electric appliance store, and stayed with him. Although Rock's father left his mother, the parents remained friendly (in the Hollywood tradition) over the years. Also, Rock spent many summers with his paternal grandparents and he and his Dad regularly corresponded with each other.

One night Rock approached his father on the subject of actors and acting.

"Dad grunted like he'd been hit in the stomach," Rock says. "He said not to mention actors to him. He considered them unreliable and unstable."

He soon moved out of his father's home and got a room in a family hotel with three other drivers. One of them had a friend who knew an agent named Henry Willson, who was in charge of talent for David O. Selznick.

Rock arranged for an interview with Willson and had five pictures of himself taken by a photographer whom he chose from the classified ads. He borrowed twenty-five dollars to pay the photographer and worked three days to repay the loan.

On the day he went to see Willson for the first time, Rock says his "knees were knocking like a pair of maracas and my throat felt like sandpaper."

### TO REACH THE STARS

**In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to *each star individually*, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.**

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**Columbia Pictures,** 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

**Samuel Goldwyn Productions,** 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

**M-G-M Studios,** 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

**Paramount Pictures,** 5451, Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

**RKO Radio Pictures,** 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

**Republic Studios,** 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

**20th Century-Fox,** 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

**United Artists,** 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

**Universal-International,** Universal City

**Warner Brothers Pictures,** 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

When Willson asked Rock if he could act, Rock told the truth, "No." He figured the interview was then at an end.

"Good," answered Willson. "I think I can do something for you."

Willson saw in Rock the moviegoers' ideal of a typical American boy. "He had size, good looks, strength and a certain shyness that I felt would make him a star like Gable," says the agent. "He has the kind of personal charm that makes you think you'd enjoy sitting down and spending time with him."

Willson took Rock to leading executives at his studio, none of whom would give him a screen test. "Bring him back when he's ready," they said. So Willson proceeded to get him "ready."

For three hours a week, Rock took lessons from diction coach Lester Luther, at twenty-five dollars an hour, paid by Willson. Rock also took dramatic lessons every night—after working all day as a truck driver. He kept the job because he was never as certain as Willson was that he had the stuff stars are made of.

Fighting traffic and toting bales of beans all day left Rock tired and tense by the time he arrived for his dramatic lessons. So his instructor, Florence Cunningham, taught him a trick which he still uses to relax: He would envisage a small white pearl on a piece of black velvet and, while concentrating on it, recite the alphabet.

He had a lot of trouble getting rid of his nasal, Mid-western twang, but finally, where training had failed nature took over. He caught cold. After a long siege he came down with laryngitis. When it was over he found the racking cough had left his voice deep and resonant.

After more than a year of lessons and hard work, Rock was "ready," in Willson's estimation. The final step was to give him a new name.

Willson is famous in Hollywood for having discovered—and named—Tab Hunter and Race Gentry. He didn't like the length of "Fitzgerald," which Rock was then using. So he selected the name of a car for a last name and suggested Rock add his own first name. After some deliberation Rock changed Roy to Rock.

Having supplied him with a new voice, a new name and some dramatic instruction, Willson again took his discovery out for inspection. First stop was the offices of Raoul Walsh, the film director who had had good experience with truck drivers. He had taken another man off a truck and turned him into John Wayne.

Walsh looked Rock over with a practiced eye. "Green," he said to Willson, "but juicy. Even if he can't do anything he'll be pretty scenery."

Walsh signed Rock to a personal contract at $125 a week and put him in "Fighter Squadron." In his first film Rock had only one line, "You'd better get a bigger blackboard." It took him thirty-four trys to say the line right.

By then Willson was on his own, as an independent agent. He believed the best studio for Rock would be Universal-International. For weeks Rock worked on the scene that was to be his test for the studio. On the night before the test he worked with Walsh, then went to the studio, only to find he had brought the wrong script.

After the test Rock had a discouraging interview with producer Walter Wanger. It seemed to go wrong from the beginning. Discouraged and miserable, he went back to his rooming house convinced that he would be a truck driver for life.

On his way up to his room he remembered a little old lady on the ground floor who had had a stroke. Rock had been in the habit of reading the comics to her every afternoon, and telling her all about his day on the truck or at the studio.

She, in turn, was his first fan. She had seen "Fighter Squadron" six times before her stroke. That night she asked him how the interview with Wanger had gone.

"I was about to tell her the truth," says Rock. "But then I decided not to. Instead I said everything was wonderful and that I was sure to have my name in lights, with her as my chief advisor. Then I went on and read to her. Suddenly she began to jerk convulsively and within a few minutes she was dead."

As he sat there, holding the old lady, Rock was glad he had lied to her, that he had made her happy, thinking things were beginning for him. "Just then," he recalls, "the telephone rang. It was Henry. U-I was going to sign me to a contract. Suddenly, I felt strange. I thought of the little old lady on the ground floor and what I had told her. And I wondered."

Rock's life at Universal-International was far from easy. The studio had paid off more than $9,000 invested in him by Willson and Walsh and they were determined to improve on their investment. They felt Rock had the raw material stars

are made of. It was their job to shape him into a box-office figure.

Every morning he reported to the studio at eight and began a day which he later said was harder than driving a truck. As a star student at the studio's drama school he was coached in everything from acting, to fencing; to riding; and literally pummeled, pushed, and punched into shape by Franie Van, the studio's athletic director. If he found Rock slouching, Van would slap him smartly on the back. Van had a one-hundred-dollar bet that he could break Rock's slouch habit. He was determined to win it—and he did.

During this time Rock was considered just another actor in Hollywood. The only magazine cover he appeared on was a comic book. Finally, after a year in which he never appeared before a camera, Rock was again judged "ready" by drama coach Sophie Rosenstein.

He was given bit parts in dozens of films. During four years he appeared in more than thirty-five pictures, and at one time worked for five straight months without a day off. But he loved it. "I asked for work when I signed up," he says. "I got it and it paid off, so I had nothing to complain about."

One of the many pictures he worked on was a Western, and Rock had trouble with his first riding part. Every time the cameras began to roll and he began to ride, his ten-gallon hat fell off. The scene was tried more than half-a-dozen times. And each time it became more and more embarrassing for him.

Rock was mortified and, as often happens, completely unable to do the scene because he was so acutely aware that everyone was watching him. The tension was finally broken when someone among the crowd of watchers started to laugh. It was such an infectious giggle that it broke up everyone, including Rock, who immediately became relaxed.

The giggle came from blonde Betty Abbott, who was the script girl on the picture. When Rock searched her out later he began a friendship which was to continue through most of his early years in Hollywood.

As a bachelor Rock was linked romantically with scores of girls. At first his studio wanted him to date young and better-known stars in the hope that he would make the fan magazines and newspapers. So for a while he dated Vera-Ellen almost exclusively. Their romance was studio-inspired at first, then became more serious, until finally it became a question of whose career would be more important in a marriage. Vera-Ellen didn't want to give up hers and Rock was just starting. They decided to wait.

"We were both serious about marriage for a while, then decided we weren't ready for marriage—yet," says Rock, explaining why the romance ended.

Meanwhile, Rock's career began to gather momentum and he began to be seen in the right places with the right people. One of these was Rocky Cooper, Gary's wife, who needed an escort for an important party. Rock was suggested and escorted Mrs. Cooper to the event on a Friday night. That casual appearance was to have important aftermaths for Rock and was a turning point in his career.

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*Next month, Joe Hyams continues the absorbing inside story of Rock Hudson's rise to stardom, of the numerous women in his life and what they meant to him, and what effects the many events in his fantastic Hollywood experience have had on him. Don't miss Part II of "The Rock Hudson Story" in*

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(*Continued from page* 67)

cloak one's real nature. Not many stars can survive such a test; a few come through with only passing marks.

At the wind-up of "Funny Face" in Paris, not only was the company cheering for Audrey Hepburn in one fervent voice, but most of its male members were a little in love with her. The French crew dug into their faded blue jeans and got a collection to buy her a magnificent bouquet of roses, then proudly went home with autographed pictures of her for each member of their families. "La petite, elle est formidable" ("The little one, she is terrific), one Gallic crewman summed up his fellow workers' sentiments about Audrey.

Simple graciousness and good breeding have always been a part of Audrey Hepburn's nature. But it has been since her marriage to Mel Ferrer, especially, that she has achieved a quiet directness and warmth in her relations with others, with her work and with herself, which is the direct result of the happiness of a woman in love.

Audrey gives of herself and her friendship with caution. A hypersensitive nature, aggravated by her harrowing war experiences, has caused her to shrink shyly from a too casual friendliness. But since her marriage she has learned how to unbend. Although still not a social butterfly, preferring quiet evenings at home with Mel, she can now throw herself into a convivial gathering with zest.

The crew members of "Funny Face" recall, among their most memorable Parisian experiences, the two dinner-dance parties Audrey and Mel gave for them. Audrey, as tireless at festive occasions as she is at work, danced with all the men. When she learned at the first gathering that it was the unit production manager's birthday, she asked the restaurant chef to improvise a birthday cake, and she led the guests, who included Ingrid Bergman, in singing "Happy Birthday."

Her marriage, despite its relaxing effects, has also intensified her taste for seclusion. She needs no outside influences to enhance her happiness when she is alone with Mel. "I've been spending more time being a wife than a star, and I'm very happy about it," she said.

To Audrey, marriage is heaven on earth, and she can't understand the state of bachelorhood at all. "I never really appreciated the joys of being able to share one's precious moments with another person until I was married," she remarked.

Mel, with that exquisite good taste of which he and Audrey both have an abundance, very seldom came to the "Funny Face" set to see her. But it was never very difficult to know when Audrey was expecting him. Always in a bubbling good humor, she was truly radiant on those days.

On one particular day, even the sun decided to cooperate. The Sacre Coeur glistened white and gleaming on the Butte of Montmartre, as the company broke for lunch. Audrey had changed into light cotton slacks and a black high-necked sweater, and her long hair was ribboned into a pony-tail. She sat at a table near the window in the cafe which was serving as the troupe's headquarters. Humming softly under her breath, she kept her eyes glued on the cafe door.

Suddenly, one of those rickety old taxis which are as much a part of the Paris scene as Notre Dame rumbled to a stop in front of the cafe, and Mel disentangled his long legs from within it. Audrey, her face lit up like a Christmas tree, dashed outside.

Mel grinned broadly, greeted her with, "Hi, gal," and drew her toward him, kissing her gently. "Well, how did it go today?" he asked, as he put his arm around her. "Did you get much done?"

Audrey recounted the morning's events with animation, her words tumbling out in her eagerness and pleasure at seeing him. An unknowing onlooker would have thought they had been separated for weeks rather than a few hours. "And you, what have you been doing, darling?" she finished, and looked up at him tenderly.

Mel took her hand and they strolled slowly into the cafe, while he told her of the set of tennis he had played and of the morning's mail. He greeted the rest of the company with a smile and handshakes, and then led Audrey to seats at the film unit's long table.

Audrey surveyed the table, which had already been set for the first course, with a critical eye. Then, beckoning to the waiter, she whispered in his ear.

"What's this?" Mel commented, as the waiter brought another portion of ham.

"You know you don't eat enough," Audrey chided him.

"You're the one who should eat more, not I," Mel answered. "Just think of all the energy you use up with your dancing. Now, come on, eat up," he said in mock authoritative tones.

All during the meal, they grinned at each other and chatted animatedly, or exchanged comments with Stanley Donen and Fred Astaire, who were seated nearby. From time to time, they glanced at each other's plates to see if the food was being properly consumed. When the waiter had cleared the table, Mel took Audrey's hand and held it in his. He didn't let go of it until they had finished their mint tea.

"I have only a half-hour before I must change," Audrey sighed.

"Just time for a stroll," he said.

They walked off, hand in hand, radiating a cloudless happiness that was the envy of all who looked at them.

Back on the set, Mel watched the rehearsal of one scene, and then made a sign to Audrey that he was going. Her face clouded a little, but she respects his wish never to interfere when a scene is being shot.

He bent down and kissed her on the top of her head and took her hand. They walked to the taxi stand.

"Remember, it's Saturday and no work tomorrow, so we're going out to dinner tonight," he reminded her. "What are you going to wear?"

"Oh, gosh, yes," Audrey sighed. "The same old problem. What about the beige dress?" She looked at him questioningly.

"Fine," Mel nodded.

"It's hanging in the closet, darling. Please arrange to have it pressed. And check to see if your blue suit needs brushing and pressing," Audrey added. She bent over Mel, by now in the taxi, and kissed him on the cheek.

Then, with a last wave of the hand, he was gone. For a moment she gazed after the car, fast disappearing into Paris traffic, then walked slowly back to the set.

Audrey and Mel were drawn together by their mutual love of the theatre. Neither one of them can detail the exact moment their friendship turned into love. "After a while, we both just took it for granted that we would marry," said Audrey. The natural transition from realization of their love into marriage explains the fact that Audrey has no engagement ring, only a plain wedding band. "I was never engaged," she says. "Just married."

The Ferrers' personal, as well as professional, interests dovetail neatly. Both highly cultured, sensitive, and intelligent individuals, they find enjoyment in the same pursuits, and each has learned to like the other's hobbies.

Having begun his career as a dancer himself, Mel shares Audrey's fondness for ballet as well as, of course, the theatre. Audrey has learned the finer points of jazz from Mel, who is a fervent jazz enthusiast. Their portable record player and records are always a part of their baggage.

Audrey's interest in fashion has influenced Mel to the point that he accompanies her to Givenchy showings and helps to choose her clothes.

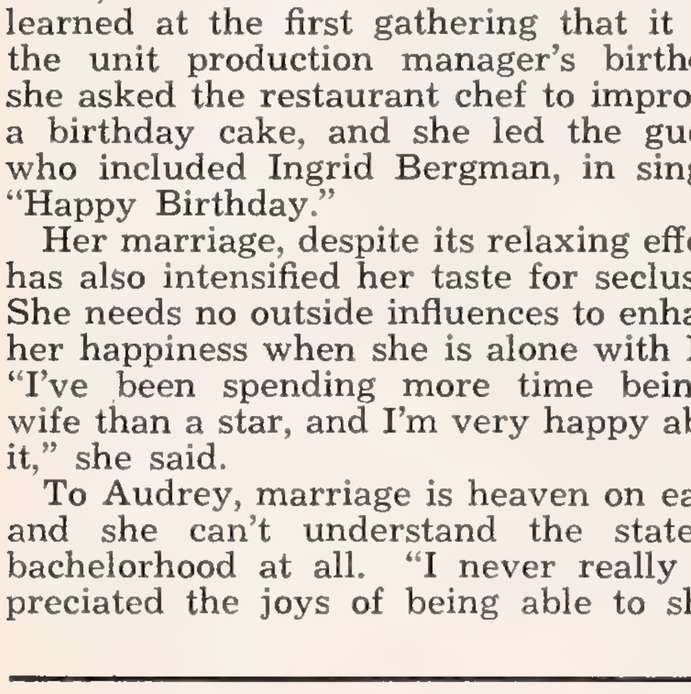
Mel's zest for sports has rubbed off a little on Audrey, and she has proved an apt pupil in tennis and golf.

Both accomplished linguists, they enjoy good literature and stimulating conversation in any country in which they may find themselves.

With only three released pictures, "Roman Holiday," "Sabrina," and "War and Peace," Audrey Hepburn has entered the halls of screenland immortality. The doors through which she had to pass were heavy. But they swung open before her as if by magic.

Only it wasn't magic that did it. The


# DID HIS KISSES MEAN LOVE?



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"Here on this hilltop I dreamed—only to have my dreams torn to shreds." Read "Forsaken" in February TRUE STORY magazine, now at all newsstands.

only sorcery involved was Audrey's own personal charm, which first startled and then bewitched today's generation of moviegoers, case-hardened to a less discreet school of beauty. Audrey's formula for success was a concoction of hard work, a strong will, and a fund of natural talents. There was a generous portion of luck, too, but even if the famed French writer Colette had not found "this treasure on the sands," as she described Audrey, in Monte Carlo and sent her to New York to create the American version of her "Gigi," Destiny would surely have unveiled Miss Hepburn in another guise.

The story of Audrey's war-shattered childhood is a familiar one. After the Germans occupied Arnheim, in the Netherlands, where she and her mother were living, and closed the dance conservatory at which Audrey had been studying, she installed a dance bar in an empty room of their home. At an age when most girls are tripping over the polished floor at a school prom, Audrey was giving ballet lessons to youngsters not much younger than herself.

With the few pounds which was the maximum allowed by the post-war Dutch government, Audrey and her mother got to London. The first showman to fall under the spell of Audrey's magic personality was the dance director of the London musical production of "High Button Shoes," who chose her out of three thousand candidates for one of the coveted spots in the front-line chorus. Another musical, "Sauce Piquante," brought her to the attention of British film producer Mario Zampi.

The roles that followed were small, but they brought her closer to that bright, sunlit afternoon in the lobby of Monte Carlo's Hotel de Paris, when novelist Colette, after watching Audrey intently from the wheelchair she rarely left, cried, "I've found my *Gigi!*"

And Audrey had found her future.

"Funny Face" is a natural crystallization of Audrey's girlhood ambitions and training. Not only does she dance in one solo star number, as well as together with Fred Astaire and Kay Thompson, but she sings.

Fred Astaire, who has had some fine dancing partners in his career, calls Audrey "a show business phenomenon." Says he, "She can do anything and do it with spirit and verve. She's a wonderful artist."

Gene Loring, choreographer on the picture, insists Audrey could have become an exceptionally fine ballerina. "She endows every movement with quality and lyrical expression," he states.

"Funny Face" employs the title of a musical Astaire did on Broadway in 1927, incorporates some old Gershwin songs and some new ones composed by Roger Edens, and has a story inspired by the true-life experiences of fashion photographer Dick Avedon. It recounts a photographer's search for a model who embodies elegance, grace, distinction and intelligence. He unearths her, trains her, and falls in love with her.

Famed Paris designer Hubert de Givenchy, who sketched all Audrey's dresses for "Funny Face" and who designs her personal wardrobe, calls her "the perfect model." Says he, "I'm always inspired by Miss Hepburn when I look for my own mannequins. She has the ideal face and figure, with her long, slim body and swan-like neck. It's a real pleasure to make clothes for her."

Audrey's fashion sense is also lauded by Gladys de Segonzac, "Funny Face" wardrobe supervisor. "Audrey can wear anything, with taste and dignity. And her patience in fittings is extraordinary. She can stand for hours at a time, never fidgets, never squirms. You know how tired


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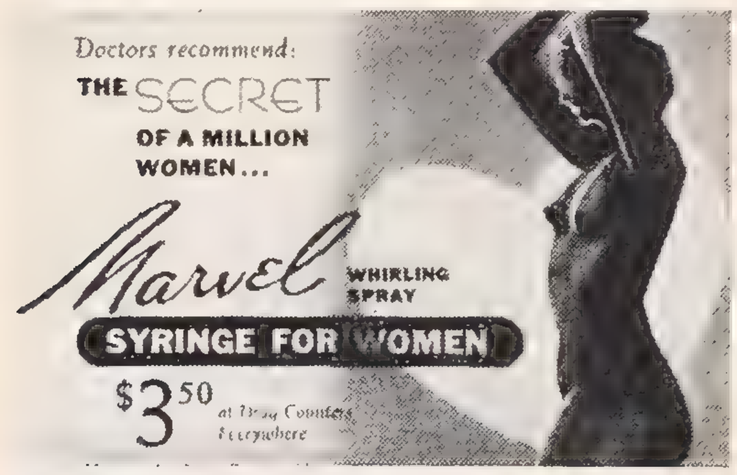
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she must be, but she never mentions it. She makes her changes with amazing rapidity, with never a wasted motion."

Starring in a musical film is, of course, something entirely new for Audrey. Mel had been urging her to do it for some time. "And so," she sighed, "I suppose this will start all those stories again about Mel directing my career. Of course, he occasionally gives me advice, as does every husband, but I always make the final decision myself." Audrey's delicately-pointed chin tilted defiantly. "I, too, felt that I needed something light and gay to follow my serious role in 'War and Peace'," she continued, "but in my wildest dreams, I never thought I'd have a chance to play opposite Fred Astaire."

"I was in on the first discussions," Mel said. "After that, I stayed out of it. I said to Audrey, 'I don't want to influence you,' and I walked into the other room. Audrey usually takes about three days to read and consider a script. This one she finished in two hours. She burst into the room where I was working and cried, 'This is it! I don't sing well enough, and I'm not a good enough dancer, but, oh, if I can only do this with Fred Astaire!'"

Audrey's passion for perfection tolerates no partial measures. Despite her background in the dance, she attended a ballet school in Paris every day for three months, preparing for "Funny Face."

It was Paris' coldest winter in years. The unheated studio registered sub-zero. The ballet master usually wore three sweaters; the accompanist wore woollen gloves and a heavy coat.

Audrey would arrive scantily clothed in the ballerina's traditional black garb, and enthusiastically begin her work at the bar. She asked for no star treatment. Like all ballet students, she addressed her professor as "Monsieur," and to him she was "Audrey," like any of his other pupils. The only indication of her fame was the nightly inspection of the street outside to see if the coast was clear of photographers.

This same ballet instructor, Monsieur Legrand, had occasion to judge Audrey on qualities other than her ballet skill, particularly her sense of loyalty to those she likes. On her way to the studio one day, Audrey was accosted in the corridor by a dancer who is known for her caustic tongue. "Why do you study with Legrand?" the girl asked Audrey. "I know a much better teacher."

Audrey said nothing. After all, the dancer may have had good reasons for her opinion. But on getting to the Legrand studio Audrey learned that the dancer had never seen him work, and, as a matter of fact, had never set foot in his studio. Her remarks stemmed from pure pettiness.

Audrey was infuriated. She dashed back to the hallway to find the woman and tell her exactly what she thought of her. But she had left. Otherwise, she would have discovered how Audrey's normal composure can melt at any evidence of injustice or prejudice, especially toward a friend or associate.

Audrey is as fierce and intense in her personal relationships as in her work. She is deeply attached to her mother, who lives in London and who often visits Audrey and Mel. Baroness van Heemstra came to Paris several times during the shooting of "Funny Face." Her daughter's attachment for her mother is mingled with admiration and respect for the Baroness' great capabilities and her guidance.

Besides Mel, Audrey adores cottage cheese, milk and other dairy foods of which she had been deprived in her formative years. One of her most vivid memories of the Liberation is the seven chocolate bars given her by an English soldier. She ate them all at once, quickly, and was violently ill.

Audrey's obsession for security is another leftover from her turbulent youth, when she witnessed the plunder of her family's fortune by the Nazis. She has invested her earnings in such a way that she can't touch them except in a case of extreme emergency.

"Then if I should ever get sick and can no longer work, or if I decide to retire and raise a family, I won't have to worry about money. And I know that my mother will always be taken care of," Audrey said soberly, as she lit a cigarette. She smokes only moderately. Mel doesn't smoke at all, and neither of them drinks.

Although wrapped up in her career, Audrey will never become a slave to her artistic pursuits at the cost of her marriage. "We've been rather crafty about arranging our schedules so as to stay together," she laughed. When Audrey laughs, she appears to be about fifteen years old.

Their first separation of more than two days since their marriage took place last fall, when they accepted their first commitments to make separate movies. Even then, the work took them no farther apart than different sections of the same country, France. Perhaps future necessities will require wider separations, but when we spoke to her Audrey didn't want to think about the terrible loneliness she will feel during Mel's absences. Although equipped with a fund of resources within herself, Audrey dreads solitude; and happiness, centered on one person, has become a habit. But an hour's flight will

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bring them together from wherever they may be, and their love will keep them together in spirit, no matter how far apart, and no matter what the gossips may say about them.

In the meantime, Audrey will go on doing such things as lending her sheepskin-lined ski jacket to the young assistant dance director of "Funny Face," as protection against the rigors of a French winter on location, while Audrey herself went through her outdoor routines, in the flimsy costumes of her part, without a quiver. And in such manner she will go on winning the hearts of her associates, big and small. As one French crew member was inspired to comment, "I think we should all work in our shirt sleeves. She's cold; why shouldn't we be?"

Audrey would have blushed with pleasure and incredulity had she heard her fellow workers' heartfelt opinions of her. Success has not hardened her into an indifferent acceptance of kind words.

Her modesty is most apparent when she discusses her work. "I often feel so inadequate," she said. "There is so much more I have to learn about my craft. I want so badly to be a really fine actress."

Destiny has lighted the path and directed Audrey's steps to the top. She is not the type to sit around and wait in idle hope for a further helping hand. THE END

GO SEE: Audrey Hepburn in Paramount's "Funny Face" and Mel Ferrer in Warner Brothers' "The Night Does Strange Things."

## Exclusively Yours

(*Continued from page* 63)

This Hollywood story will surely have a happy ending. Of certain others, I'm not so sure.

### *Somewhere I'll Find You*

There seems little doubt that Ava Gardner will marry Walter Chiari, her new and, perhaps, real love. When he introduced Ava to his mother, Signora Annichiarico in Milan, that was proof enough. In Italy, that is a sure sign. I first learned about them many months ago—weeks before the silly rumor about her and Rubirosa. She was in Paris, trying on clothes at Dior's, and Walter was at her side every night. The story only leaked out when he got a role in the picture, "The Little Hut" (thanks to her intervention). As everyone certainly knows, Chiari, one of Italy's brightest comic stars, used to be madly in love with Lucia Bose, who married Ava's former love, Luis Dominguin. Walter's hold on Ava, it is said, is based on his ability to make her laugh. Chiari is a lean, lanky clown with lots of charm; in fact, he undoubtedly reminds her of Sinatra, whom he adores to imitate, just for Ava's pleasure. They now travel about quite openly together, and they share the same bodyguard, a husky ex-carabinier. Incidentally, also. Walter dated Ava several years ago in Rome, but only for a short time, during one of her frequent "mads" with Sinatra. After Bose married Dominguin, and before he found Ava again, Walter dated Elsa Martinelli steadily. They were even rumored secretly married.

### *Slow: Danger Ahead*

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***Tony Franciosa (right above, with Patricia Neal and director Elia Kazan) came up the hard way, but Radie Harris predicts he'll have it easy from here on in***

"Raintree County" and added millions of dollars to its cost.

What is this problem that is tugging at his emotions, leaving him tired and spent at the ripe old age of thirty-six? Is it a frustrated love for Elizabeth Taylor, as has been hinted out loud in many gossip columns? Definitely not! His relationship with Liz was simply one of great camaraderie. The truth is that, for some strange reason, Monty has always been attracted to older women.

Perhaps it began when, at the impressionable age of twenty, he played his first important Broadway role with Lynn Fontanne in "There Shall Be No Night." What ingenue his own age could be as exciting, stimulating and glamorous as this First Lady of the theatre? It's pure guesswork on my part, but I should think his interest in older women is conditioned by this early worship of Miss Fontanne. Later, when Monty could have had his pick of the most beautiful women in the world, his favorite companion was a plain-looking, unglamorous woman, also his senior by quite a few years, named Mira Rostova, who was also his dramatic coach. This attachment lasted for several years.

The next woman to become important to Monty was Libby Holman. For several years she has been—and is—the dominating influence in his life. Back in 1929, when her rich, throaty voice sang "Moanin' Low" to Clifton Webb in "The Little Show," she was the toast of Broadway. She started her career in 1924, exactly four years after Monty was born, which should give you a rough idea of the wide divergence in their ages. Near-sighted, she wears glasses all the time—and, night or day, they are dark lenses. Though Libby is middle-aged, she has the pencil-slim figure of youth. And though she seems serene, her life has been marked by such violent tragedy that it almost seems as if she had been cursed by some malevolent enemy.

Her first husband was shot shortly after their marriage. Whether it was murder or an accident has never been solved to this day, and a movie, "Written on the Wind," has been built around the mystery. The death of her young husband made Libby a fabulously rich widow. It also left her with a fatherless son who was her whole life until she met tall, blond and handsome film star Phillips Holmes—who, by the way, looked remarkably like Monty. They were inseparable and divinely happy. Then came the war. Phillips enlisted in the Air Corps and was killed in a plane crash. His young brother, Ralph, darkly handsome in contrast to Phil's blond good looks, wooed and won Libby. This marriage, too, was destined for a shocking final curtain when Ralph committed suicide. Is it significant or merely coincidental that Libby's three great loves were younger than she, just as Monty is today? She never married again. She lavished all her love on her only son. Then, in the summer of 1950, when he was eighteen, Chris Reynolds went to California to try and scale Mount Whitney. He lost his footing and crashed down the icy slopes to his death.

It is this woman, who has survived personal tragedies any one of which would have "undone" anyone else, who is now trying to help Monty get through the emotional conflict that has been tugging at him for the past year. When he had his motor crash, it was she who rushed to the Coast to help nurse him back to health. During the trying days on location for "Raintree County," when Monty's nerves seemed at the breaking point, his studio sent for Libby. Her arrival for a ten-day visit calmed him down like a tranquilizer. Her magnificent estate in Greenwich, Connecticut, is his home between pictures. Hers seems to be the "mother love" he desperately needs and he, in turn, is the four "sons" she has lost.

Is this relationship the basis for Monty's emotional torment? Is he trying to escape an inner voice that tells him to break away, and to try to find his personal happiness with a wife, nearer his own age, who can build a future for him and their children? Or is he listening to another voice that assures him the pattern of Libby's appeal for him was set long ago and that it is useless to fight it? Whatever answer he accepts can bring him at least a modicum of peace, and his friends are hoping he will accept one or the other—now, before it is forever too late and a brilliant talent is destroyed.

### *Reunion in London*

The night before I left London, I dined with one of my dearest and oldest friends—Ty Power. There were just the two of us, and I didn't know whether to be flattered or insulted that his newest romance, Mai Zetterling, trusted me alone with him! Seriously, though, this "new" romance is liable to be old hat by the time this reaches print, because Ty is thoroughly enjoying being the most eligible bachelor in London, and he refuses to be caught

in the "tender trap" again—at least for quite a while.

I couldn't help wondering whether ex-wife Linda Christian now realizes, when it is much too late, that she never had it so good as when she was Mrs. Tyrone Power. Ironically enough, she is still very much in love with Ty and can't stand the man she broke up two homes for, Edmund Purdom. And, by the way, I wonder what's happened to Purdom? He had a great chance when he went to Hollywood, but it's extremely doubtful that he'll ever be welcomed back there.

### *European Merry-Go-Round*

Jean Pierre Aumont won't be in France when his new play, "The Very Happy Angel," has its premiere in Nice, on Christmas Eve, as he will be filming in Hollywood. . . . Olivia de Havilland and her husband, Pierre Galante, have bought a three-story house in Paris' Bois de Boulogne section. . . . On her birthday, Rita Hayworth received a lovely set of diamond clips from daughter Yasmin. But, of course, it was really Yasmin's father, Aly Khan, who went to the jeweler's, picked it out, and paid for it. Rita, now living in Paris, admits she will have a hard time tearing herself away to return to Hollywood for "Pal Joey." She is negotiating to make a picture in Paris nine months from now.

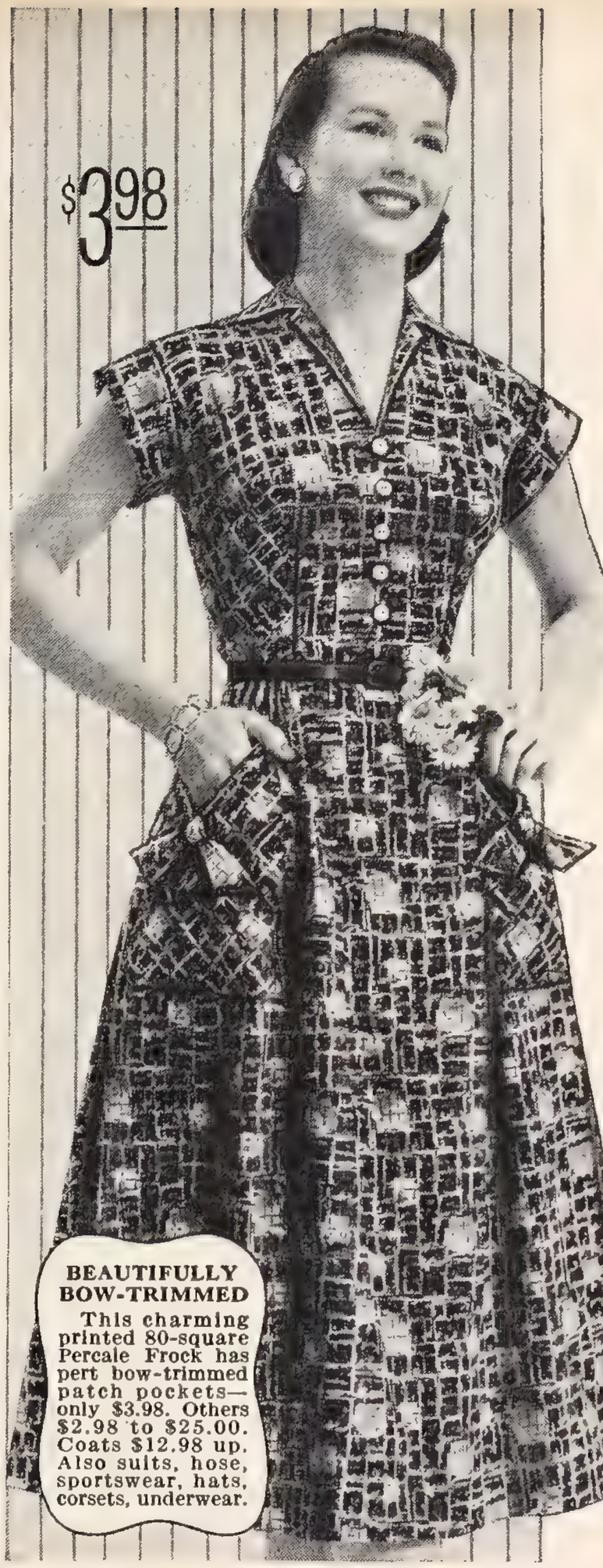
### *Keep Your Eye On*

. . . Tony Franciosa, who will be seen in Elia Kazan's "Face in the Crowd," which Warner Brothers will release at Easter time. A product of the Actors' Studio, Tony is the virile type who looks as if he came up the hard way—and he has, holding down every sort of job from welder to busboy in a Beverly Hills cafeteria. He was born in New York, but the theatre never interested him, and he didn't even see his first play until a year after he had begun studying acting. He appeared in two Broadway plays, "Wedding Breakfast" and "A Hatful of Rain," and then Hal Wallis tagged him for Hollywood. He's now on the Coast making "This Could Be the Night" for Metro, with Jean Simmons, and we predict this young actor will zoom to stardom, fast. He's never been married, and is still in bachelor circulation—a situation that Shelley Winters has been trying to remedy ever since they played opposite each other in "Hatful" and continued their love scenes after the curtain rang down! But Tony's strictly a career man, and it's paying off.

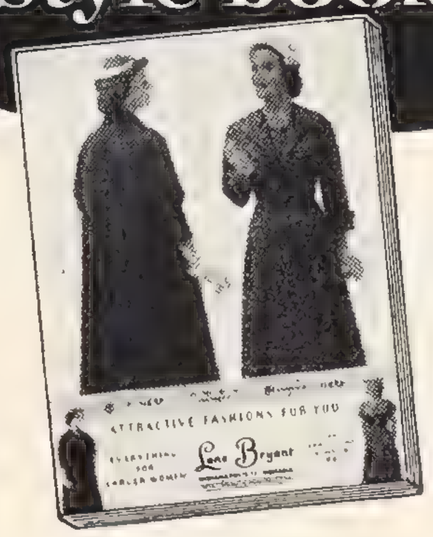
### *Bighearted Man*

It could only happen to Vic Mature. Two evening dresses were missing from a stack which had been used to make a short to plug Vic's new film, "Zarak," and the Warwick Films company was questioning everyone who had been present at the filming of the short. Everyone, that is, except Vic. It seems that Mature overheard two chorus girls sigh over the dresses and lament how they would like to wear them to a ball they were going to. Mature very generously said, "The dresses are yours. Take them." So, of course, they did take them. After a few days, they heard about the fuss, packed the dresses in a suitcase and left them at Vic's apartment. It seems he just wanted to make a gallant gesture, but forgot to ask the owner's permission. THE END

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# How to Have a Love Affair

(*Continued from page* 52)

London town house, located almost within the shadows of Buckingham Palace. The room bore the unmistakable signs of a woman's touch, a woman's occupancy—the richness of the pale blue drapery fabrics at the tall windows, the flowers atop the mahogany piano, the delicate Venetian glass and crystal that graced table tops and mantel. The woman who was responsible for these touches, however, was nowhere in sight. Rossano Brazzi lounged back in a deeply upholstered black leather chair. He wore a dark red smoking jacket and black patent leather slippers. He sipped at a Scotch and soda in the manner of a "Man of Distinction." He inhaled long and deeply on a strong French cigarette—and they are, by the way, the strongest in the world. He was the picture of a true sophisticate, handsome and debonair.

He also looked happy, contented, at ease. And he was.

"Please understand me," he said, with a trace of anxiety in his low, deep-timbred voice, leaning forward and looking very sincere, "I am not advocating the double standard. I am not suggesting that married men should flirt. I am only saying that *if* a man flirts, he should not permit his wife to be hurt by his foolishness. Take me, for example. I love my wife. We have been happily married for seventeen years. But," he set his drink down with a gesture of vehemence, and a note of defiance crept into his voice, "why should I not have the pleasure of looking admiringly at another woman—even, on occasion, of taking her to dinner? Should such a simple thing bring on tears? Recriminations? Should it send my wife rushing to the divorce court? Should it ruin our happiness?" He answered his own questions with, "Nonsense!"

I agreed. However, didn't his attitude, while sensible in theory, require a certain amount of trust and understanding on the part of the wife? Any wife?

Rossano nodded. "But," he went on, "actually, I do not believe it is the harmless little flirtation itself to which the wife objects. It is the way in which it is handled. You see, as I said before, the important thing is to handle it all in such a way that no one is hurt. How does a husband take some other woman out to dinner without hurting his wife? Why, by being careful to see to it that she does not know about it."

And if his wife should happen to ask where her husband was until eleven o'clock that particular night?

"Ah, but that is just it. She *doesn't* ask. At least," and a fond, warm look came over his handsome Latin face, "my wife doesn't. My wife is a wise woman. A very wise woman. For instance—"

He leaned back, stretched his legs out in front of him, and lit a new cigarette with a small gold monogrammed lighter. His every gesture was charming, smooth, dramatic. Almost too smooth, too dramatic. Did he really mean these things he was saying, or was he kidding? It didn't really matter. They still made good listening.

"First of all," Rossano continued, "let us suppose Lidia, my wife, expects me home for dinner at seven o'clock. Let us also suppose that somewhere in the course of the day, I have met a woman who intrigues me—who, for any one of a half-dozen reasons, I would like to know better. I ask her to dine with me. She promptly says, 'But you're married.' I promptly answer, 'But of course I am married.' She then says—and you would be amazed how consistent women are in their replies to these things!— 'Then how can you have dinner with me?' My reply is always the same. 'My dear,' I assure this young woman, 'I did not ask you to marry me. I merely asked you to dine with me this evening.'"

It was now my turn to lean forward. "And then?"

"And then," smiled Brazzi, looking like a cat who has eaten a particularly tempting canary, "I call Lidia. I am careful to call her in plenty of time so that I am not ruining a meal which she has gone to particular pains to prepare. I am very polite, naturally. And regretful; also naturally. I casually mention a script conference, a rehearsal. I tell her exactly what time I shall be home—and I am always home within half an hour of that time."

But if this charming little flirtation is to remain charming, if it is to remain in the memory of both as a delightful interlude, everything must be carefully planned and nothing left to chance. Where, for instance, will they go for dinner?

"Someplace out of doors, if the weather is nice. In Rome," he sighed, remembering, "the weather is almost always nice. Blue skies, whitewashed buildings, a little restaurant atop a hill, perhaps one overlooking the Mediterranean. At such a place," he said, "there is almost no possibility of encountering someone I know who might later tell my wife and, of course, make quite a story out of something that is not at all important unless someone chooses to make it so."

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Rossano returned to his drink. He sipped it thoughtfully. "There are many ways of handling these situations, but the best rule always is, quite simply, to use good taste."

Again I had to mention that it seemed to me these arrangements always required cooperation. Granted, Rossano's wife was most cooperative in not asking questions. Now supposing this young woman, with whom he wanted nothing more than a pleasant evening of talk, should impulsively lean forward, as he was bidding her good night, and leave a smudge of lipstick on his collar? There have even been times, I mentioned, when women have been known to do such things quite deliberately, in order to disturb exactly the kind of happy and understanding marriage which Rossano Brazzi unquestionably enjoys with his Lidia.

Rossano put down his glass with a clatter. He looked at me angrily, as though *I* had been guilty of such a breach of romantic ethics.

"A man is a fool to get himself into such an untidy situation! Lipstick on a handkerchief? Throw the confounded thing away. Lipstick on a collar? I carry an extra shirt with me at all times. Sometimes, quite innocently, finishing up a love scene with a leading lady or some-

thing, she leaves such a smudge on my collar. I change my shirt. If necessary, I would throw away the shirt. I would never come home to my wife with powder on my collar or a blonde hair on my lapel." Instinctively, he reached up and brushed his lapel on this last remark.

"And if your wife *should* ask you, when you get home, whether you had been out with another woman?"

Brazzi's eyebrows shot up abruptly. "Lidia would not dream of doing such a thing. A clever wife—and my wife is very clever—does not ask her husband if he has been seeing some other woman. She might *think* it, but until he tells her so, she doesn't know it. If she does not ask, he cannot tell her. A wife must trust her husband implicitly, and he must know that she does."

Trust, Brazzi declared gravely and seriously, is the most binding and enduring quality in any marriage. "The very first minute a woman starts doubting her mate, the union is over. And jealousy!" Rossano threw up his hands. "Jealousy can kill a marriage in one blow. But always remember, it takes two to start jealousy." He leaned back, looking very wise. "A sensible husband never gives his wife a reason to be jealous."

To illustrate his point, Rossano described a typical evening out with his wife. He and Lidia might be dining at a smart restaurant. Perhaps there is a striking, magnificently dressed beauty at the next table. Brazzi sees her—out of the corner of his eye—but that's all! At all times, he shows the utmost consideration for his wife. He never, *never* smirks and remarks, "Boy, what a gorgeous dish!"

He raised a forefinger. "That," he declared, "is where my wife is clever. She is the first one to draw my attention to the attractive woman. *She* is the first one to comment, 'Isn't she lovely!'" Rossano shrugged. "What can a man say then?"

Rossano said that he met Lidia when they both were sixteen, attending the same school in Florence. At twenty-one, they were married. Rossano studied law and began practicing in Rome. Then one summer he appeared in an amateur theatrical production, a film producer noticed him and signed him to a movie contract, and he has been an actor ever since.

"Suddenly, I was thrust into a business where I saw dozens of exciting women all around me. Naturally, like any red-blooded Latin, I was tempted. But Lidia is not, somehow, the kind of wife to whom one is unfaithful. She is too intelligent, too understanding. By giving me the little freedoms she keeps me happy, content. And I think if I were to start my life over again and marry again, I would still choose Lidia."

Why?

"Because Lidia is the perfect wife," Brazzi answered promptly. "She manages the home beautifully. My breakfast is ready on time. My shirts, ties, suits are always clean and in order. She takes down my telephone messages, reads my scripts with me, discusses contracts. She praises me only when I deserve it. She never gushes. She's real. She's honest."

We began comparing the average Italian wife to her American counterpart. We discussed a fact Rossano had brought up earlier, that there are so many more divorces in America than in any country in Europe. Brazzi thought this was partly because American husbands and wives, though they loved each other very much, didn't respect one another as European husbands and wives do.

"That is," he said, "they do not respect one another's right to privacy, to having a little part of themselves that belongs to





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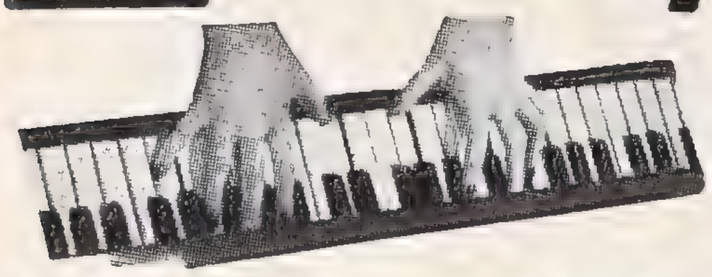
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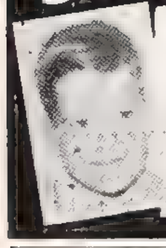
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no one else. A little room, shall we say, marked, 'No admittance.'"

On the other hand, Rossano said he was sympathetic toward American marital troubles, because he feels the United States, compared with Italy, is still an infant nation. "We've had centuries of experience," he philosophized. "Italian men and women are born with a talent to cope with these problems."

But doesn't Lidia ever phone to say *she* won't be home for dinner? That she's playing bridge, say, or its Italian equivalent, as American wives sometimes do?

"Never!" replied Rossano emphatically. "Oh, she may do those things during the day—by the hour, in fact—but she's home in time to prepare a good dinner. The house is always in order. Fresh flowers are on the table. When I walk in, I have the feeling she's waiting for me. That's one of the most important things in marriage—to know that someone is waiting."

There are other things, too, in the Brazzi match which make it a happy union—in spite of what Rossano insists on confessing is a slightly roving eye. Money, for example. Rossano said his wife never has to ask him for enough cash to get through the day. They have a joint bank account, and Lidia writes a check whenever she needs to. He spends what he likes. "I make the money," he declared. "But it's *ours*."

And then there is thoughtfulness. If Lidia has stitched up a new slipcover for a chair, Rossano notices it as soon as he enters the room. He remarks about the slipcover, praises his wife, gives her a big hug for making his home more attractive.

"Anniversaries and birthdays are not forgotten, either," Rossano smiled. "As a matter of fact, we celebrate our wedding anniversary for a whole week. One night, we have a big party at our house. The next night, we may go to the theatre. The third night, we go to a friend's home. And finally, on the last night, we have our own private celebration just by ourselves." In spite of seventeen years of married life, Rossano said he and Lidia seem to have retained the same romantic feelings they had for one another the first day they met.

"Above all," Rossano admitted with a somewhat sheepish grin, "when a man feels he is free to flirt, it is surprising how much of the fun is taken out of it!"

Drawing on his own experience for an example of this, he told about his trip to the United States a couple of years ago. "The studio asked me to go over to make personal appearances, publicizing 'Summertime,'" he recalled. "They wanted me to come alone, feeling I'd make a more romantic impression without my wife."

Rossano said he discussed the proposed jaunt with Lidia, and she very wisely left the decision up to him. "I decided to make the trip," the actor continued. "Of course, in the back of my head, I was thinking, 'Oh, this is going to be great! Traveling all around—free—a bachelor.'"

Full of anticipation, a gleam in his eye and a selection of natty new suits in his trunk, Rossano boarded a liner for New York. He was going to have himself a ball! Well, it all started out fine. Every afternoon, he sipped cocktails with the loveliest ladies on shipboard. Every evening, he dined and danced with a different beauty. He was the charming, beguiling Latin lover, the darling of the female passenger list, the romantic Rossano Brazzi, who left each girl palpitating and breathless. But what happened to Rossano?

"A week later," he declared, "I arrived in New York. Do you know what?" He sighed heavily. "I was homesick! I missed Lidia so terribly much, I started phoning her every night."

And then, like the well-trained actor responding to a cue, Rossano asked if I'd like to meet Lidia. I instantly said, "By all means, yes!"

He opened the living room door and called upstairs. A pleasant, easy feminine voice called down in Italian to say that she wasn't properly dressed. Her husband assured her it didn't matter. This was a friend, and female. In a minute, Lidia appeared, pink and plump and bubbly, in a frothy, lacy negligee. I explained that we'd been discussing her marriage. Naturally, I didn't want to leave without meeting her. She beamed happily at her husband.

"We have a wonderful life," she declared. You could tell at once by her calmness and by her smile that here was a wife who understood her husband thoroughly and enjoyed him thoroughly.

"Mrs. Brazzi, how do you feel about his leading women? Are you ever jealous, say, of your husband's love scenes with them?"

"Nonsense!" said Lidia, much as her husband had said half an hour before. "I love his leading women. Rossano is working now with Joan Crawford in 'The Golden Virgin.' Miss Crawford is sweet and intelligent. I admire her greatly."


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The next question was such a bold one, I all but trembled when I asked it. "What would you do if you ever found out there was another woman in your husband's life?"

The room was abruptly filled with peal after peal of resounding laughter. "Another woman? Ridiculous!" Lidia was rocking with merriment. "Oh, he looks! What Italian doesn't? But anything serious?" She was still holding her sides. "Oh, no—not Rossano! When a man is happy at home, he stays there. And Rossano is happy—very happy."

"Then your marriage has been successful?"

"The best!" said Lidia, her hands in the air in a typical Italian gesture. "We are —how you say?—compatible. We have fun. Rossano brings home little presents to surprise me. I cook his favorite dishes. In our apartment in Rome, we are always planning parties. We go motoring in Italy —all over. We enjoy doing everything together."

Rossano was looking a little wistful. "I would hate to think what life would be without my wife," he declared, his voice strangely low. "We have grown together. You might almost say, grown up, together."

"Then there never could be a separation or divorce for the Brazzis?"

Rossano shook his head, not only to make a negative gesture, but to indicate his wonderment, his puzzlement at such a question. "You Americans," he said, "you do not understand love. Maybe, once in a while, I flirt. Maybe, even," with a wink in her direction, "Lidia flirts. What has this to do with a happy marriage? Divorce? Never!"

Rossano drained the last of his drink, as though to toast his pledge—and the woman he married who still acts like a bride. An aromatic scent of tomato sauce and garlic came floating through the living room. I mentioned something about dinnertime and said I'd better be leaving.

Rossano Brazzi saw me to the door. "I'd like to ask you something," he said, speaking quickly and quietly. "My studio wants me to come to America on a personal appearance tour for the new picture. Do you think I should go?"

"Without Lidia?"

Rossano nodded. Then he caught my thought, and the hopeful look slowly faded from his face. "You are right," he said, resigning himself to it once more. "It wouldn't really be any fun without Lidia. Married men," he said, "they never learn!"

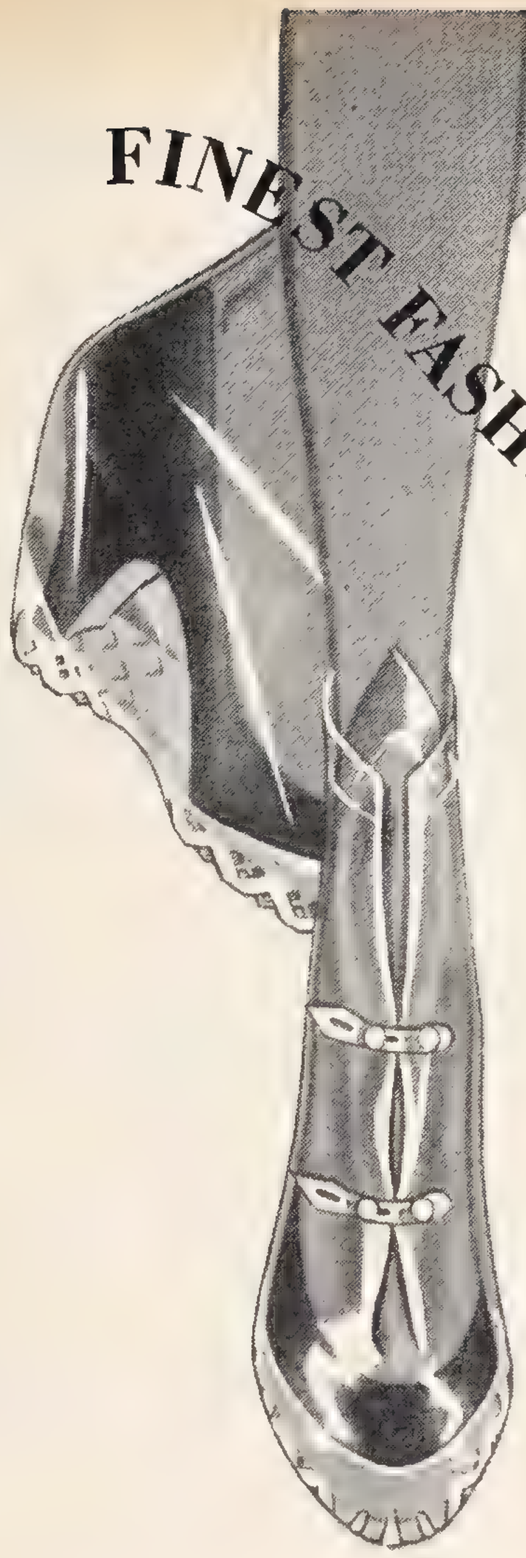
We shook hands. The door closed softly behind me and I walked out into the gray, penetrating London fog. Oddly, I felt lonely, for no special reason. It had something to do with the smell of dinner cooking, with a woman's warm, rich, happy laughter, with a feeling I had that, behind that closed door, two people in love had already gone into one another's arms. I somehow knew that at this moment Rossano would be kissing his wife tenderly, laughing softly down into her upturned, worshiping face.

People have said, "How can a woman like Lidia, who is charming, yes, but who makes no effort to be svelte or stylish, continue to hold the love of a man like Brazzi—a man who, as an actor, is constantly exposed to some of the most beautiful women in the world?"

I knew. Lidia knew. She is always there, waiting for him, and he knew it. And, "When a man is happy at home, he stays there."

Maybe men never learn. But women do. I did. THE END

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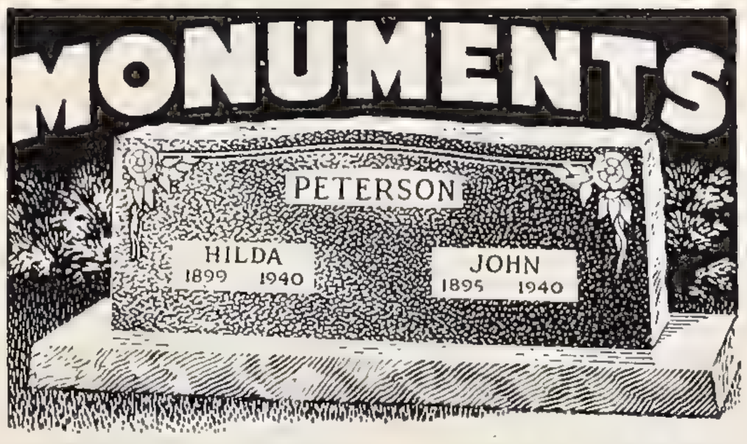
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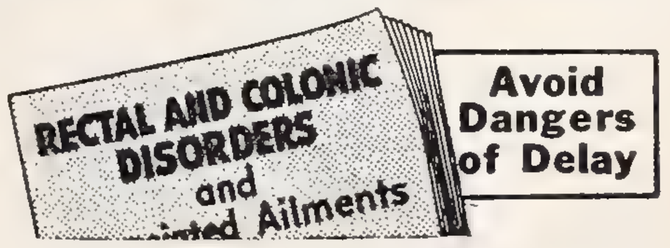
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# "Look, Kid, How Stupid Can You Be?"

(*Continued from page* 49)

the world that I had a prison record. And when I become a father, I'll have to pay again someday, because I'll have to tell my child the truth about my life, before somebody else does. Children can be cruel, and it's entirely possible that some child may say, with unintentional cruelty, "Your father was a jailbird." I don't want my child to be hurt for something I did any more than is absolutely necessary.

My child will have to hear it, but I want him to hear it from me. The toughest part is going to be trying to explain to him why I did the things that landed me in jail. At the time, like any lonely, underprivileged kid, I had a grudge against the world. I was going to get away with all I could. Why not?

My father left home when I was a year old. My mother, a beautiful young woman, had to work as a waitress on a split shift in order to support herself and me. I lived with my mother, uncle and grandfather in Santa Cruz, a small town in the foothills of California.

Sometimes my mother was away during the daytime, sometimes at night. She did the best she could, under the circumstances. But she had so many problems of her own. I never felt I could worry her with mine. Nor did I have much of a companionship with my uncle and grandfather. They lived in a mental world that was far different from mine, one I didn't understand and which therefore didn't interest me.

Like many kids who get into trouble, I was a lone wolf. I seldom associated with the other children in school or elsewhere.

I got used to being alone. When my folks had company, they'd give me some money to go out and have dinner. I used to go to the local Chinese restaurant and eat there. After that, I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I knew I was supposed to keep out of the way at home, so I would look for things to do on the street to fill the time.

I've often heard the teen-age children of friends of mine complain about parental supervision. They say, rebelliously, "My mother makes me get home by 11 o'clock every night—even earlier on a school night! It's ridiculous! I feel like a dope when I have to explain to the other kids. Or even worse, to my date!"

That was a problem I never had. Maybe I would have rebelled, too, but I still wish I could make those kids see how wonderful it is to have someone at home who cares deeply about what happens to them. It's the kids whose parents are too busy or too tired to care when—or even whether—they come home, who get into trouble. In a way, you can't really blame these kids. As I did, they start looking for some way to forget their loneliness, for excitement. Sometimes they find that excitement by learning to steal.

I began to steal things when I was just a youngster. I stole only little things, but it gave me the thrill I needed. I was getting away with something—or so I thought. Actually, the punishment was there, just waiting to catch up with me.

I didn't dare bring the stolen money or things home, for my mother would have raised the roof, and probably would have called the cops. So I also got into the habit of staying away from home more and more. Sometimes, without saying a word to anyone, I would run away from home and go up into the Santa Cruz mountains by myself. While other kids were closed up in school rooms, I was hunting for rabbits and fishing for trout.

Those other kids were dumb; I was smart, or so I thought. I didn't mind too much the licking I got when I'd finally return home. I felt it was a small price to pay for all that fun. When I returned to school, I had to bring a note from my mother explaining why I'd been absent. I didn't have the courage to tell my teachers the truth, and my mother, wanting me to take the punishment I deserved—and which might have spared me some of the really tough punishment I deserved and got later on—refused to give me a note. So I wrote my own notes, saying I was sick, and forged my mother's name to them. A habit, a vicious habit, was being formed. The habit of thinking that nothing was forbidden, nothing was wrong—except getting caught at wrongdoing.

What could my parents——what can any parents—do to save their children from making the same mistakes I made? With my own child about to be born, I've done





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plenty of thinking about this, and I believe I know some of the answers.

For one thing, too many parents take their children for granted. At first they cluck and fuss over a newborn baby, then they have to turn back to the everyday problems of earning a living, paying the bills, trying to make ends meet. They want their children to have more than they had. Again and again I hear parents who are too busy to spend time with their children explain this neglect by saying, "But I want to give them things—all the things I didn't have."

If those people ever stopped to ask their kids what *they* want, chances are the children would say, "I want *you*."

Too many parents don't spend much time with their children. They're too tired to play with their children or answer their questions. I've heard lots of my friends say to their youngsters, "Just take my word for it and don't argue. I've been through it and I know a lot more than you do." And then these devoted parents add impatiently, "Now run along and play and let me read my paper."

It isn't enough to tell a youngster that he can take your word for it. You have to explain. You have to respect the child's opinion, too, and listen to it—really listen. You've got to help him make his own decision; you shouldn't ask him to accept yours. When a child is told to "run along" and is not given what he considers a fair shake, he feels confused—and rebellious. I know. I went through it as a child. It was one of the things that left me with a grudge against the grown-up world. I'd get their attention, I vowed. They'd see, they'd be sorry for brushing me off as though I didn't matter.

Because of the experience I myself have had, I have resolved that, when I become a father, I will spend plenty of time explaining things to my children, showing them why they should do certain things. I know how dangerous it is to set kids free to try out things for themselves, without knowing what the consequences can be.

I never cried as a child. I kept most of my feelings and my problems to myself, because I didn't really think anyone cared about me. It's a lot easier to help a child if he learns to talk out his problems. I want my child to know that he can come to me with any difficulty and tell me about it, no matter what he's done or how bad it seems. I want him to know that nothing he might do would ever change my love for him. We all make mistakes. Once they're paid for, we can forget them and go on. Nobody thinks less of us because we blundered. All we have to do is own up to it and get straightened out before a mistake becomes a way of life.

I think religion is important, too. Very important. The turning point in my life came when I was nineteen. I was in prison. The authorities of the prison decided to move me; I was a potential troublemaker.

Before I was transferred, the prison chaplain, Father Kanaly, asked me to promise that I'd be a good boy, wherever I went. By then Father Kanaly had won my respect, simply by treating me as a person, a human being. I made that promise—and I kept it.

But I was bitter and despondent, because I hadn't been baptized. It was another part of that hunger to belong to the human race. Father Kanaly understood. He followed me to the Union Depot in Oklahoma City and asked me if I still wanted to be baptized. When I said I did, he baptized me then and there, solemnly and quietly—in the men's room of the railroad station!

As a child, I'd heard about religion and had gone to church and Sunday school





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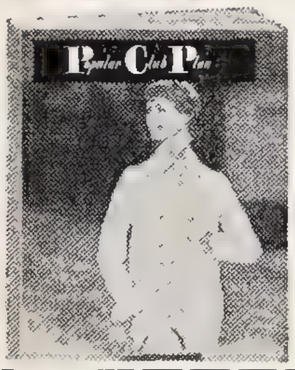
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occasionally. But I was bored by Sunday school. Such teaching does a great deal of good for some children, but others, like myself, must be reached by a different kind of appeal. I feel that religion should start at home. It's certainly true that parents can live a better sermon than they or anyone else can preach.

I also feel that young people should learn to earn money, even at home. Someday, they'll have to go out and fend for themselves. If a youngster has had too sheltered a life, he may be afraid to go out and earn his own living. Even though I came from a poor home, I wasn't given the incentive to work and earn money for the things I wanted to have and do, so I began to take.

We can all lose money, but we keep our abilities, and they improve with practice. When I have children, I expect to give them a little money for each chore they do, such as cutting the lawn. If they get money by earning it, I don't think they'll ever be tempted to steal.

The mere fact that their parents are wealthy doesn't keep children from getting into a jam. Wealthy parents who pay too little attention to what their kids do are just as bad for them as poor parents who can't find time to answer their questions. In some wealthy homes that I've been in, the children have no one to talk to except maids or nurses.

That's one thing I wouldn't want for my children. Lita and I won't leave the entire upbringing of our children to a nurse or a maid. We'll be thankful for the privilege of raising kids.

Lita has been pregnant twice, and has miscarried twice. But I have great faith in God's wisdom, and I hope and believe that this time her pregnancy will reward us with a little son or daughter. Of course, whatever happens is in God's hands and, when we say our prayers, we always add, "Thy will be done." We know that if it is right for us to have children, He will send them to us. Then it is up to us to give them the kind of life that will help them develop into people we can be proud of.

The late, great Father Flanagan, of Boys' Town, once said, "There never was a bad boy." Children aren't born wanting to be bad. Sometimes they become that way through too much discipline, sometimes from too little. But mostly they get that way because, somewhere along the line, they've been given the feeling, the idea, that nobody wants them, that they're not important. So they become important by joining gangs, by stealing, by forcing people to notice them.

I know a man who never disciplined his son. The boy was all he had and he was afraid of losing his love. The boy became more and more unruly until finally the father, exasperated, seized the child and whacked him. He thought his son would hate him for what he'd done. Instead, the boy came up to him several days later to say, "I thought you weren't like other fathers—that you didn't care what I did. I was glad when you spanked me the other night. I knew I'd misbehaved, but I thought it made no difference to you."

There are all sorts of reasons why kids get into trouble. But the best thing that can happen to them is to find out, early in life, that nobody ever really gets away with anything. The smart people "pay up" while their debt is small. They admit, to someone, that they owe a debt to society, and they set about paying it off the same way they'd pay any other debt. But the stupid ones let the debt ride and grow, until the only way to pay it off is to go into a kind of personal bankruptcy that they'll pay for life—or with their life.

And what's smart about something like that, hmmm? THE END

BE SURE TO SEE: Rory Calhoun in Columbia's "Utah Blaine."

## Red Hot Iceberg

(*Continued from page* 59)

Her skin was smooth and white, as a Nordic beauty's should be. You could see only her penciled eyebrows above the sunglasses she was sporting, although it was October in England and the sky was gray. Her husband—polite, proper and British—was looking a little nervous. Obviously he had had previous experience with his bluntly outspoken wife. He handed her a menu, his motive plainly to get her to change the subject. I helped by inquiring about their marriage.

"We were married seven months ago," said dark-haired Tony. "We had the ceremony and our honeymoon in Italy. Of course, Anita was working on her picture, 'Interpol,' most of the time. But we had long weekends to ourselves."

Anita decided abruptly, as she does everything, to remove the sunglasses. Her eyes were as clear and blue as the Baltic. She leaned forward to join in the conversation. "When we were in Genoa, the reporters and photographers were furious with us," she declared. "They complained we were avoiding them. We never went downstairs to the dining room or the bar. We never went to restaurants or night clubs." Anita gave me that self-assured look again. "But why should we? I was tired. I had been working all day. All I wanted was to have a quiet dinner with my husband in our suite. I don't care to spend an evening in a bar, drinking with a lot of dull people I may never see again."

This Ekberg woman was turning out to be quite a talker. Scarcely pausing for breath, she rattled on, "I can't stand boring people. They make me so nervous I could scream or throw china. Why, just the other night, Tony and I were dining out. A man we didn't even know walked up to our table and had the nerve to sit down and start a conversation. I just told him, 'Will you please get up and leave?'"

Lunch was being served and we drifted into a discussion of the young couple's mutual acquaintances. "I try to be nice to Tony's friends," remarked Anita. "I realize he has known them for years and if he wants to see them I feel there's a reason. So," she concluded matter-of-factly, "I put up with them."

But how about her friends?

"I never did have many close girlfriends," Anita answered. "Today, I don't have any. That is, no one whom I keep in touch with. My old friends in Sweden or America understand. Marriage hasn't changed me. I've always been like this."

Anita said that when she first came to Hollywood four years ago, she had a few girlfriends. Sometimes, she and one of her chums would meet at a restaurant for lunch. They would chat and laugh away a good hour. "Then all of a sudden," Anita recalled, "I would get up from the table. I can't explain it. But I just wanted to go. I'd had enough."

This is the characteristic best described as moodiness. Anita can change, in a split second, from a jolly companion to a brooding, silent cake of ice. Aware of this peculiarity, she has learned to make quick exits the moment the mood strikes.

"Sometimes, I just have to get away—far away from everybody and everything," she continued. "In California, I would get into my car and start to drive. All by myself. I never knew where I was going or how long I would stay out. If I saw a country road that looked interesting, I would try it. Maybe I came home in time for dinner, maybe at midnight."

But now that she's married, can Anita Ekberg still do exactly as she pleases?

The blonde, Swedish volcano stared thoughtfully. "I try to compromise," she observed at last. "Today, I say to Tony, 'I'd like to take a ride in the country. Will you drive me?'"

"And I always do," smiled Tony.

In the London papers recently there had been some nasty gossip about Anita and Tony slapping each other's faces in public. It was time to ask about this.

Tony was the first one to speak up. "It really wasn't anything," he contended, with typical glibness. "Just bad press."

But leave it to Anita to blast out with the truth. "I have a terrible temper," she openly admitted. "And so has Tony. Of course, we clash! We have a good, loud argument—in public or in private. But then, after it's all over, we laugh. Ten minutes later, we've forgotten about it.

"Family fights are nothing," she went on. "I've heard my mother and father arguing fiercely. When I was a child, I sometimes thought the roof was going to blow off. But now I know their fights weren't important. They were just letting off steam. The proof is that my mother and father have been happily married for thirty-five years."

That naturally led into a discussion of marriage. People as explosive as Ekberg are not usually considered good marriage risks. But suddenly Anita was looking very demure and starry-eyed. She said this was her first marriage and Tony's second. She related, a little breathlessly, that she had anticipated for a long time the happy day when she would be someone's wife. "Every girl dreams of having a husband," she said. "Cooking for two instead of one, sorting soiled socks from soiled shirts and managing a household."

"My wife's an excellent cook," Tony mentioned at this point. "We may go to the finest restaurant, where we are served the most elaborate dishes, and yet they never taste as good as Anita's cooking."

"I cook by intuition," smiled Ekberg. "I remember watching my mother in the kitchen. She never used recipes. Today, when I prepare a meal, I throw in whatever herbs or spices I want. I enjoy cooking. The only thing I hate is washing dishes. In California, my maid comes only on weekdays. I do most of my entertaining Saturday and Sunday. By Monday, there's not a clean fork left in the house!"

Anita stopped and consulted the menu. The fruit cup à la mode sounded most enticing to her. I found myself marveling that anyone so perfectly proportioned could eat with such abandon. I still didn't know Ekberg. She had changed her mind long before the dessert appeared.

Meanwhile, we wanted to hear more about Mrs. Anthony Steel.

"I love it!" Anita beamed. "The first few weeks, I used to open the closet doors and just stand there, looking at Tony's suits. They made me feel warm and safe. And Tony is so neat. I marvel at how everything is hung up carefully."

"Army training," Tony put in.

"But I'm not neat," confessed Anita. "When I come home, I take off my clothes and throw them around the room as I go. Of course, now that I have Tony, I try to correct myself. But Tony is so meticulous, he's always ahead of me. I may leave a sweater on a chair, because I haven't


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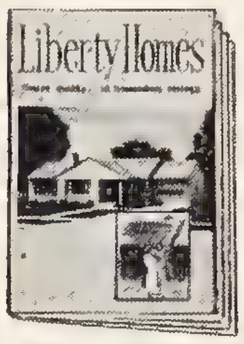
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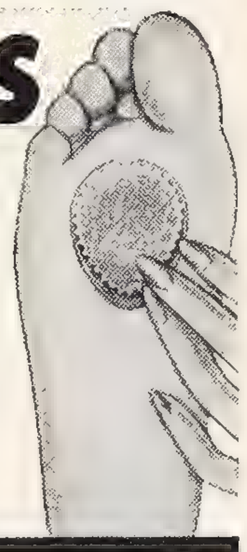
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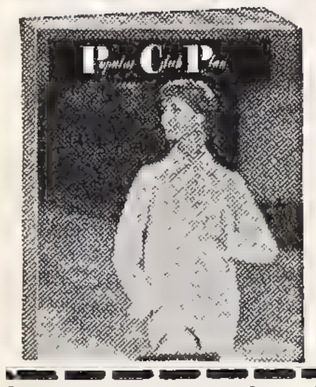
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decided whether to wear it or not. By the time I've made up my mind, the sweater is gone. Tony has found it and tucked it away in a drawer."

Anita said she loves Hollywood, even though they gave her a pretty rough time when she first went out there. You see, Anita, native of Malmo, Sweden, began her career as a model in her own country. While still a teenager, she won a "Miss Sweden" beauty contest and a trip to California. But once there Anita failed to land the movie contract on which she had set her sights. She went home, slightly embittered. But not for long. That's that Nordic stubbornness. Never say die! In less than a year, she turned around and struck out for Hollywood again.

"I nearly starved to death," she recalled. "There are a lot of blondes in Hollywood." Anita settled for modeling and became the curvy subject for hundreds of pin-up pictures. Finally, the breaks came. Two small movie roles. And in 1955, a leading part in "War and Peace." In 1956, at the age of twenty-four, Anita won her first starring vehicle in "Interpol," with Michael Wilding and Victor Mature.

"I'm going to be a good actress and a famous one," Anita predicted, without the slightest hesitation. "This is only the beginning. I have sex appeal and I have talent. Tony and I plan to work in pictures together. We're both going to be tremendous successes."

Tony, who has done very well so far as a British star, smiled quietly. He took a more modest attitude toward their mutual efforts. "We rehearse scenes together now," he remarked. "It helps Anita in 'Interpol.' And when I'm working and she's not, she'll help me, cueing me on lines. It should be a fine combination of careers and marriage."

Without any warning, Anita suddenly stiffened. Her eyes were blazing, the black pupils in the blue orbits enlarging rapidly, like an angry cat's. "Fine. If people would just leave us alone!" she exploded.

I gave her a questioning look.

"Reporters and columnists," she stormed away. "They will pick up anything Tony and I do and try to make the worst out of it. Our life is not all sensational. We are human beings. We have problems. Just leave us alone and we'll solve them."

In the next instant, Anita Ekberg was on her feet. She hadn't touched the fruit cup. "I have a two o'clock call," she announced abruptly. Then, just as abruptly, she was smiling, looking as sweet and gentle as a kitten. "If you want to come over to the set after you've had your coffee," she informed me, "I'll be happy to talk some more."

I most certainly did want to talk some more! Why had she flared up like that? What on earth were her problems? "I'll be there in a few minutes," I assured her.

Fifteen minutes later, Anita Ekberg and I were sititng on directors' chairs in a dimly-lighted corner of the "Interpol" set. Oddly enough, we immediately began chatting like two long-separated school chums. Why the quick change, I wondered? In the tavern, Ekberg had behaved like a Geiger counter, hopping over a uranium patch. Now, she was so relaxed and friendly, I hardly recognized her.

Then it dawned. It takes a woman to know one. The answer was simple: Anita Ekberg was alone, now. Tony had gone back to town. Here in the shadows of sets, props and cables, she was just Anita, the plain little girl from a plain little Swedish town. She was not Mrs. Anthony Steel, talking big to impress, intrigue and excite her man.

"Yes, we have problems," Anita conceded. "What new marriage doesn't? I like to watch television. Tony says it's boring."

"Who wins?" I asked.

"I do," she chuckled. "And then," she continued, "there's the question of how I should wear my hair. I like it up. Tony likes it down. Once in a while," she winked, "I let it down."

Like two females will, we got off on the subject of clothes, and Anita said she prefers pastel shades, but picks strong colors for formals. "I have a mania for buying things," she confessed. "I can't pass a store window without going in.

"And I like to experiment, as well. In Rome, I bought a real Cardinal's hat—the black kind with the shallow crown and the big, round brim. I wound a cerise chiffon scarf around it. Everybody thought it was going to look hideous. But it turned out a sensation!"

Does Tony like her selections?

"Oh, yes!" Anita exclaimed. She drew her chair closer and confided enthusiastically, "And he often brings home wonderful pieces of jewelry to go with my new clothes."

As for Tony's clothes, she doesn't interfere. "He's a perfect dresser," she stated. "And you know how all the girls flipped for him before I got him. That's why it's so wonderful to see how considerate and devoted he is."

The topic was getting a little ickie, so we went back to problems. Anita began thinking hard. "The other night, I got home from the studio late and I was so tired, I just fell into bed," she remarked finally. "Tony was in the room, writing a letter. All I said to him was, 'Hello, darling. Kiss me good night!' That's a problem, I guess. But," she added philosophically, "there's always tomorrow. . . ."

Then there actually weren't any serious problems?

Anita shook her head naughtily. "No. . ."

"What are you really like, Anita?" I asked.

"I'm hot and I'm cold," she answered promptly. "I've had struggles and I've cried. I've been ecstatically happy and I've laughed. I've spent miserable, lonely days and nights and I've been depressed in a crowd. I'm ambitious and I believe in myself." She stopped suddenly. "Why do you ask so many questions?"

"Because I want to know a lot about you."

She gave me that frank, direct look. "I believe," she declared significantly, "you know too much already."

That obviously was a signal to leave. But as I rose, I caught a strange expression on Anita's face.

"Oh," she was saying, almost plaintively, "must you go so soon?"

Unpredictable Anita Ekberg! THE END



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Color portrait of Rock Hudson from U-I, color candids by *Barbier* from Globe; Jayne Mansfield by *Powolny;* Rossano Brazzi by *Marshutz;* Audie Murphy and family by *Marshutz;* Anita Ekberg by *Fraker.*

YOU'LL ENJOY: Anita Ekberg in Columbia's "Interpol."

# Who Needs Hair?

(*Continued from page* 65)

pouring in. At first, no one could believe it. It wasn't a genuine phenomenon, they decided, watching the bags of fan mail being carried in, it was a fluke. Time has proved them wrong. Letters are still pouring in—and along with the letters, compliments, proposals, love poems and gifts. Well-thatched executives and Yul's equally well-thatched fellow stars are scratching their heads. Everyone knew that Yul Brynner was an actor of tremendous talent, but they never dreamed that a baldheaded man—any baldheaded man—could have and even exude sex appeal.

What was behind this unbelievable and overpowering attraction? Did Yul realize he had it? If so, to what did he attribute his appeal to movie-going American women? After all, let's look at the record, people argued. Let's see who have been the top favorites over the years. They've all been handsome, and they've all sported a fair head of hair: Rudolph Valentino, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor, Cary Grant, Rock Hudson. And the ones who weren't so well endowed, or whose locks began to thin come forty, all hied themselves nervously to the toupee artists.

So what did Brynner have? What do the women who sigh over him think he has? The best way to find out was to ask, so we dropped around to Yul's studio one day, pad and pencil in hand.

The first one we approached for an explanation of Yul's appeal was an intelligent, well-paid studio employee. She and the other girls around the studio are accustomed to seeing stars all day, every day. But they've never seen one quite like Yul. We persuaded her to talk freely and frankly by promising to keep her identity a secret.

"The complete and utter fascination Yul Brynner has for most women can be summed up in just two words—animal magnetism," this bright young lady said. "It's a strange combination of almost brute strength and a subtly gentle tenderness. He takes complete command when he comes into a room. When he talks to a woman, he gives the impression that he is talking to her alone. He's polite and considerate, yet he is completely dominating. He doesn't look at you. He stares at you. It's a strange experience. Those eyes of his seem to pierce you. Most women become almost transfixed, as if they were being hypnotized.

"His appeal is a physical appeal, but he's certainly not handsome," our informant went on. "His main attraction to the opposite sex is in his eyes. They are strong, yet tender. In addition is his superior, almost-but-not-quite-scornful attitude. Instead of offending a woman, as it would in anyone else, in Yul it completely magnetizes her."

Our friend paused and thought for a minute, and finally summed it up with: "Yul's appeal to the feminine world is—let's face it—S-E-X. Ask any girl what she thinks of him, and it comes out something like 'grrr'. One thing you can be sure it is *not*, and that is maternal!"

The young lady who gave us this frank explanation is, as you might guess, unmarried. She is in her twenties. And now you know why she insisted on anonymity.

However, she is not alone. And apparently Yul's appeal goes even beyond that. There is a tremendous admiration for him among his fellow workers, both female and male. This was well illustrated one day in the Paramount commissary.

Jerry Lewis is a Yul Brynner fan. On this day Jerry and his son, Gary, were in the commissary when Brynner came in. Jerry and Yul had never met.

As soon as Yul was within handshaking distance, Jerry nudged son Gary, and both fell to their knees, bowing low like royal Siamese subjects. A gag? Sure it was, and it brought a terrific burst of laughter from the assembled Paramount workers as well as Yul himself. And when Yul laughs, off screen, that is, it is hearty, uncontrolled and honest.

"But you know something," Jerry told us afterwards, keeping one eye on Brynner throughout his entire lunch, "Let's face it. This man *is* the king."

That wasn't the first time such a comment has been made. One day, Yul's sleek, low-slung sport car slowed down as it approached the school zone at Carmel, California. It was 3:30 and some of the high school gang were still sitting on the lawn.

"Hey, get a load of this job coming down the street," one of the guys said.

"What is it?" another one asked lazily. The car, with its two passengers, passed them, headed toward the ocean front.

"It's a—Holy smoke, it's the King," one of the girls gasped. "I mean it's him, it's Brynner. It's Yul Brynner!"

Yul, who was with his wife, the former Virginia Gilmore, grinned happily, and waved at his young admirers. While he is as surprised as his studio at the way he has caught the public fancy, he is also as pleased and delighted by it as they are.

This "king," however, has had anything but a regal life. Not that he's complaining, he told us later. But he has worked for his living ever since he was a twelve-year-old boy in France. And in case you're wondering, he's now 36, his birthday's July 11, and he doesn't try to bury the figure in interviews. His birthplace is the Russian area of Sakhalin, an island in the northern chain of Japan. His father, though Swiss, was of Mongolian descent. And his mother was a dark-eyed Romany gypsy beauty.

In the tradition of both sides of his family, Yul managed to be on the move almost all of his life. The Bryners, as it was then spelled, left the Far East for France when he was still a boy. He left school on his own at the age of twelve to become a part of show business, his talent being made known to the world first by means of his guitar playing and ballad singing. Recently, when Yul returned to Paris for the filming of "Anastasia," he took Ingrid Bergman and producer Buddy Adler to some of the bistros where he used to entertain as a teenager. As a result, Adler decided to make use of Yul's musical talents in the film.

Twenty years ago Yul Brynner's name was well known in the cabaret circuit of Paris. His reputation as a lady-killer was also well known. A lone wolf and a bachelor, Yul was never known to depend on restaurants for his dinners. A long list of the loveliest ladies of Paris was his to choose from any and every evening as they eagerly prepared their fanciest foods in the hope of sharing his fascinating company. They also hoped to trap him into matrimony, but no French girl ever succeeded. Years later, a California girl from the town of Del Monte became his wife.

Brynner is taller than he seems in photographs. He measures six feet. His eyes are a sharp brown and his hair—if he ever lets it grow again—is a deep brown-black. Or at least used to be.

The teen-aged Yul enjoyed his carefree cabaret existence for several years, then graduated to circus performing and eventually to the legitimate theatre, which last


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whetted his appetite for a good education. As with everything he attacks, Yul pursued the education with a vengeance, ending with a degree from the Sorbonne.

He arrived in America in 1941. But, until his stage triumph in "The King and I" in 1952, few people knew of his existence, despite the fact he made one film, "Port of New York," back in 1949.

Strangely enough, one of those few who had seen that film and remembered it—particularly Yul—was Debra Paget. Six years later, she was playing *Lilia* while he was *Rameses* in "The Ten Commandments."

"Yes," said Debbie, "how well I remember seeing him in 'Port of New York'! Even then I was aware of his dominating magnetism. Of course, I didn't really feel his great charm fully until I started to work with him. And I can tell you it sure is a powerful feeling. He seems to take over everything. When he walks on stage, or even in a room, you don't watch anyone or anything else. Yet, despite this overpowering impact, he has a great deal of kindness in his eyes."

Virginia Gilmore is one woman who appreciates both his impact and his tenderness, and has ever since they met. They've been married eleven years and have a son, Rocky, nine, who looks like his dad.

To understand Brynner's completely un-actor-like approach to life, we must understand that his ambition is to be a director first, an actor second. Before plunging into the stage version of "The King and I" he had been a highly successful TV director, only occasionally stepping before the cameras himself.

However, he told us that he will continue to act as long as he can portray interesting characters. He will not act just for the sake of acting, and he will not be a leading man.

Yul Brynner, he of the amazing sex appeal, does not like love scenes. At least, not love scenes in the traditional screen manner. While he has played some of the sexiest and most different love scenes ever filmed in his three movies, "The King and I," "Ten Commandments" and "Anastasia," opposite Deborah Kerr, Anne Baxter and Ingrid Bergman, the average male in the audience probably didn't realize the love scenes were even on screen. But ask any woman!

Yvonne de Carlo, for one, explains: "It's not what he says but what he does. And also what he says with his eyes. He's certainly not what I'd call a handsome man, but he has that unknown quality that makes you weak, that makes you want to run away from him."

We decided that, armed with all this information on what makes Yul so irresistible to women, it was time to ask Yul himself. How did *he* feel about all this?

"Now that's a dandy question," he answered cheerfully, loving every word of it. "Because I can give you the answer in one sentence: I don't play love scenes. Yes, the secret is in *not* doing them."

There is no one who will deny that the "Shall We Dance?" number in "The King and I" is one of the sexiest scenes ever filmed, as well as being one of the most tender. By Yul's reasoning it was so because it was accomplished without the usual methods.

"When I reached out to ask Deborah to dance," he explained, "that gesture, without any words or further action, should have explained the completeness of the desire."

He repeated the motion by slowly extending his right arm to its full length, then turned the palm upward, with the fingers apart and the arm held rigid. Of course, a certain "look" went with it. And we agreed that his motion not only "should have" but did explain the desire. We saw what he meant. We also began to see what the women meant.

"This single, simple gesture," he said earnestly, "conveys more than ten pages of dialogue."

But how come no kiss at all?

"That," explained Yul, "would have spoiled it. The impulse for the desire is the greatest. Once it is fulfilled, that is the end of it. The impulse is the important thing. Besides which, it's far more realistic."

Similarly, in "Anastasia," he has no direct love scenes with Ingrid Bergman. That is, there are no clinches. However, there is no doubt as to the bond of love between them. Unconsciously, or consciously, they love each other.

"It's the whole attitude one must assume in playing a part. But that attitude, believe me, is not physical, but must come from within. In a way," Yul went on, "I'm lucky. I never play myself. And I'd probably be scared to death if I did. I must have something to portray, a completely different character whom I can study and then deliver."

He leaned back in his chair, put his arms behind his head, and seemed to think back for a minute. Then he bounced forward, leaned over and said: "Do you know something? In the four years I played 'The King' on stage, every time they gave me 'thirty minutes to go' I got nervous. And this happened every night!"

It never showed on stage, we noted.

"Aha," he countered. "But that is the reason. Because when I stepped on stage, I was the king—and the king never gets nervous. I, as Yul Brynner, am limited in what I can do. However, my imagination isn't. As a matter of fact, no one's is. Imagination has no inhibitions."

It is thanks to his imagination, says Yul, that he has been able to play dominating men, the King, Pharaoh, and *General Bounine*.

He plays all three roles, by the way, with a shaved head. But Yul doubts whether the startling appearance of a man with shaved head has anything to do with the attraction for the opposite sex. It is far from planned by him.

"I just try to play each role faithfully. My own personal enthusiasm about each character creates a certain amount of audience enthusiasm, I hope. But the shaved head is part of the realism in each role. The King of Siam and the Pharaoh were required to shave by tradition of their royal families. And the Russian regiment to which *Bounine* belongs always shaved, too."

Before "The King and I," Yul wore his hair in a very short crewcut, so it was not a shock for either Virginia or Rocky when he took razor in hand. And in case you wondered, he shaves his head when he shaves his beard each day. He just makes longer strokes with the razor!

Yul says he plans to keep his shaven head.

"Hair is just a prop," he laughed, "like a uniform, or spear, to play different roles. Besides, I don't think a man's looks are important. What he thinks and what he does are what count. Combing hair is a lot of nonsense for a man. I can't stand to see a man in front of a mirror, arranging his hair like a woman, putting a wave in it. Ugh!"

In "The Buccaneer," in which he portrays Jean Lafitte, Yul will wear a wig *and* a moustache.

The burning question now is, Will Yul still be as attractive when he wears hair? Will he still look like a panther? Will his eyes have the same piercing quality when they peer out at you from beneath a wig of thick, dark tresses? Not since Hollywood was shaken by the great debate as to whether or not Marilyn Monroe meant it when she said she wanted to do "The Brothers Karamazov" has a controversy so rocked the studio commissaries.

Through it all, Yul remains calm. "I promise no love scenes," he said, but with a kingly leer in our direction, "I *do* promise you lots of—what is that word again? Oh, yes—SEX."

He sipped his mug of thick black coffee. His expression took on the distant look of the king who has closed his discussion and waits for the subject to depart. He had one final message, however.

"Remember," he said, "there is no secret about love. In real life if a man wants to show his love, it is easy. He should be honest—that is all."

We had one final question. We asked it wistfully. If there was no secret about love, then perhaps there was not, really, any secret about sex appeal. Perhaps it was something any man could cultivate, with time, patience, and a good razor.

Yul smiled. "That is, of course," he said, "a secret." THE END



***Making "Anastasia" with Yul Brynner, Ingrid Bergman met the same fate as every other woman who encounters him, falling under the spell of his peculiar charm***

WATCH FOR: Yul Brynner in 20th Century-Fox's "Anastasia."



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